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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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COLLIER'S—THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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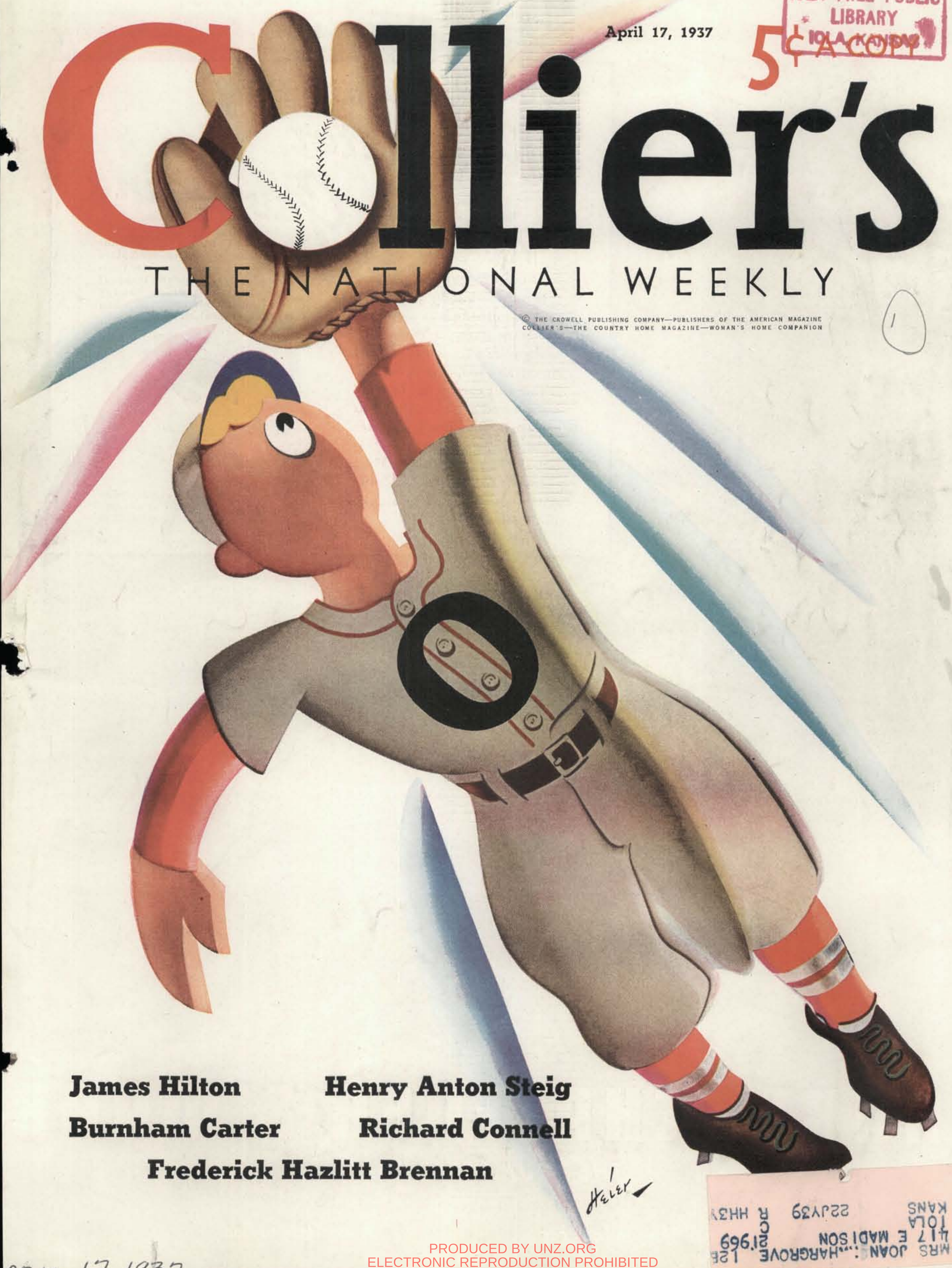

James Hilton **Henry Anton Steig**
Burnham Carter **Richard Connell**
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

MRS JOAN :..HARGROVE 12E
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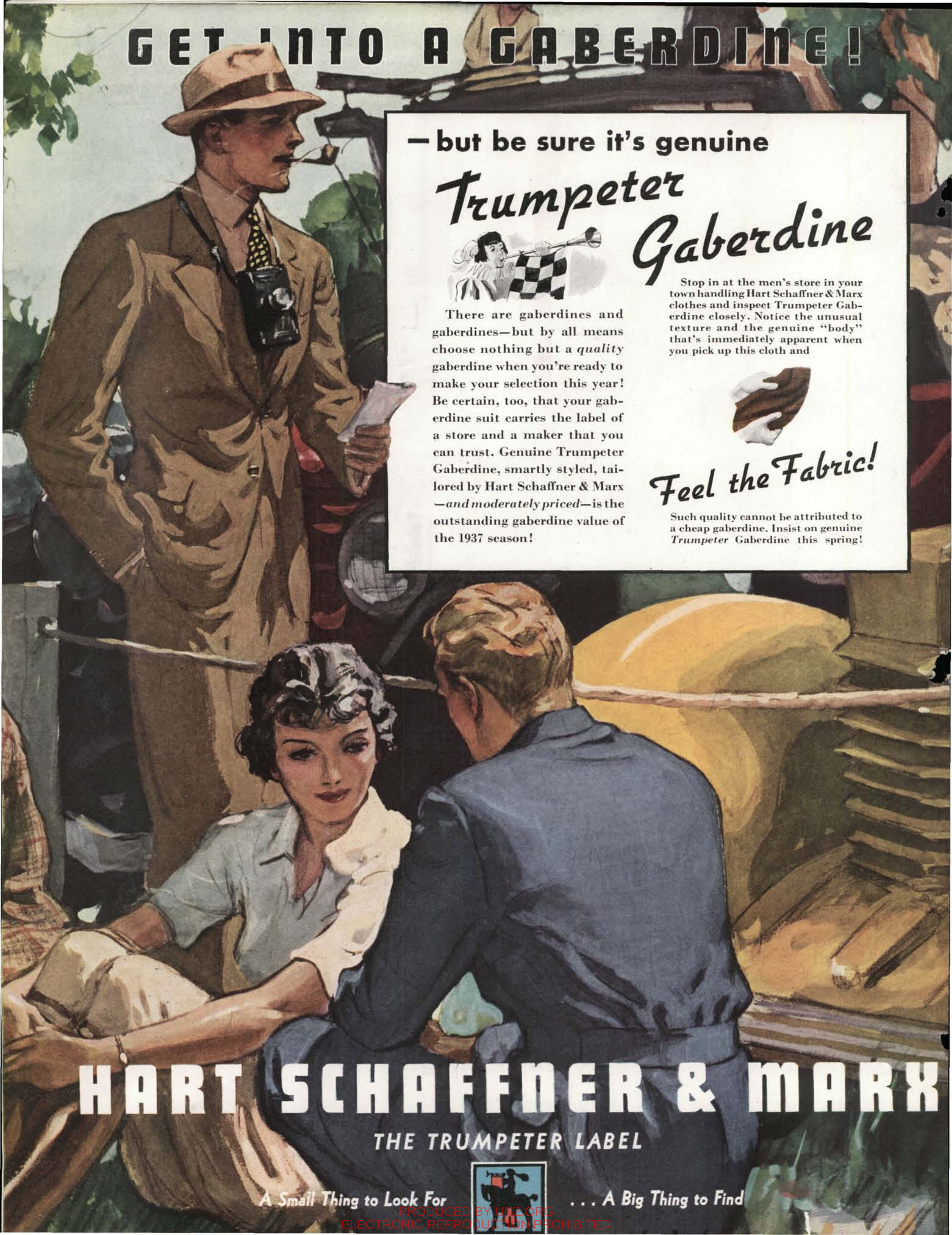
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There are gaberdines and gaberdines—but by all means choose nothing but a *quality* gaberdine when you're ready to make your selection this year! Be certain, too, that your gaberdine suit carries the label of a store and a maker that you can trust. Genuine Trumpeter Gaberdine, smartly styled, tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx —*and moderately priced*—is the outstanding gaberdine value of the 1937 season!

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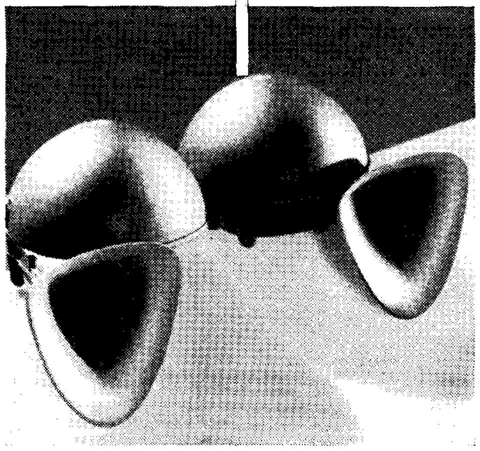

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Collier's

April 17, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and **JOHN T. FLYNN**
Associate Editors

Next Week

IT TOOK six years and a broken heart to make an actress out of Janice Rider. At the end of that time she was the shining star of Hollywood; she was at the top. But the heartbreak persisted. It made everything around her seem unnatural, synthetic—sham love, sham marriage, nothing that was normal or enduring. It even made her doubt Bill Reynolds, her director.

Then came the chance to repair the heartbreak, to return to the world she had fled from, the solid world she had thought about for six years. In "Alien Lady" Teresa Hyde Phillips writes the love story of a girl who had to find out for herself what makes a world.

THE rifle bullets that went whining and screeching up the valley weren't aimed at Mr. Cameron Shipp, though anyone else might have thought so. They were bullets from the guns of moonshiners, playfully welcoming Mr. Shipp, who was there in the North Carolina foothills by appointment to look at a still and to sample its product. In "Popskull Preferred," he tells you about his tour of inspection.

HIS name was Jake and he didn't like to be petted. In fact, he didn't like to associate with anyone, man or dog. On three separate occasions he bit his owner. In the field he lacked style. He would point lying, crouching, sitting, or standing on his head. But wherever he pointed you could be sure there were birds. In "Field Trial," Vereen McNeill Bell shows you this surly animal completing a romance and cementing a friendship.

"WHERE can I take this car to get a frying pan repaired?" It's questions like this that unnerve our traffic cops as they watch the trailer procession winding from coast to coast. H. I. Phillips has watched the procession, too, and in "Home, Swift Home" predicts the consequences.

SLIP MARLO, so called as a result of eight arrests, no convictions and the acquisition of a million dollars' worth of other people's property, was an artist in make-up. In "The Marlo Blackout," A. D. Morford shows you the occasion on which his disguise was so perfect that it hanged him.

ERROL FLYNN describes a night in New York with a radio patrol car. Walter Duranty, Henry F. Pringle, Burnham Carter, Dwight Mitchell Wiley, Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Max Brand and others contribute fiction and articles. Thus pleasing everyone.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

BURNHAM CARTER
Tomorrow Will Be Fair. Romance in Madrid. Page 9

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Holy Terror. The old lady gets her way. Page 12

HENRY ANTON STEIG
Strange Girl. First love. Page 16

KARL DETZER
High Test. A stubborn girl and a million gallons of gasoline. Page 18

JAMES HILTON
It's a Crazy World. What do heroes think about? Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Lucky Penny, by Richard Connell. Page 66

SERIAL STORIES

MAX BRAND
Six Golden Angels, Part II. All were beautiful and one was guilty. Page 21

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
Castle Key, Part VIII. The baited trap. Page 23

ARTICLES

LOUISE BONNEY
Room to Live. Much space in a little room. Page 11

JIM MARSHALL
Ashes of Empire. The human costs of Japanese ambition. Page 14

KYLE CRICHTON
Visiting Team. Relaxation on the road. Page 19

EUGENE V. CONNETT, III
Lay off the Worms. Dry flies vs. bait. Page 20

T. R. YBARRA
Music Maker. The greatest living composer, Jean Sibelius. Page 26

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Unorthodox facts. Page 6

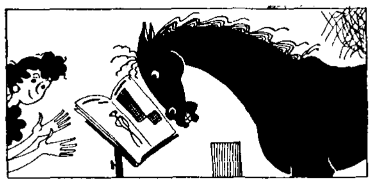
EDITORIAL
The Rules of Freedom. Page 86

COVER HENRY HEIER

Any Week

IN OUR best Big Business Magnate manner, acquired in close study of the movies, we have just asked our secretary to write a check for ten dollars to Miss Betty Hoskins. Miss Hoskins lives in Wilton Junction, Iowa. She wins the money for what we consider the best solution of the troubles of the Montana ranchman who owns the horse which insists upon eating with the children. Miss Hoskins' solution was not overpoweringly brilliant but it was brief and, we think, in its simplicity, the brightest. We haven't the latest figures but about sixteen hundred of you entered our modest contest, causing our secretary to wear out several pairs of glasses and notify us that one more excursion into such matters will be regarded by her as sufficient reason why a long and pleasant friendship should be dissolved. Miss Hoskins' letter reads: "I am a little girl eleven years old. Now the way I would solve the horse problem is, if we children had an old horse that loved us so much that he wanted to eat all his meals with us, if he ate all his meals with us in warm weather we would be only too glad to put on our earmuffs and take our table out to the barn and eat with him in cold weather. That would make everybody happy. P. S. My dad says to shoot the old cuss, for you can't teach an old horse new tricks, and try and do better with the next one."

YOU would be perfectly right if you were to assume that the solutions submitted were varied. One gentleman informed us of remarkable results the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner had upon a team of willful mules. A movie director offered to film the children at meals and project the film against the head of the horse's stall. Of course ten dollars wouldn't have paid him for this elaborate plan but he put art above money. A Canadian gentleman said that he would be very glad to take the horse and take it around the country amusing children at fifty cents a showing. But that's that. We might as well admit that we got a little tired of the whole thing before closing day. We didn't get excited even when a lady suggested that the horse be taught to read and be given Collier's at mealtimes, thus making him oblivious to all else.



MR. JACK BRUNO, one of the barkeeps in a celebrated New York hot spot, thanks us warmly for finding his mother and brother for him. Frankly we didn't know that Mr. Bruno had a brother. "As usual," says Mr. Bruno, "I am reading my Collier's a couple weeks ago when I see this piece you have about Butte, Montana. In one of the photographs of the gambling who do I see but my brother. I don't see my brother for 27 years since the family moves west leaving me all alone in the big city. So I write to this brother and he writes back. Also I get a letter from my mother, who has been wondering these 27 years what in the world has become of me. What will you have?"

WELL, for one thing we'd like to have something of the secure feeling that is Mr. Paul Traviss'. From Buffalo, New York, Mr. Traviss reports that "after keeping myself and a large force of dependents off the bread line for the year and paying my income tax I find I will have just one dollar and thirty-seven cents to show for twelve months of terrific industry. In a couple hundred years I ought to be able to accumulate a nice little nest egg."

AT THIS rate it won't be long before the "average man will ask 'Where's that?' when somebody mentions the name of the great state of Louisiana," thinks Mr. Edmond N. Nollins of Baton Rouge. "Nobody," says Mr. Nollins, "fought the late Huey P. Long harder than I did but we're missing the Kingfish. He kept us on the front page. His successors are having a hard time keeping us out of the obituary column."

THIS seems to us to be a good opportunity to notify Mr. A. Bassuluk of Los Angeles, California, that the staff of this magazine are just a group of guys doing the best they can with such talents as they happen to have. Not a magician nor a miracle thrower in the lot. Therefore, we aren't even going to try to do what Mr. Bassuluk demands. "You go out and make a list of all the wrongs and bad justice we have in this country and print it so we all will know what's the trouble."

PERSONALLY, we'd rather not know.

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Thoughtful women see life insurance in its true light of living insurance. It lifts care from the man having family responsibilities. It helps him to see the fulfillment of cherished plans, for wife, children and self. It makes *their* lives more secure. It makes *his* life—both in the active years and in later retirement—more comfortable.

Thomas I. Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. Why is life insurance often called *living* insurance?

A. Because it makes life more secure for the insured himself, besides lifting a burden of worry concerning his family.

. . .

Q. How can you make sure that your life insurance plans for your family will be carried out?

A. One way is to arrange for the insurance money to be paid your dependents as income throughout their lives.

. . .

Q. What type of policy would usually be best for a young man, married, with children, and earning a moderate income?

A. An "Ordinary Life" policy. But discuss it with an Equitable agent.

. . .

Q. What is the Limited Payment Life Policy—such as "20 Pay Life"?

A. A policy on which the insured pays premiums for a limited period—10, 15, 20, 25 or 30 years. After that the policy continues in force without further payments.

. . .

Q. How can employers add to their workers' welfare, through life insurance?

A. By arranging with The Equitable to set up a Group plan for them. The Group Insurance idea, introduced by The Equitable in 1911, is now benefiting millions.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

FOR about fifty years before prohibition, many American saloons were virtually show places, their walls being covered with valuable oil paintings which cost, in more than one case, as much as $100,000. One really palatial bar, in the Hoffman House in New York City, became so famous for its works of art that it set aside one day of the week for women sightseers.

In man the sense of taste varies more than any other sense. Tasting paper treated with phenyl-thio-carbamide proves the point. To some persons it will be tasteless; to others it will be bitter, sour, sweet or salty. *—By Berta B. Kessel, Mill Valley, California.*

Sponges, although one of the lowest forms of animal life, vary greatly in habitat, color and size. They are found in both deep and shallow water in seas, rivers and lakes throughout the world; possess such colors as red, blue, brown and green, as well as yellow; and vary in weight from a fraction of an ounce to a hundred pounds.

In great blizzards, Western sheep herders seldom if ever desert their hungry and helpless flocks and dogs, even when they themselves are freezing and starving through the neglect of the traveling camp-tender who brings their food and fuel. They stay on the job, not because desertion means a ten-year prison sentence, but because "sticking" is the unwritten law of the range.

The biggest strike in history occurred in Russia in 1905 when the nation united in a mass demonstration against the Czar. Government offices, railroads, communication services, utilities, factories, stores, courts, banks, theaters and schools closed down. No one, including physicians, farmers and servants, worked for days, paralyzing the entire economic life of that great country.—*By John D. Stewart, Princeton, New Jersey.*

During the World War, Ludwig Ocenasek, a clever spy in Austria for the Allies, located and tapped the carefully concealed private telephone line used solely by the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria. After the Armistice, he repeated the feat on another secret Berlin-Vienna line, securing information that aided Czechoslovakia in becoming an independent country, for which he has been honored by a monument.

Several oil painters in the Orient, wanting their pictures to glow and scintillate for hundreds of years, use special paint whose pigments are made from the powder of precious stones and minerals. In this paint, which retails for about $40 a tube, ground coral is used for various shades of pink, lapis lazuli for the different blues, crystal for shining silver and jade for green.

In some Latin-American countries, many movie theaters ring a "lovers' warning bell" a minute before the house lights are turned on. The importance of the custom was emphasized recently when a Havana theater temporarily lost its license because the projectionist had suddenly turned on the lights, when a film broke, and highly embarrassed a famous citizen.

Seed pearls are true "midgets." Many experiments have proved that they do not continue to increase in size, developing layer upon layer like regular-sized pearls, no matter how long they are left in the oyster.

A most determined actor was an awkward amateur who rented a New York theater about 1890 to produce Hamlet and play its title role. Although cordially disliked, he completed his scheduled run, protected by a large wire screen stretched across the front of the stage. He was not the kind who could be daunted by such trifles as nightly barrages of elderly eggs and tomatoes.—*By Valentine Ebel, Newburgh, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers

Shaving Oddities

NO. 4

BEARD AS BATTLE FLAG!

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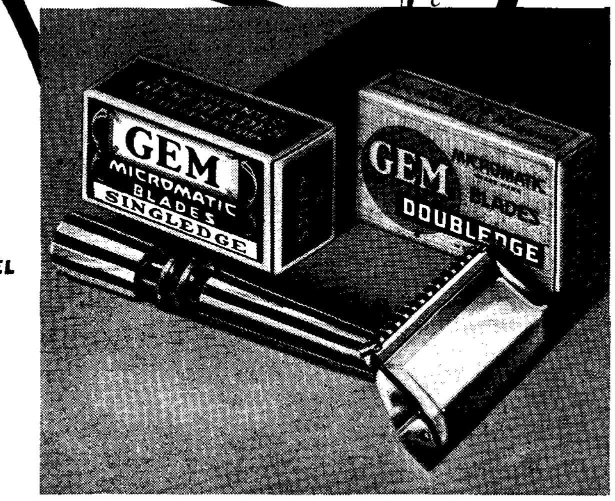

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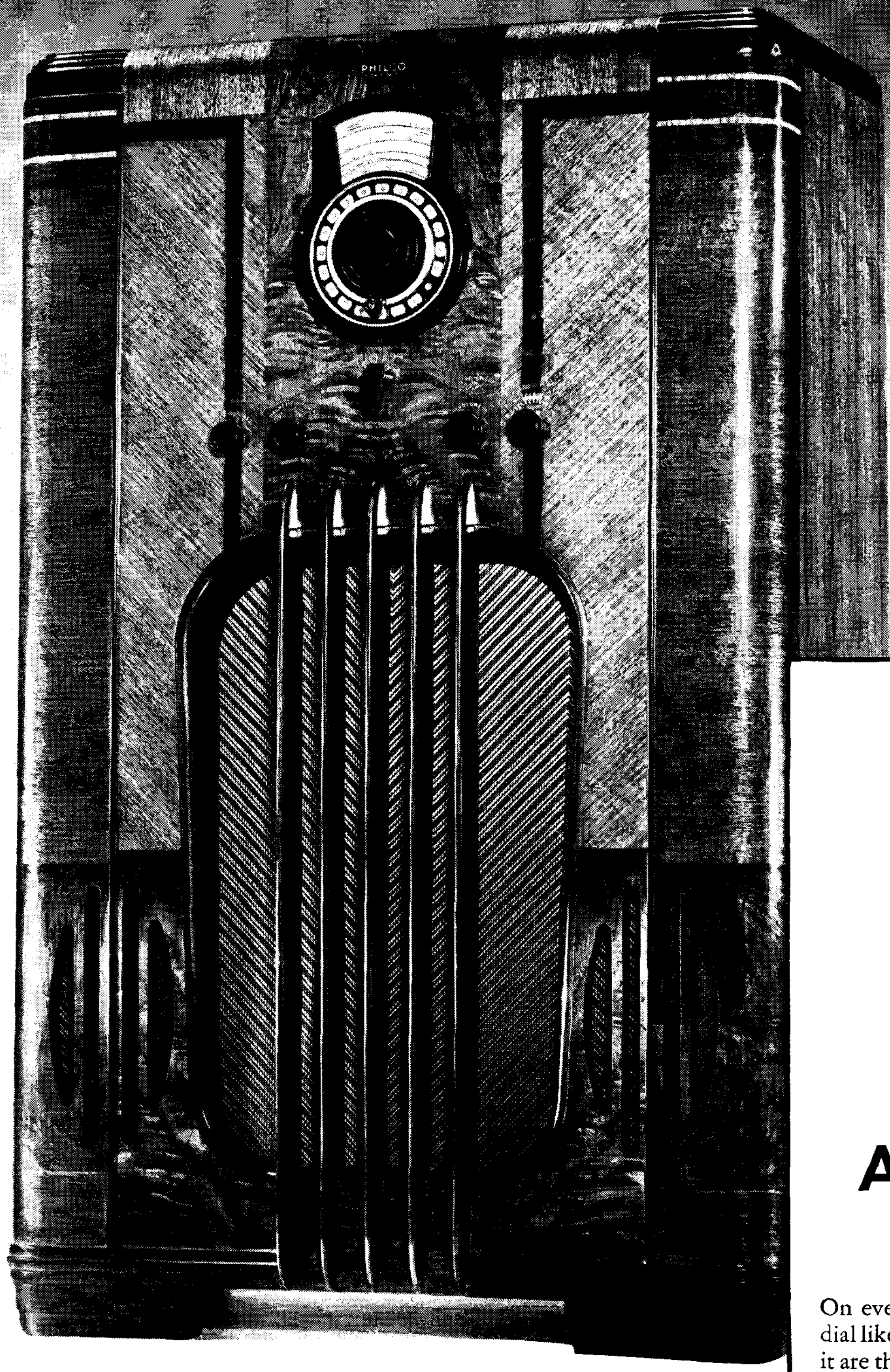

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Even the famous 116X DeLuxe (illustrated above) can be yours for a $10 down payment! And with its installation, you start enjoying the convenience of Philco Automatic Tuning combined with Philco High-Fidelity and the Philco Foreign Tuning System. Favorite American stations are tuned *automatically!*

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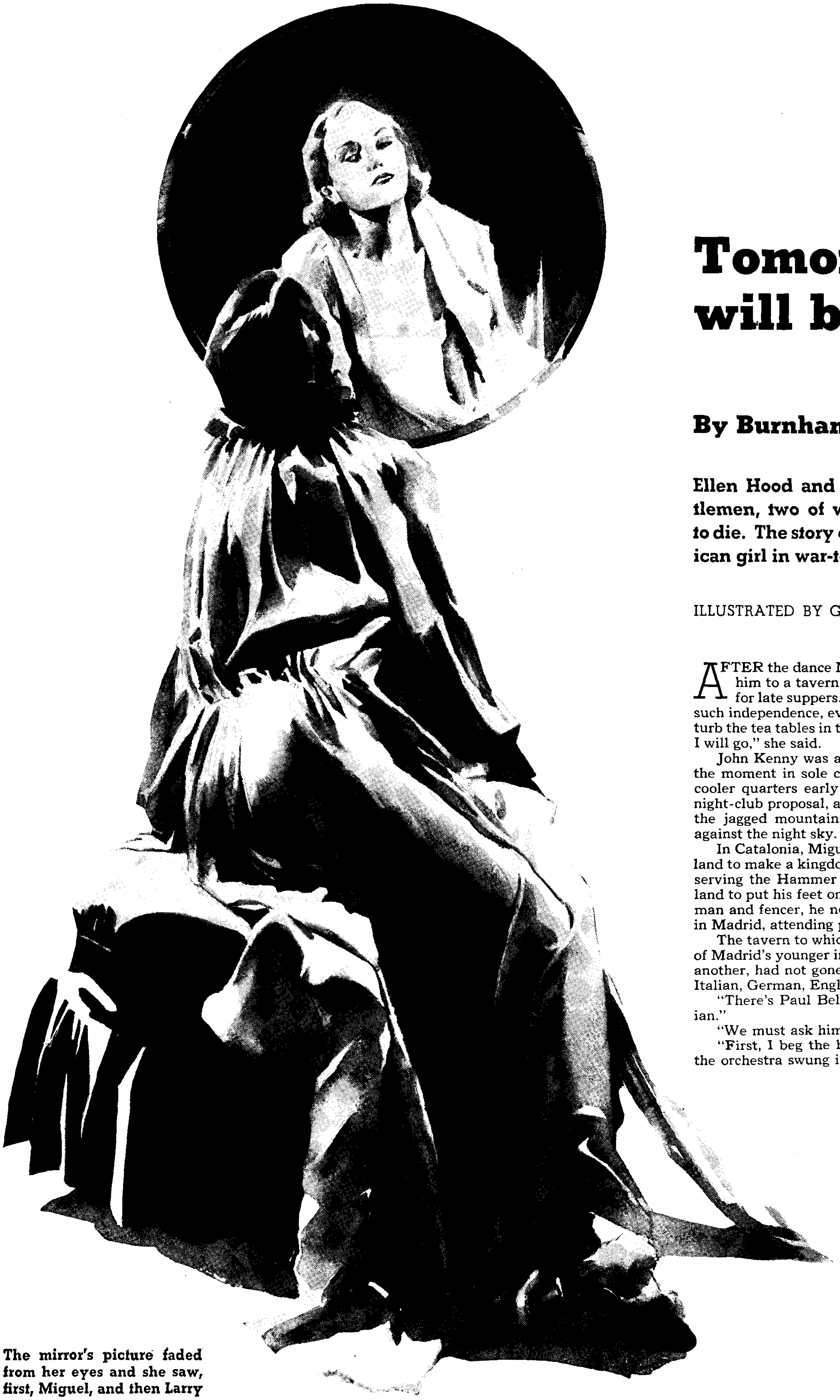


The mirror's picture faded from her eyes and she saw, first, Miguel, and then Larry

Tomorrow will be Fair

By Burnham Carter

Ellen Hood and three gentlemen, two of whom were to die. The story of an American girl in war-torn Madrid

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

AFTER the dance Miguel Breda asked Ellen Hood to go with him to a tavern outside Madrid, fashionable that summer for late suppers. But she could not go alone, knowing how such independence, even on the part of an American, would disturb the tea tables in the Spanish capital. "If the Kennys will go, I will go," she said.

John Kenny was attached to the American Embassy and at the moment in sole charge, since most of the staff had fled to cooler quarters early in July. He and his wife agreed to the night-club proposal, and the party of four drove in a car toward the jagged mountains of the Sierra Guadarrama, deep-black against the night sky.

In Catalonia, Miguel Breda's family had once owned enough land to make a kingdom; and now, as he put it, the Catalonians, serving the Hammer and Sickle, would not allow him enough land to put his feet on. Gallant and handsome, a superb horseman and fencer, he now had neither horse nor sword, but lived in Madrid, attending parties only because of Ellen.

The tavern to which they were going was crowded with those of Madrid's younger international society who, for one reason or another, had not gone to the coast resorts—one or two French, Italian, German, English, and the rest Spaniards.

"There's Paul Bellini," Kenny said. "The mysterious Italian."

"We must ask him to join us," said Ellen.

"First, I beg the honor of a dance," Miguel said to her, as the orchestra swung into a tango.

The tango was the best of all dances, and Miguel was, in Ellen's experience, the best of all dancers. "I do not dance with you often enough," Miguel declared as they went back to the table. "I do not do anything with you often enough."

"That's better than too often."

"Oh, it could never be too often," he said, horrified; and began explaining in rapid Spanish all the places they should go to see and the things they should do. When John Kenny took over the conversation, Miguel disappeared for a time; and later, Ellen, returning from the dressing room, paused at the balcony to marvel at the silver edge which the still hidden moon gave to the mountains. She was not far from the bar, and she heard a voice addressing her: "I beg your pardon, but you are an American, aren't you?"

It was a tall young man, dressed in slacks and a tweed coat, with friendly brown eyes and a clear face—an American, beyond any mistake. "Yes," she answered.

"I don't mean to be rude, but I was sure you were an American and thought you wouldn't mind if I spoke to you—"

"I must ask you to leave at once, Señor," said Miguel Breda in his cold, correct voice, appearing suddenly between them.

Ellen laughed and put her hand on Miguel's arm. "He's an American, Miguel. It's all right."

Miguel bowed. But he looked disapproving as he turned to the bar.

"I'm bicycling through Spain with a friend of mine," the young man said. "We got the wheels at Calais and are going through to Seville."

"That's a long trip."

"We've had a good time. We got here this afternoon late. My friend went to sleep, but I wanted to see this place."

"You are taking a vacation?"

"We have just finished three years of postgraduate work at Oxford. I wanted one more trip before I got locked up in a New York office. Do you live here?"

"Yes. My father is in business here, with an American automobile company."

"That must be interesting." He hesitated. "My name is Lawrence Kane. I would be glad to ask you and your friend to have a drink with me if that would be all right."

Ellen laughed. He was probably twenty-five or so, but she felt much more sophisticated than he. "No, I don't think it would be. Mr. Breda is a Spaniard and would not understand." She thought rapidly. He was obviously a decent person, and probably lonely in this place, by himself. Also, it was pleasant to see the clear, honest American college face again.

"Do you know anyone in the American foreign service here?"

"I have a letter to a vice-consul."

Ellen acted on impulse and turned to Miguel. "Would you ask John Kenny to come here?" she said.

Solely because it was Ellen, John Kenny accepted the introduction to the vice-consul and rose gracefully to the occasion. Lawrence Kane joined them at the table, and he and Ellen shortly found mutual acquaintances to talk about. Bellini, the mysterious Italian whom Kenny had mentioned, came across the floor, bowing to the table and singling out Ellen with a specially warm smile. "But you are still here!" he cried. "How fortunate!" The steel flick of his eyes passed rapidly over the American newcomer and softened again at Ellen. "I was afraid that the heat of a Madrid July would have driven you away."

"We go to Santander in three or four weeks," Ellen replied. "But Father is very busy this year and couldn't leave for a while. Besides, I've never had a better time. Madrid couldn't be gayer. I like it in the summer. . . . I would like you to meet Mr. Lawrence Kane, Mr. Bellini."

The two bowed.

"The others I believe you know."

MIGUEL, however, stated that he had not had the pleasure. She introduced them. After remarking that he would ask for a dance later, Bellini left.

"That's funny," Lawrence murmured.

"What?"

"That those two weren't acquainted."

"Well, Madrid's a big city, and Miguel Breda doesn't go out much."

"Yes, but when I first came in, I mistook a door behind the bar and got into a little room with a table, and those two were sitting there, talking."

Ellen was about to question him; but the radio, which had been turned on to some gypsy music, suddenly fell silent, and a voice began announcing: "Attention! Much attention! Government bulletin. General Franco attempts to revolt in Melilla with Moorish troops. His capture is shortly expected." Then there was a rattle of static, and blank silence.

Everyone in the room looked startled.

"What does that mean?" Ellen inquired.

"An attempt at revolution, I suppose," Kenny said. "Franco's bought up the Moors. What do you think, Miguel?"

"It is the revolution," Miguel said tensely. "At last."

"I think we'd better go home," Grace Kenny said.

At first, the news of the revolution caused little change in Ellen's world. She had tea with Lawrence Kane and his friend the next day, which was Sunday; and lunch with him alone on Monday; and walked around the city with him in the afternoon to show him what he should see; and drank pale gold manzanilla in a little *fonda* on the Burgos road. . . .

"Wine of Spain!" Larry said. "Probably everyone has thought of that phrase in his more wistful and romantic moments. Well, here it is—and just as exciting as it sounds. Wine of Spain—" he lifted his glass—"to you!"

"*Salud!*" Ellen said. Their glasses touched; their eyes met. Hers were a marvelous light blue, set in the coral color of her skin. A strand of yellow hair strayed from beneath the light blue straw hat. Her soft-red upper lip had two short curves in it, turning up ever so slightly. He noted these things with a queer feeling of disturbance in his heart. He tried to speak lightly, but his voice shook a little. "It's great luck, my finding you. I'm having a much better time than I otherwise would have had."

She smiled her thanks. "You're getting to be as complimentary as Miguel Breda."

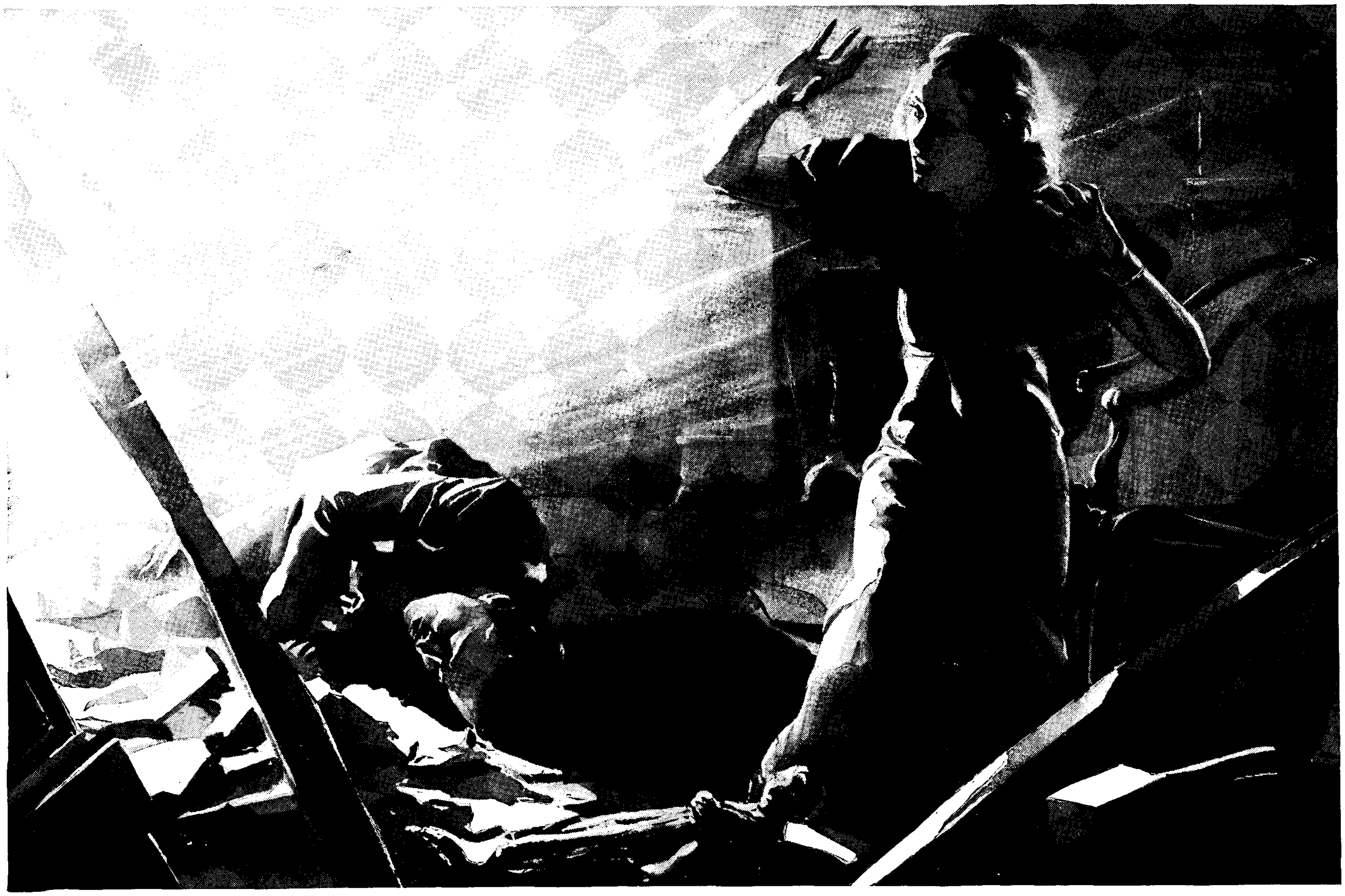
"He is very fond of you."

"I am very fond of him," Ellen replied.

SHE thought about this that night as she was dressing for a dinner at the French Embassy. Anita, her duenna, who had taken care of her since her mother died four years ago, had gone down to call a cab. Ellen put down her lipstick and sat quite still in front of the glass. Her nose was just about the right size for her eyes and mouth, and she liked the warm blond coloring of her face. The skin on her bare shoulders was smooth as cream. She was glad she was pretty. . . . The mirror's picture faded from her eyes, and she saw, first, Miguel, black-haired, slender, disdainful; and then Larry, with his keen, humorous face, his straight brown hair, his lithe, young, easily carried body. They both admired her, which was always nice; but Larry's admiration gave her a special joy. What did that mean? she pondered, pursing her lips at herself in a smile; and picked up the hairbrush and began brushing her hair vigorously. It meant that she liked him very much, and that was enough for the time being.

Tuesday the rumor ran that Malaga and Seville in the south, and Pamplona and Burgos in the north were in the hands of the insurgents. John Hood,

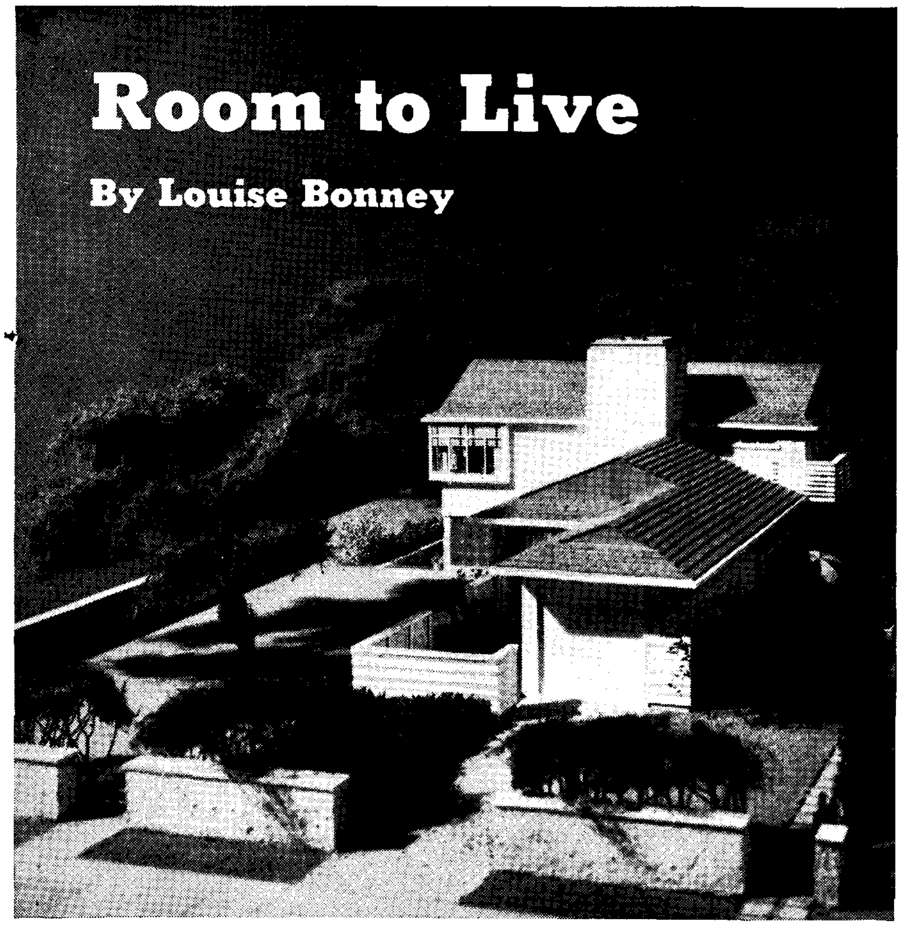
(Continued on page 76)

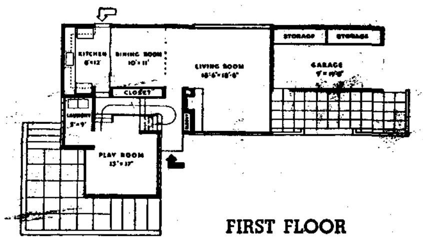


At that moment an explosion shook the house and roared against her ears, and she fell on one knee in the midst of a shower of falling plaster

Room to Live

By Louise Bonney





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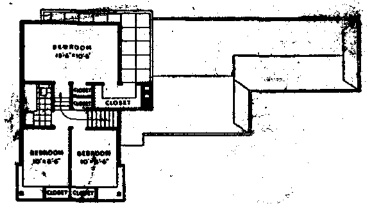

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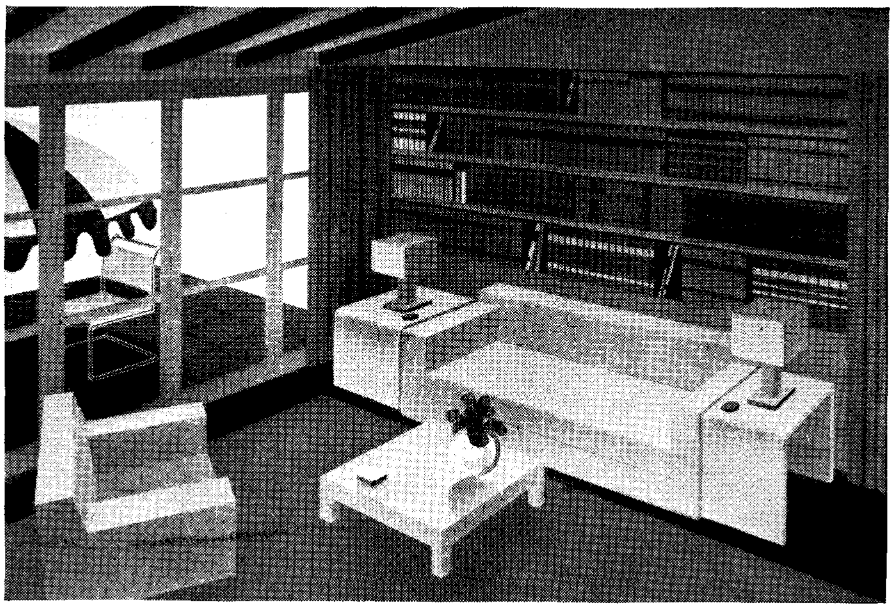
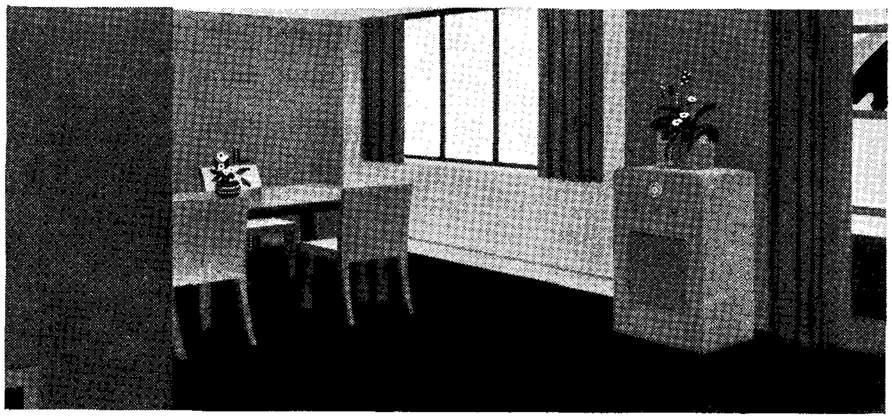
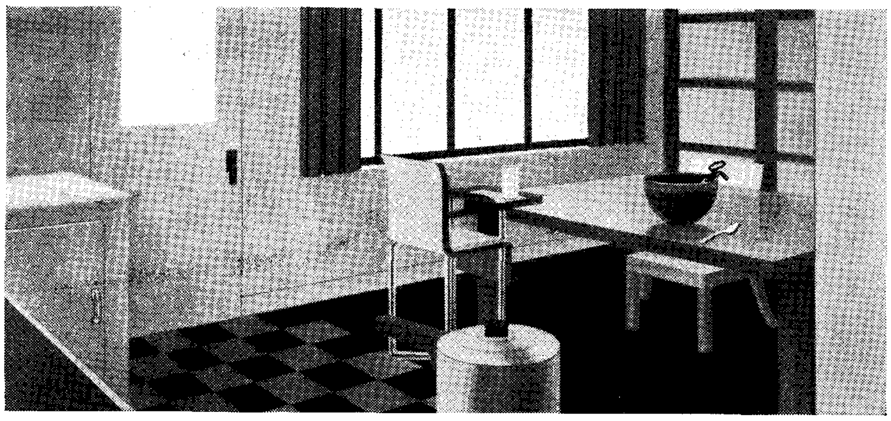






Above, left, view from the street showing gate to the front door left, driveway center, and service path right. Sketched above are, top, summer corner of living room, with glass doors leading to dining terrace; center, dining room seen from living room, with intervening wall folded back and kitchen shut off; bottom, dining room as part of kitchen

Not just rooms, but room to live in is what the modern small-house dweller wants in his home. Privacy, variety of arrangements, play space, hobby space, and plenty of storage space are on his list of demands. Collier's $7500 house is full of ideas that contribute to expansive living

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers built their salt-box houses on the chill New England soil, they knew what they wanted. They wanted a snug house that would keep them warm, and so they put the chimney in the center and built tight little rooms huddled close around it. A simple structure and, for the circumstances, a practical one.

Since those days the engineers and technicians have presented us with air conditioning, insulation, a dozen sure ways to keep our houses warm or cool. Since those days, too, the psychologists have peered into the salt-box house and discovered that all was not too well with the family huddled about the chimney, joggling each other's elbows—and tempers—at every move.

The practical experts have shown us the way to greater freedom of living, and the professors have shown us how much we need that freedom. But our houses go on being built pretty much as though none of this had ever happened. Unless we don't care how much we spend, we still have to live an elbow-joggling life, for the most part, in tight little rooms huddled about a nonessential chimney. Our houses, particularly our small houses, are generations behind our ideas.

In Collier's $7500 house, presented in a recent issue, time-worn conventions of housebuilding have been thrown right out of its big sunny windows. The planners of this house, Messrs Allmon Fordyce and William I. Hamby, took into account the fact that modern living, in idea at least, is a more spacious, varied affair than can be contained in the old salt-box—or Queen Anne or Dutch Colonial cottage. They considered, for instance, the question of whether parents have rights.

The average small house, they said, has room for either parents or children, but rarely for both. In the old days, when children were of the seen-and-not-heard variety, it was the parents' house. More recently, when mention of the word "repressed" had become the signal for parental nightmares, it was the children's house. Today, when parents are people again, supposed to share and share alike in the rights of man with their young, how are all these rights to be fitted in?

In the end this is a question of space. A house is a collection of spaces divided by walls, stairways and other means. Just how much cubic footage you get depends on just how much money you have to spend. Large or small, however, your house is well or poorly designed in proportion as these spaces are planned according to the uses to which they will be put. The average small house cuts up space as you would cut up a cake—living room, dining room (or alcove or dinette), kitchen, bedrooms. But the modern small-house dweller wants to eat his cake and have it too. He doesn't want to see a piece of his limited living area eaten up by one activity and lost forever to all other activities that go on in a house. He wants to use his space over and over again, for a variety of purposes and in as varied combinations as those purposes demand.

Take an illustration. Eating is one of the important activities in a house. But there are all kinds of eating. There are the dog-wagon meals, commuter's breakfast, Sunday supper, for which the shortest distance between cooking place and eating place is desirable. Then there are polite meals, family dinner or a small dinner party, wanting intimacy and service. And then there are occasions when impressive spaciousness and perfect appointments are close to the hostess' heart.

All this for eating. And yet this matter of taking nourishment is a very small part of the normal family day, two and a half hours, at most, out of the twenty-four. But a house that is really up to its job should take care of all these kinds of eating without wasting precious space.

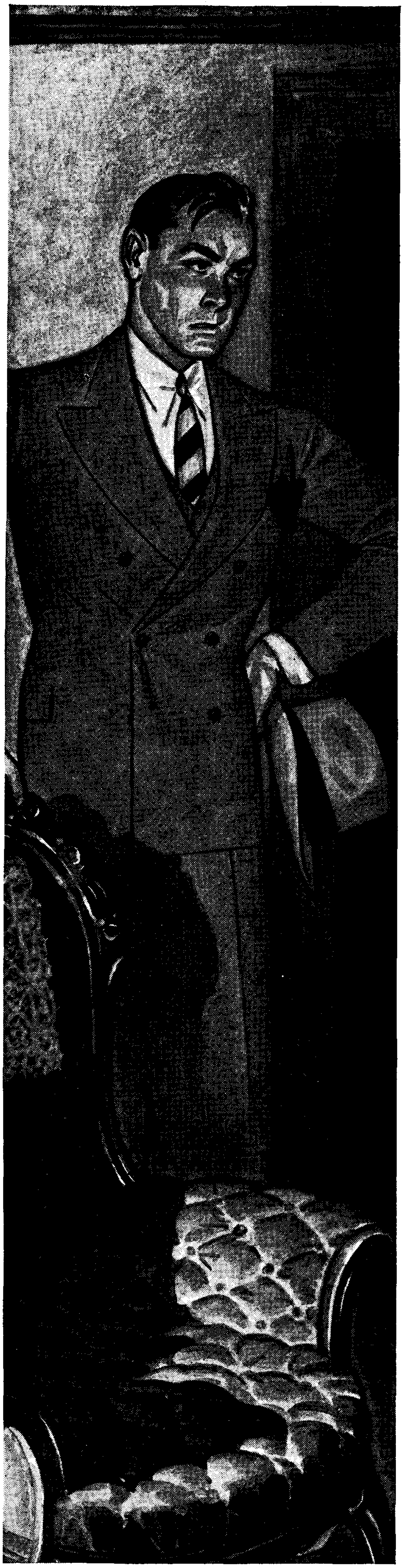
Let's go into Collier's house, now, and see how this is managed. The solution

(Continued on page 64)

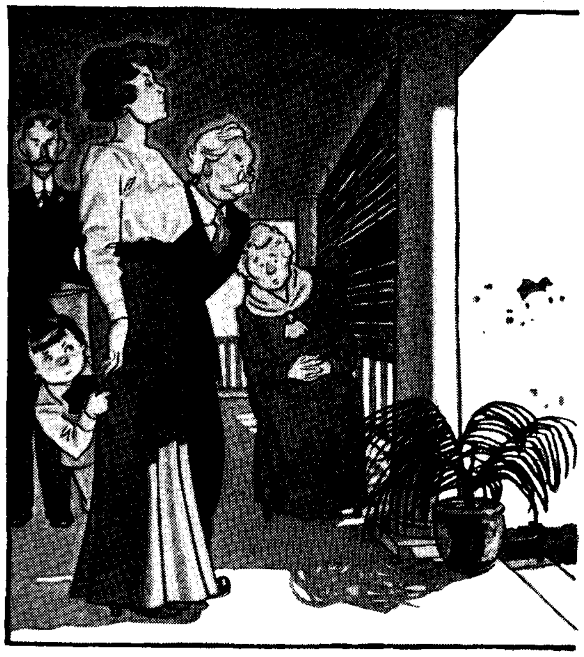
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Holy Terror

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan



I strode into the room, barking, "Get going, Doris"



Embarrassed, I ducked behind my mother's skirts

IT IS no unjust reflection on our Cousin Beulah to call her a holy terror. She was precisely that; and all our family and most of the folks living in Bluff City knew it. We did not need Rog Sladen or Doris McCabe or Myrt Allison to convince us, nor did the big fire which devastated Dove Town, on the river bank, surprise us overmuch. We Kentlakes felt that this was merely a natural concomitant of Cousin Beulah's meddling with a Dove Town love affair.

Even so, the phrase "holy terror" when applied to Cousin Beulah requires specific definition. Of her holiness, let it be said that our family and the town were divided in opinion. Some believed that the old lady's shocking intimacy with her Bible and her God indicated quite obviously that she was "cracked on religion." Others held that Cousin Beulah might be a little queer in the head but altogether sound at heart. Of the terror, however, there was no dispute. Terrifying could be the only adjective to describe the manner in which Cousin Beulah *lived* her religion.

It was a family disgrace that Cousin Beulah, a widow of seventy-one, should determinedly remain in Dove Town instead of moving up on the hill with the best families of Bluff City where she belonged. Dove Town had been a disreputable district in the old river days; it now had mushroomed out from the original shantytown shacks in an area of drab frame houses around the new shoe factory. Cousin Beulah's three-story brick mansion with its balcony porches and bedraggled weeping-willow trees had been caught in this unlovely growth. But when aunts and uncles pleaded with Cousin Beulah to come to Prospect Avenue, the old lady smiled and said: "The good Lord told me to stay here; and right here I'll stay!"

My earliest memory of this remarkable woman was her arrival at Grandpa Kentlake's house for a big family reunion. Her coming had been heralded by whispering and eyebrow-lifting among relatives in Grandpa's parlor. I remember phrases: "She wouldn't bring that woman here—" " . . . wait and see—" " . . . you get her aside, Malcolm—" " . . . Janie has more influence—" " . . . if she brings *that* woman—"

I asked: "What woman is Cousin Beulah going to bring, Mamma?"

"Shhhh—just a friend."

BUT I was not long deceived. Our Cousin Beulah arrived, driving her own team of horses to a dilapidated surrey. On the seat with her was Opal Howing, the queen of Dove Town, that evil section forbidden to Bluff City children. And in those days, a scarlet woman looked like a scarlet woman.

"I'll just set here, Missus Kentlake," Opal said, eying the horror-stricken spectators on Grandpa's front porch.

"You'll come right in with me!" said Cousin Beulah.

I watched her cow Opal with a smile; saw the two of them come up the gravel walk together. And although the queen of Dove Town was a sight in her finery to hold any audience, I'm sure we were all staring at Cousin Beulah.

She was hatless and, indeed, I never knew her to wear a hat except when in church. She must have been about fifty then but her hair was already gray, the color of an old-fashioned split-shingle roof which had seen much weather. She wore a neat black dress and a huge lace fichu which bobbed on her ample front as she walked. Her gait had the bounce of a woman twenty years younger and the singular white beauty of her complexion was also deceptive. In the brisk wind of an early spring day, she seemed as comfortable and as casual out of doors as a duchess in her drawing room. But it was the pervading, stalwart good humor of her eyes behind their thick spectacles which made her so baffling.

"My dear family!" she exclaimed, when still a few paces from the steps. "How sweet to see your Kentlake faces! And to know that the good Lord is here with us on this beautiful day!"

THEN, horror of horrors, she started introducing Opal Howing as "my newest friend"—first to Grandpa and Grandma Kentlake and so on down the line. I recall how they finally reached me; and how, in an agony of embarrassment, which the miserable and tongue-tied Opal fully shared, I ducked behind my mother's skirts.

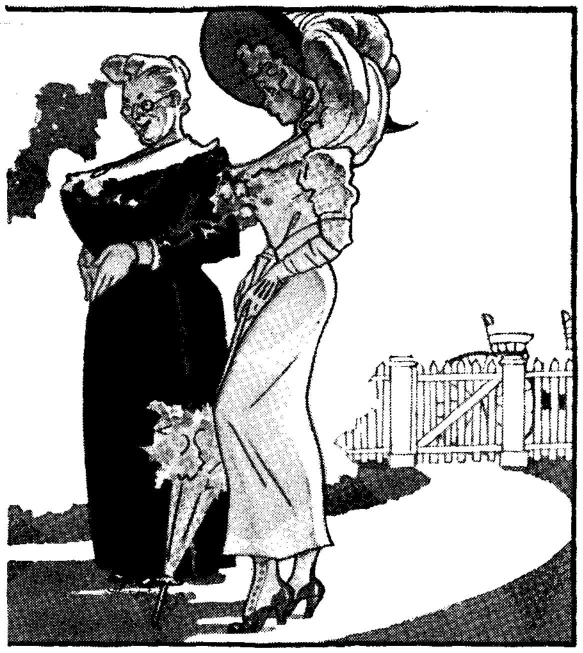
"Bless your little heart, William!" said Cousin Beulah. "Opal won't harm you. Jesus loves her!" I finally consented to shake Opal's trembling hand.

The family behaved, on the whole, very well. There was no gauche snubbing of Opal; perhaps my elders feared that Cousin Beulah would remind them of the Biblical injunction against casting the first stone, or it may have been sheer paralysis of will. But the Kentlake anger at Cousin Beulah, who proceeded to enjoy herself mightily, praying aloud for Grandpa and Grandma and kissing one and all with anxious questions as to their state of grace, flared in foot-tappings and lip-bitings. This was the worst yet; and when Cousin Beulah and Opal had at last taken their departure the bitterness of the opinions expressed is still vivid in my recollection.

Nor did the fact that, several months later, Opal Howing "got religion" and married a prosperous farmer across the river in Illinois mitigate in any way Cousin Beulah's behavior. "That time at Grandpa and Grandma Kentlake's anniversary" became in the family annals a classic. And, as the years went on, to it were added many more "that times."

We Kentlakes adopted the fiction that Cousin Beulah was a responsibility, although a freer spirit never lived in Bluff City. There was also a family legend that certain members knew how to handle her. This second was as false as the first; but in the course of time and the sad process of death, removals and marriages, I inherited the duty of looking after Cousin Beulah.

My wife and I—we had married my first year out of the university—accepted the curse of the Kentlakes with good grace. I had grown really fond of the old lady; and by some quirk of reasoning Cousin Beulah decided that I was a likely brand to be snatched from the burning. She had appeared at our wedding with a Negro waiter off an excursion boat "to help serve"; a bibulous shantyboat harridan, Mrs. Spenks, "to help in the kitchen" and an armload of religious tracts "to put the dear children right with their Maker." Well, that was all right, and we didn't mind Cousin Beulah's frequent and earnest Yea, Lords during the ceremony.



"Opal won't harm you," said Cousin Beulah

The wisdom of Cousin Beulah Kentlake, who never failed to kick the devil when she got him down. A rousing triumph of right over wrong, with a few new wrinkles in the old pastime of making sinners feel terrible

But we did think that fight between two shoe factory girls on our front lawn, while the wedding party was leaving the house, just a bit thick.

Cousin Beulah clicked her tongue to show mild annoyance, trotted spryly to the scene of conflict, said: "Mryt! Doris! Stop it!" and the fight halted miraculously. I was much too preoccupied with my own thoughts to focus on Myrt and Doris and Cousin Beulah. But I did hear the name of one Rog Sladen mentioned as the cause of the fight; and in this manner was I involved in a Dove Town triangle which soon developed alarming consequences.

Mildred and I had scarcely returned from our honeymoon when the full significance of what it meant "to look after Cousin Beulah" was borne in upon us.

THERE came a tapping at our kitchen door one evening and there stood Miss Doris McCabe, snuffling. She was a buxom and pretty child of the people, with the scabs of fingernail scratches still on her peach-bloom cheeks and the tragedy of love dark in her sullen eyes.

"Mister William, you better come right down to the river!"

"W-what's happened?"

"It's your Cousin Beulah—"

"Sick?"

Miss McCabe glowered at me disappointedly; it was clear that she had expected bread and received a stone.

"Your Cousin Beulah is a-making trouble between me an' Rog—uhuhuh—my boy friend, Mister William."

My wife, a gentle romanticist, led the now sobbing girl into our living room. Here, we learned how Cousin Beulah had denounced young Mr. Rog Sladen as a child of hell, a gone gosling and a stench in the nostrils of the better element around Dove Town. This denunciation had been delivered by Cousin Beulah from the rostrum at Wednesday-night prayer meeting. Its repercussions had been immediate and, to Doris, disastrous. Her folks, stanch followers of Cousin Beulah, had forbidden Doris to go out with Rog Sladen. And this edict had driven Rog straight into the arms of Myrt Allison.

As Doris put it: "I been a good girl and went to meetin' regular and sing in the choir besides that. So why do I get sech a break, Mister William? If'n Missus Kentlake had left us alone I could of reformed Rog. But he sure ain't a-going to git reformed traipsin' around with Myrt. She's a-honeying around Missus Kentlake pertending like she's been *changed;* but the onliest way to change Myrt is to bust her head with a double-bit ax."

This, Doris assured us, was just what she intended to do. Then, she would run away from Dove Town and, perhaps, throw herself in the river.

My wife insisted that we go straightway to Cousin Beulah's house. Doris declined to accompany us, explaining simply: "I cain't afford to have Missus Kentlake git down on me, Mister William."

Against my better judgment, I drove Mildred to Cousin Beulah.

The old house was brightly lighted with acetylene gas chandeliers. An elderly woman I did not know opened the front door.

"Missus Kentlake ain't to home jest now," she informed us, then, turning, yelled: "Whur's Missus Kentlake at this evenin', Marthy?"

"Settin' up with Mister Herm Turlock's missus!" came the answer.

We heard other voices. Cousin Beulah's house was well peopled, as always, and spic and span in the 1880 fashion, as always. The woman at the door had a dustcloth in her hand. Cousin Beulah believed in elbow grease.

"Herm lives acrost the tracks a piece," we were told. "I'll have Luther go 'long an' show yer." More yelling, while I stammered that perhaps we'd better call in the morning. But my wife, still worried about Doris, demanded that we face Cousin Beulah at once.

Cousin Beulah appeared on Mister Herm Turlock's front porch, drying her hands on an apron.

"Why, bless my soul, it's dear William and Mildred! Is anyone sick in the city?"

"No, Cousin Beulah. Doris McCabe came to see us and—"

"Botheration!" Cousin Beulah turned and issued several orders for the further comfort of the sick woman inside. "Sit down and tell me all about it."

This I was reluctant to do, since the small yard and smaller house seemed crowded with Turlocks and their neighbors. But my wife, taking her cue from Cousin Beulah, told the story shamelessly.

"H'mph!" said Cousin Beulah. "That Rog boy is no account. A blasphemer, a gambler and a menace to young womanhood. He's got to change his ways or he can't keep company with Doris."

"But, Cousin Beulah—this other girl—"

"Myrt? A Jezebel! The good Lord will open his eyes to *her* soon enough! He'll come crawling back to Doris, if she just stands fast." Cousin Beulah's white head bobbed; and her cheerful voice was a fort and a refuge, "The love of a good woman has changed worse scamps than Rog Sladen!"

"AMEN, Missus Kentlake!" this voice, a man's, came from the shadows in the yard and was never identified.

My wife was baffled.

"B-but she threatens to harm herself—jump in the river—"

"H'mph. It'd do her good. Bring her face to face with her Maker! Oh, what a wonderful experience that is, my dear! Have *you* ever seen God? Oh, how I pity your dear sweet soul. . . ." There was considerable more of this, interrupted by "Amens" from the yard. I came to my wife's rescue by mentioning a matter of business which Mr. Vashton, the family banker, had enjoined me to "handle."

Cousin Beulah owned a two-thousand-acre river-bottom farm—the result of some thirty years' toil by her and her late husband, Cousin Tom. And there had been no income from this property for the past ten years.

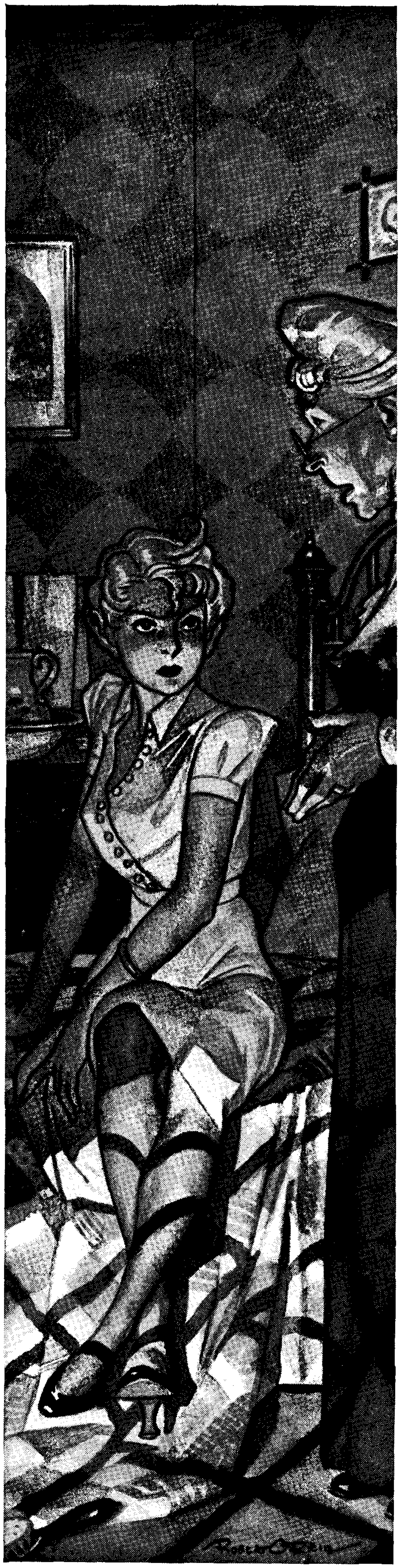
"When are you going to collect from your tenants, Cousin Beulah?" I demanded.

In the lamplight from the doorway, I saw Cousin Beulah peer at me sharply.

"What tenants, William?"

"The folks who live on your land."

(Continued on page 29)



"You ain't my boss," Doris said, but she sat down

A[illegible]s of Empire

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[illegible]pa[illegible] formed [illegible]. S[illegible]s created [illegible] e[illegible] overc[illegible] and surmou[illegible]. She [illegible]se[illegible]e world. How [illegible]? Yo[illegible] find [illegible]nswer in the l[illegible]e [illegible]o fami[illegible] [illegible]e [illegible]s are the chips wi[illegible]e f[illegible] are fed—and the[illegible] [illegible]nd i[illegible] a ch[illegible]

THERE are four of them in the Sato family—five if you count Baby Emiko, the brown-eyed, black-haired little doll in a tiny flowered kimono. Six, if you count Kenji. But nobody has counted Kenji for two years now, except the prison keeper. Kenji was the rebel of the family—the boy who fought back against the Japanese Fascists, who were piling more and more human bodies on the fires of empire. He was the one who led the uprising at Nagano in '34, when the Farm Youth Society, an anarchist organization, made its desperate thrust against the slave system that was crushing the life out of millions of peasants and fishermen.

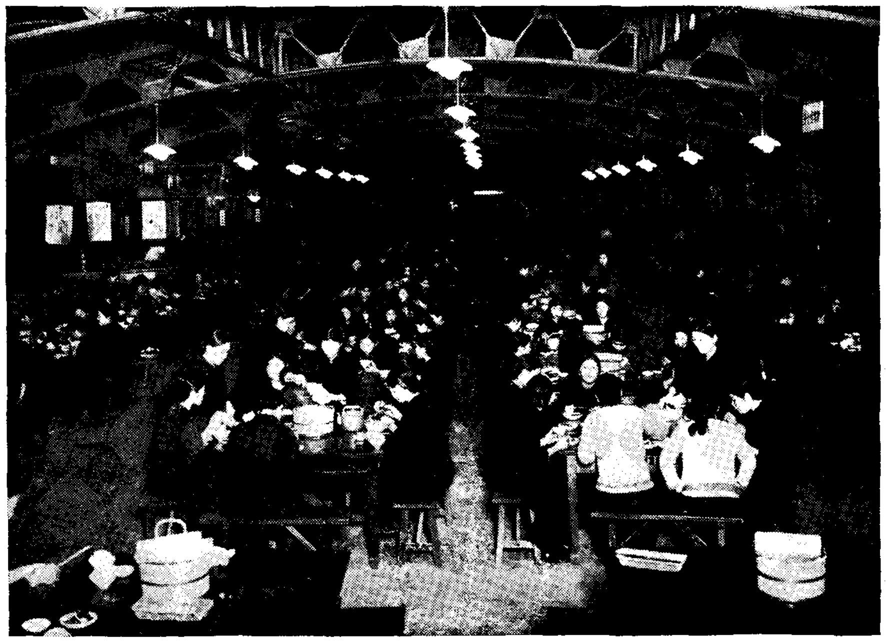
With arms smuggled from Shanghai, peasants revolted in twenty of Japan's forty-seven regional areas in February, 1935. The iron heel of the military machine stamped down and three hundred and ninety peasant leaders went to jail. Not a line appeared in any Japanese newspapers; not a word got onto the cables. All the Satos themselves knew was that Kenji went out one evening to a meeting in the village and did not come back. Now, they sensed dimly, he never would come back.

There was Jiro, the second brother, too. Jiro never would come back, either. He died quickly from the bullet of a Manchu rebel on the snow plains out west of Hsinking in Manchukuo. The Manchu gunner was a rebel against the same iron system that had caught Kenji and was crushing him slowly to death in prison.

Jiro and thousands of other Japanese farm boys had been put into uniforms, taught to use rifles and do the goose step and sent out to the Manchukuoan plains to enforce the ambitions of the nation's masters.

All that now remained of Jiro was a small square white wooden box, with a little pile of ashes in it, and a wooden tablet with his name on it, in a near-by shrine. The Satos went to the shrine sometimes and made a small offering, through the Buddhist priest, that their brother's spirit might be at rest. To get to the shrine they rode across Tokyo from Omiya, where they lived, in the surface cars and sometimes coming home took the new subway as a special treat.

Girl workers who literally live for their jobs, at the evening meal in the dining hall of a textile mill, and at leisure in the mill dormitory. In color: Japanese soldiers ready for bayonet drill



There was Taro, the first-born and head of the family, and Shizuko, his wife. Emiko was their baby. Then there was Saburo, the third-born brother, and little Hanako, their sister, whose name means Flower.

The red fires of empire, which have already burned up Jiro and Kenji Sato, are relentlessly burning out the lives of Taro and Shizuko, Saburo and Hanako—and in a little while they will consume Baby Emiko, too. So, while Japan fights desperately for the mastery of Asia, let us visit the Satos, and find out something about the human motive power used up so recklessly, rewarded so scantily.

There are ten million families like the Satos in Japan and their lives are dedicated, willy-nilly, to the cause of empire.

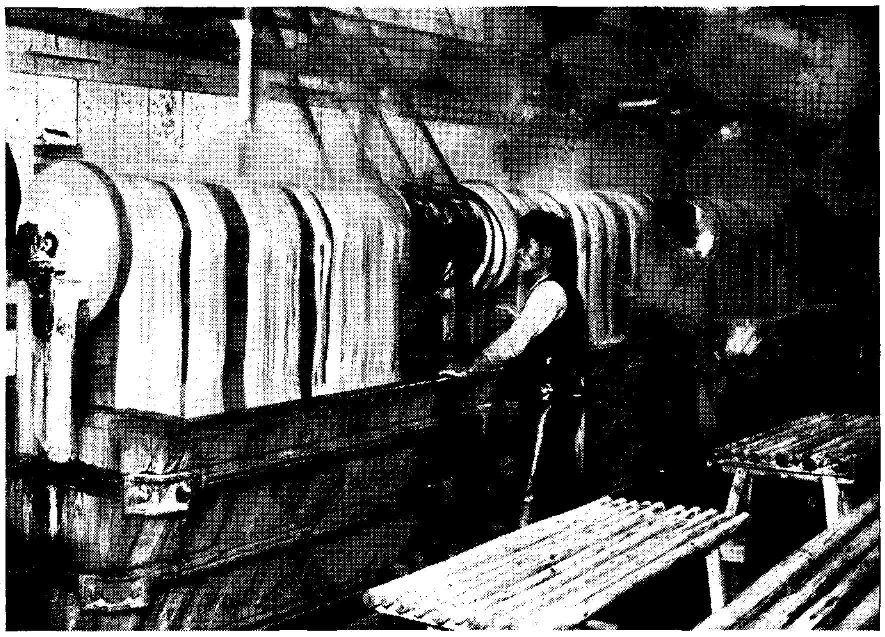
Taro Sato is a machinist in the government railway shops at Omiya. He gets fifty-five cents a day for working eight hours—or ten or twelve. Saburo labors twelve hours a day in a rayon plant and gets fifty cents for it. Hanako, the sister, is one of twelve girls and men who tend one thousand spindles in a silk mill. Before he died, Hanako's father, hopelessly in debt when rice prices collapsed, practically sold Hanako to the mill owners for $30. Until her debt had been repaid out of her tiny earnings as an apprentice, she was not allowed to leave the mill at all.

This year, Hanako is earning almost thirty cents a day. Last year she got twenty-eight cents, but the mill owners became frightened when skying living costs started new murmurs among the workers, and wages were raised a trifle.

Shizuko, Taro's wife, leaves little Emiko every morning with one of the neighbors and goes to work in a cottage industry making cheap mechanical toys for sale in the Ginza department stores. With seven other women she sits all day turning out small clockwork dogs. You wind up the dog. He whirls his tail and shakes a bone in his teeth. The small capitalist who operates the little factory gets sixty cents a dozen for the dogs.

The first woman in the line slips the clockwork into a papier-mâché mold of the dog's body. The next woman attaches the tail. A third puts on the head and then Shizuko glues on the furry skin . . . The eighth woman boxes the finished toy. Thousands of these miniature production lines have been operating in Japan for centuries—long before Detroit "invented" the idea. Shizuko makes as much as $2.

The Satos live in one section of a *nangaya,* a long house. Six other families live in the same low wooden building with its opaque paper windows and sliding panels. Like the others, the Satos have two rooms, a six-mat one and a four-and-a-half-mat one. A straw mat, six feet by three, is the unit of measurement. But you must not have two six-mat rooms, for that is unlucky. And no one ever has a four-mat room, because four is the number of death. In the hospitals, there is no Room No. 4.



From textile dyer to dollmaker, forty million Japanese live and labor in grinding poverty to further the nationalistic ambitions of the militarists and to swell the profits of industrialists

For their 189 square feet of living space—which gives each of them a six-foot square—the Satos pay $3.50 a month. One side of the big room, nine by twelve feet, is taken up by a small raised platform. On this there stands a stunted cryptomeria in an earthen pot. Beside it is a small blackwood stand with a colored picture of Miss Janet Gaynor in a white metal frame. On the wall of the little shrine hangs a picture scroll, a water-color painting of a famous bridge at Nara.

The two bare rooms are heated in winter by a few chunks of charcoal, glowing redly on beds of fine white ash in square wooden boxes. The simple cooking is done over these, too. Rice. Fish. Tea. Sometimes there is a little *sake*—rice wine.

But when times are hard and food prices high, or Saburo or Hanako is jobless or Shizuko cannot go to her toy-making, there is often nothing except rice and a little *takuan*—yellow, smelly, pickled radish—washed down with scalding tea.

The Satos are cleanly people and go every day to the public bathhouse two blocks down the ten-foot-wide street on which they live. They take their own towels and soap and for a few sen wash all over in warm water and then, having rinsed themselves, soak and chat, men and women together, in huge pools of steaming water.

At night, having eaten, they unfold thin mattresses, spread them over the mat floor, wind up the cheap alarm clock and go to sleep communally.

If sickness comes to the Satos they must tramp miles to a health clinic and wait patiently for hours until an overworked doctor can give them hasty advice. Few of Japan's forty million workers can afford to have a private physician.

The empire builders spend so much money making ready to kill foreigners that they have little left to save the lives of their own people.

Pawns of War and Industry

The Satos have not always been factory workers. A few years ago the family owned a tiny farm at Nagano, in the silkworm country. But, like thousands of other peasants, they had been starved out; their land had gone to the banker in the Maronouchi who held the mortgage; the old people, their lives burned up to provide fuel for "national expansion," had died. Jiro the soldier and Kenji the rebel—they were burned up, too, in the same cause.

Now the rest of them—Saburo and Taro and Shizuko and Hanako—are being burned up in the most amazing industrial and war machine on earth.

For forty years, Japan has been building an empire as all empires are built—by force. She gives the world three reasons why she is doing this:

(1) To provide space for her excess population in a world which, almost unanimously, denies her nationals the right of settlement.

(2) To assure herself a supply of vital raw materials.

(3) To give her control over mass markets, necessary to absorb her excess production.

In this forty years of expansion she has used, as her weapons, the Satos and their millions of fellow men and women. Her financial giants, her industrialists—and some of her militarists—have made immense profits under the expansion policy.

But the Satos have not got their share of the profits. The million things they produce, on starvation wages, are sold all over the world to the workers of other nations—workers who have obtained some share of the profits of their national industries.

Americans can buy what the Satos produce—but the Satos cannot buy what Americans produce. If you think, as a working American, that you have no interest in the economic state of Japan's millions, there is your answer.

If Taro and Hanako and Saburo and Shizuko Sato —and forty million others like them—got what they earn, the working people of England and America and Germany and many another nation would have more jobs.

But most of the earnings of forty million Japanese are burned up in the effort to build and dominate an empire—an empire that seems doomed to collapse.

How did Japan get into her present muddle?

Well, she says it all started with overcrowding: Too many people on too little land trying to live without enough available natural wealth. That picture is just about correct, too.

Japan isn't as big as California and hasn't half the Golden State's natural resources. Put sixty million people in California and imagine what might happen if most of the world's nations refused to let Californians emigrate to them.

When overcrowding became a Japanese problem, there were several things that might have been done:

There could have been a mass export of humanity. This started, but was blocked everywhere by immigration laws. So that solution was out.

There could have been, in Japan, a better division of wealth and a rise in the living standard, so that the number of workers might have been reduced and, at the same time, a greater home market created for Japanese products. But nobody except a few liberal cranks thought of that, and the idea got nowhere.

Well, all there was left was the exploitation of the working people in order to undersell the world and bring in cash, coupled with the forcible seizure of other people's territory and the control of alien populations for the double purpose of providing cheap raw materials and new export markets.

This was the course Japan decided to follow. Today, she has more or less control over territory about one third as large as the United States. But she has bought this at terrific cost in men and treasure—and she will be buying it for years to come—unless her people balk at the crushing cost, which isn't possible.

Japan started gathering her empire in '94 and '95, when she took the Pescadores and Formosa from China. Ten years later she took the Liaotung Peninsula and the south half of Sakhalin Island from Russia. In the World War she got Kiaochow from Germany and parts of southeastern Siberia from Russia—and was forced to give them up. In '31 she took Manchuria. In '32 and '33 she tore Jehol and parts of Chahar and Hopei from China. She also moved in and annexed almost half the international settlement at Shanghai.

Not alone of wealth has this empire-winning drained Japan. Annual casualty lists since 1895 have averaged 40,000 men. The empire, to that extent, has served its purpose as a reducing agent for "excess population." But, today, there are fewer than 1,500,000 Japanese settled in the new territories.

So, in forty years, the empire has absorbed no more than 3,500,000 men. Meanwhile, the home population grows at the rate of a million a year.

Two years ago colonization agents came to Taro and Shizuko Sato, offering free land and a money loan if they would go to Manchukuo and become farmers again. But they would not go. Nor would others. In five years, fewer than 10,000 Japanese have settled on the Manchukuoan plains. The official figure is "1,800 households."

Years ago, when Formosa was the promised land, agents had tried to get Taro's father and mother to settle there, leaving their tiny farm for a sugar plantation. But the old people would not go—preferring their own chill, foggy land to the lush, sunny, fertile reaches of the southern island.

The older Satos would not go to Formosa, nor the

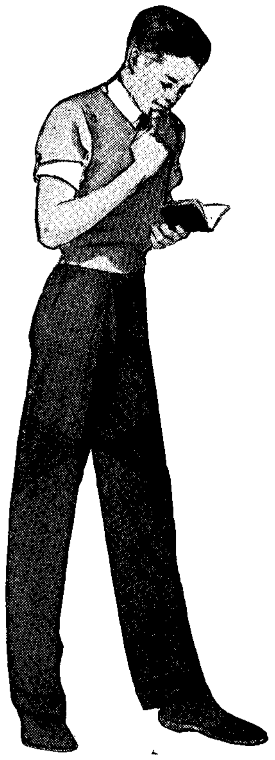
(Continued on page 72)

Strange Girl

By Henry Anton Steig

The power of grace, which is greater than beauty and stronger than steel. The story of Ethel, and a boy who will never forget her

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK



Raymond felt a little guilty. He drew a line through her name

ETHEL WEYMAN was walking by. From the top of the stoop of his house where he had paused to lift the collar of his spring coat against the wind, Raymond Horne looked at her as if for the first time.

She lived just a few blocks away, on the same avenue, but he hadn't seen her or thought about her in almost a year, ever since he had been graduated from high school. She had never been bad-looking, but unattractively squarish and dumpy in build. Mental qualifications of the other sex had not been of prime importance then but he had decided, the first time he met her on the way to school, that though bright, she was thoroughly uninteresting. He had tried to avoid her after that, and though he had met her, inevitably, several more times during the years of attendance at the same high school, and had walked with her, out of politeness, their acquaintanceship had never passed the casual stage.

Now, with one hand still at his collar, he slowly turned his head, following her with startled, greedy eyes. Amazing, how she had changed. He wondered that he had never noticed what a uniquely perfect scheme the golden skin, the dark wavy hair and the big black eyes composed. Strange how the maturing of the features made them count. She had grown taller, slimmer, and yet, somehow, rounder. From his elevated position he could not see much of her legs above the ankles, but by her carriage, which had become lithely graceful, and the way her skirt clung to her thighs as she pressed against the wind, he saw that from trite sticks they had changed to marvels of shapeliness.

Raymond accused himself of having been stupidly neglectful and felt, at the same time, that he had been the victim of a deception; it seemed unfair that a weed should grow into an orchid behind his back.

The books in his hand reminded him of his appointment to go over some physics problems with a classmate. But the appointment could wait.

She was almost half a block ahead of him. Walks awfully fast, he thought. Pretty as hell from the back, too. A breeze caught her skirt and he had a glimpse of the quivering calf of a momentarily tensed leg as her foot came down on the pavement. He lengthened his stride. Lovely, the way her arms swung, through a short arc, close to her sides—and what a remarkably slight waist! She was an utter knockout; probably a raft of guys hanging around her, he said to himself, but that's the way it always is with good-lookers.

HE WAS almost abreast of her. A few more steps and he turned his head.

"Why, Ethel," he said. "Hello!"

"Oh—" there was a short but noticeable hesitation, "Hello, Ray."

It humbled him to think that she hadn't immediately recognized him. But perhaps he too had changed.

"Haven't seen you for an awfully long time."

She didn't answer, but looked at him as if to say: "That's true, we haven't seen each other in a long while. Well?"

"What have you been doing with yourself?" he asked, anxious to nullify his false start.

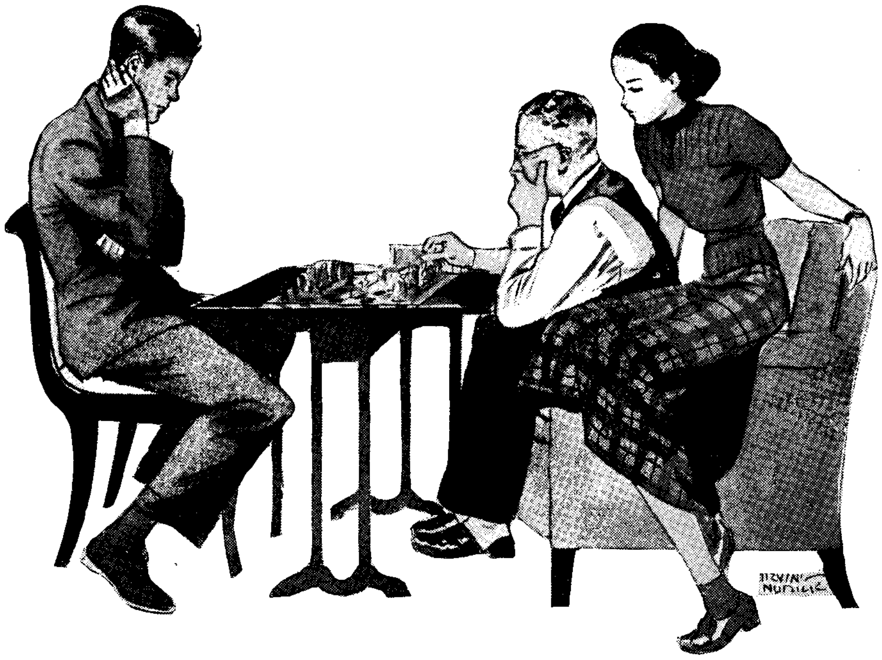
"Still going to school."

"When are you getting out?"

"June."

She was bright, all right, getting out of high school before she was seventeen (though often it didn't mean anything) he reflected. One thing about her hadn't changed; she still didn't talk much.

It was natural to hold a girl's arm when you walked with her and he wanted to take hers, but something about her manner told him that it would have been presumptuous. He was surprised at his timidity.



He was forced to resign after a dozen moves. "You're much too good for me, Mr. Weyman," he said. "Let's play another," Mr. Weyman answered

"What are you going to do after that?" Raymond said.

"A. B. in education. I'd like to teach French."

"Teaching profession's kind of crowded."

"Yes. But they'll always need teachers. I'll just have to wait."

He wanted her to ask him what his plans were. But apparently she didn't care, didn't even notice the college text and the big, important-looking loose-leaf notebook he was carrying.

Suddenly she turned a corner, and he swung around, clumsily, after her.

"Goodby," she said, bluntly, at the subway entrance.

"Oh—listen!" he blurted out. "May I call some evening?"

"Yes—you may call—some evening." It sounded as though, after consideration, she had decided there could be no harm in that.

Before she turned away there was a slight softening of her features which Raymond could not be sure was meant to be a smile. She bounced down the steps, almost noiselessly, like a tennis ball.

Raymond didn't know why, but he ran the first few blocks toward his friend's house. He ran lightly, on his toes, not unconscious of form.

He phoned her early in the evening two days later.

"Not tonight," she said. "Sorry, Ray, but I have a lot of work to do."

Still in high school and she spoke about "work." She took herself too seriously. *He* was the one who really had work to do. He was willing to give her one of his precious evenings—and she refused it, just because of some silly lessons.

"Oh, I see," he said, unable to hide the disappointment in his tone.

"If you're free tomorrow evening," Ethel said, hesitatingly. "I won't be busy then."

That was better. "Tomorrow?" Raymond said, "Let me see—"

"Oh, well, some other evening then," Ethel quickly interrupted.

"But tomorrow is all right," Raymond hastily said. "Yes, I'm quite sure—I'll be free. About eight?"

"Better make it eight-thirty. Goodby."

"Goodby," Raymond said.

He had always thought of conversations with girls as a series of polite little battles in which the girls, of course, didn't have much chance. A man didn't press his advantage, though; it made him feel bigger not to make the victories too crushing. He was just sufficiently cleverer than the girl to leave no question as to who had won. When the point had been made and the girl began to flounder, the thing to do was to smile and then change the subject.

But when he hung up his phone Raymond knew that he had been definitely bested, this time. It wasn't a real battle, however, he told himself, only a preliminary skirmish. He'd have to study her style. But then the trouble was that she didn't seem to have any style. She didn't try to be clever; just said what she meant.

APPROACHING her house, at eight-thirty-five the next evening, he recalled having seen her, years before, playing jacks on the sidewalk (he remembered the exact spot) with her friends. It put him in a warm mood. He would remind her, he thought, of the costume she had worn then, the big hair ribbon, the socks, and the short dress. But when Ethel opened the door he was chilled and forgot all about it.

She was neatly and tastefully dressed and not any less attractive than she had been on the street, the other day, but it was evident that she had not gone to any special pains to dress for *him*. Raymond was accustomed to having girls look as if they were about to go out for the evening when he came to call. And when he considered her plaid skirt and her sweater blouse, obviously school attire, he felt abashed for having gone to so much trouble over his own appearance.

ETHEL introduced him to her parents. Her father was a thin little man with spectacles. In his shirt sleeves, he sat in an easy chair in a corner of the crowded living room with a book in his hands. A large, flat hot-water bottle, filled with water, was thrust part way down under his trousers, against his abdomen. Her mother was also short and dark, but stout. She came to the doorway of the adjoining kitchen, in an apron, with a dish towel and a dish in her hands, and smiled, very pleasantly.

"Pardon me a moment," Ethel said, after having disposed of Raymond's coat. She began removing books and pads from the round table in the center of the room. She hadn't been waiting for him, he saw—she had been occupying herself, until the last moment, with school work.

"Won't you sit down?" Mr. Weyman said.

Raymond pulled a chair from under the table and sat down. Ethel returned from the bedroom where she had taken her books.

"Please, Ethel," her father said, holding up the bottle. "It's got cold."

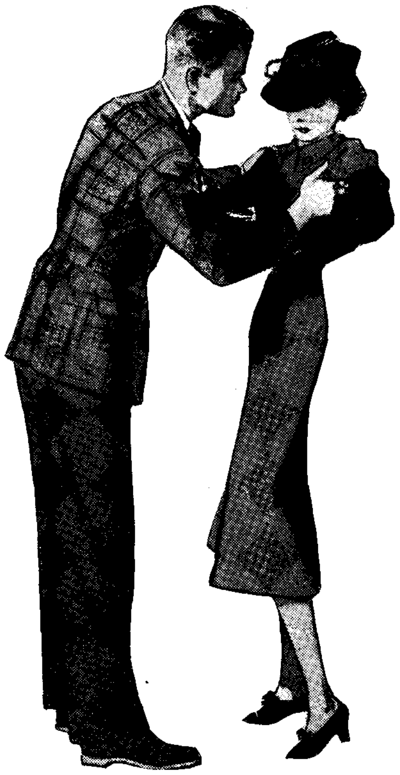
Raymond was embarrassed. There was something vulgar about that bottle.

Ethel took it into the kitchen.

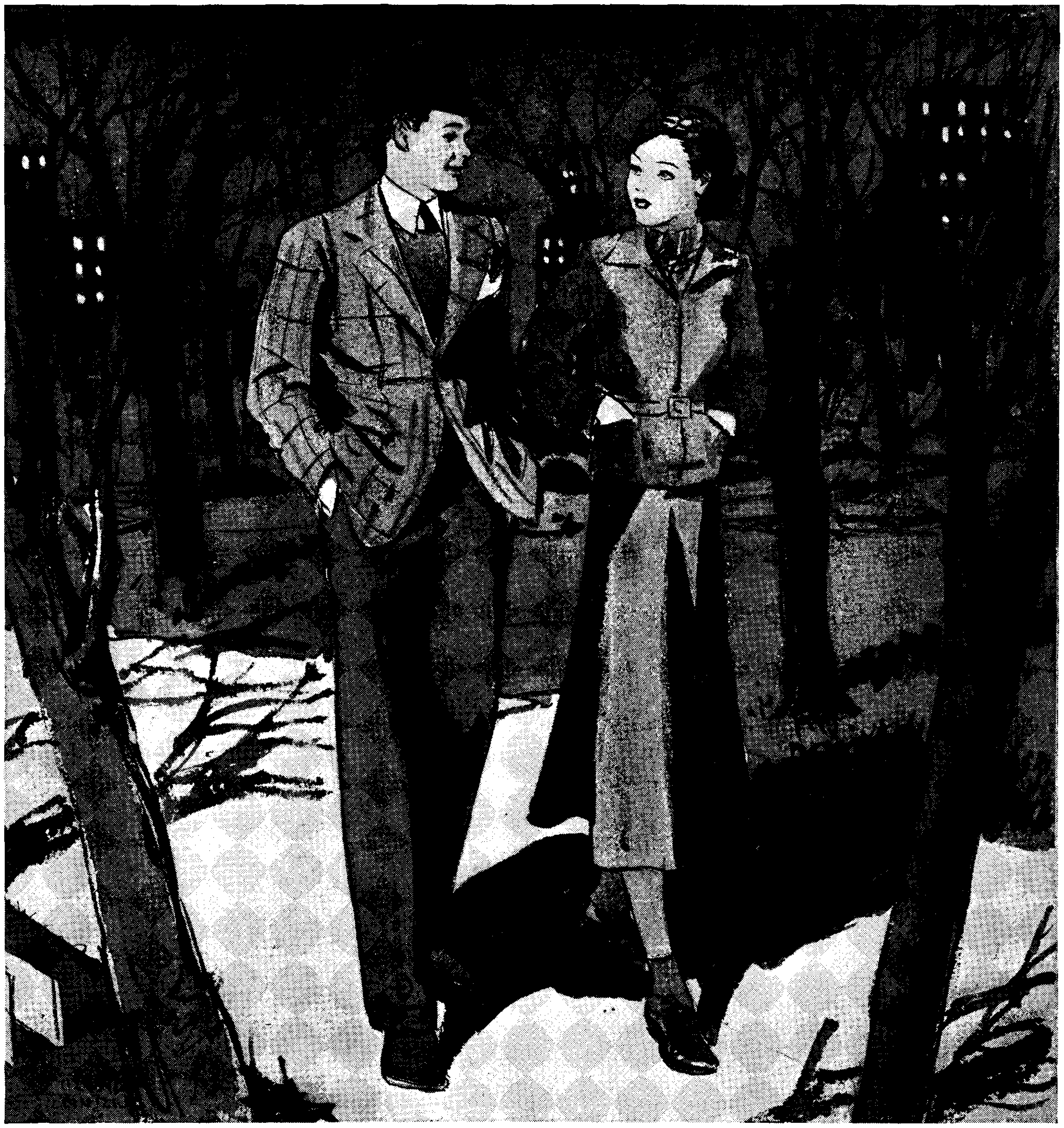
"Cold in the stomach," Mr. Weyman explained.

"May I see what you're reading?" Raymond asked, not knowing what else to say.

Mr. Weyman handed him the book, a collection of Yeats' poems.



Ethel placed her hands on his chest and kept him firmly at a distance



Ethel looked at him questioningly. "That laugh was a compliment to you," Raymond said. "I was thinking how you would meet the advances of a certain friend of mine"

"Hm," Raymond said, respectfully. He hadn't read Yeats but he had heard of him. He handed back the book.

He was impressed by the fact that almost every available space in the room, window sills, end tables, even a corner of the floor, was occupied by books which the inadequate bookcase could not accommodate.

Ethel returned, holding the bottle wrapped in a towel.

"Look out you don't get scalded, Pop," she warned.

"Can't be too hot for me," Mr. Weyman said, and with a sigh of pleasure, he tucked the bottle back into place. "Do you play chess?" he asked Raymond.

"Not very well."

Raymond hadn't come to play chess. He wanted to be with Ethel. He was about to beg off but the challenging expression on her face stopped him.

"I haven't played in a long while. Don't expect too much opposition."

"Why is it," Mr. Weyman asked, smiling, "that no one ever admits having played chess recently?"

"But I really haven't," Raymond protested.

Ethel brought the chessboard and chessmen, placed them on a low table in front of her father and sat down on the arm of his chair, in an unconsciously provocative position. Raymond glanced at her, turned his eyes away, and drew up his seat.

He was forced to resign after a dozen moves.

"You're much too good for me, Mr. Weyman," he said.

"Let's play another," Mr. Weyman answered. "I'll remove a rook."

RAYMOND tried to exchange pieces so as to be able to exploit his advantage, but his opponent cleverly avoided exchanges, captured three pawns and soon had much the stronger position. Raymond kept glancing furtively at Ethel, who was intent on the game. Girls, when stared at, always shifted and rearranged their dresses, but Ethel seemed not to notice that he was staring at her. She was not at all self-conscious and he could hardly question her unawareness. He wanted to say something clever to Mr. Weyman about the difficulty of concentrating on the game where there was present so impelling a distraction as his beautiful daughter. But he decided not to. He wasn't a bit at home. It was due partly, he admitted, to his own stiffness. But Yeats, hot-water bottles, and chess—what could one do?

"Why, you're a master!" Raymond said. "You could easily give me a queen." That was wise, he thought. Don't make excuses; be as humble as possible.

"It would take less than a master to give you a queen and beat you, the way you're playing," Mr. Weyman said. "You made some very careless moves." He smiled. "I'm assuming that the good ones were not all accidental. . . . How about playing Ethel?"

Ethel looked very confident. It would have been unbearable to be beaten by her. Raymond declined, as gracefully as he could, deciding to brush up on his game as soon as possible.

Mrs. Weyman had meanwhile taken a place in the room.

"Sing for us, Ethel," she suggested. "One of those funny little French songs."

"Why, I didn't know you sang," Raymond said. I'm in for it now, he thought. Ethel will act shy, we'll all coax her, and after a while she'll go reluctantly to the piano and do something terrible and I'll have to be polite and ask for more and so on.

But nothing like that happened. Ethel smiled, went directly to the piano, confidently struck some chords, and launched off into a catchy melody, in perfectly enunciated French (he was disgusted with himself for not understanding most of it) and in a clear, sweet mezzo-soprano. She accompanied herself very competently, with an almost professional touch. There was no false modesty and no swagger.

"That was wonderful!" he said, at the end of the song. He wanted her very much to know that he meant it, that he wasn't just being kind. "Please, Ethel, sing another."

She sang and played several pieces, apparently enjoying it as much as her hearers enjoyed listening. Then she got up from the piano, and Raymond knew, though there had been no hint, that it was time for him to go. He rose from his chair.

"I've got to leave now. Really I must."

AGAIN the unexpected happened. There was no effort to detain him and the emphasis of his leave-taking made him feel stupid. But he was relieved when the Weymans asked him to come again, soon. They sounded sincere.

Ethel brought his coat and helped him on with it. That gave him a pleasant little thrill.

"Marie called, at about nine," Mrs. Horne said, when Raymond had entered his home.

"M-hm," he answered, uninterested.

(Continued on page 83)

High Test

By Karl Detzer

The remarkable exploit of Miss Betty Paige, who set Lake Michigan afire. A blue-water romance which is anything but tender—because, perhaps, the girl and the man didn't like each other

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED WIDLICKA

THE first time Tom Vesey saw Betty Paige he hollered at her. He yelled, through a megaphone, "Get over there, you sap, where you belong!"

The second time he met her, he said, "Go ahead and risk your fool neck if you want to. I don't care."

The third time—well, the third time's the one I'm going to tell about. It wasn't so much what he said as what he did, and what she did, too.

Tom Vesey was a seaman, first and last. And Betty Paige was a business girl. At least that's what she called herself. And both of them were as stubborn as a floe of ice in March.

Tom came from the deep seas. He liked to say that about himself, too. He was only twenty-nine, and a full two-striper, lieutenant senior grade, in the U. S. Coast Guard. He'd sailed patrol boats out of Boston and out of Pedro, chased hurricanes four ways from Puerto Rico, herded icebergs on the Grand Banks, driven smugglers around the Bahamas and in Puget Sound. Deep water was his dish. And he liked it salty.

That's why, when he was sent to the Cutter Traverse on Lake Michigan, he made his remark about sailing on a lily pond. You see, he didn't know Lake Michigan any better than he knew a woman like Betty Paige.

The Traverse is a rescue ship. That's her business, rescue and ice-breaking, and nothing else. She lies at North Haven winter and summer, waiting for somebody to get into trouble, and then rushes out to help. Jeb Peters was her skipper when Tom got assigned last November as executive officer, second in command. Tom made that crack to him about lily ponds, and Jeb only grinned and answered, "There's several ways of going to sea, Mr. Vesey, as you'll find out."

November was quiet, and the Traverse answered only two calls. First, it was the Milwaukee mail plane, down in midlake, then a fishing tug twenty hours overdue at Ludington. Between times she sat in harbor, and the crew of fifty did some close-order drill in the snow beside the dock, and the officers and their wives visited one another's houses uptown, and played a little bridge.

All except Tom. He stayed aboard, having a hand of cribbage with whichever of the two junior grades happened to catch the watch. He didn't mind bridge. But bridge meant women and he could get along without women, you see.

You'd have thought work might have steamed up a little by the first of the year. But it didn't. It was an open winter right through January and February, with scarcely a mile of shore ice sticking out from the beach and the floes all small ones.

Once in January the Traverse answered a call to pull some drop-line fishermen off a floe that had broken loose and was running up Green Bay. In February, twice, she helped the car boats break a channel in the shore ice off Sturgeon Bay ship canal. There wasn't much exercise in that, and Tom made his remark again about lily ponds. Captain Peters grinned, once more, listening to him.

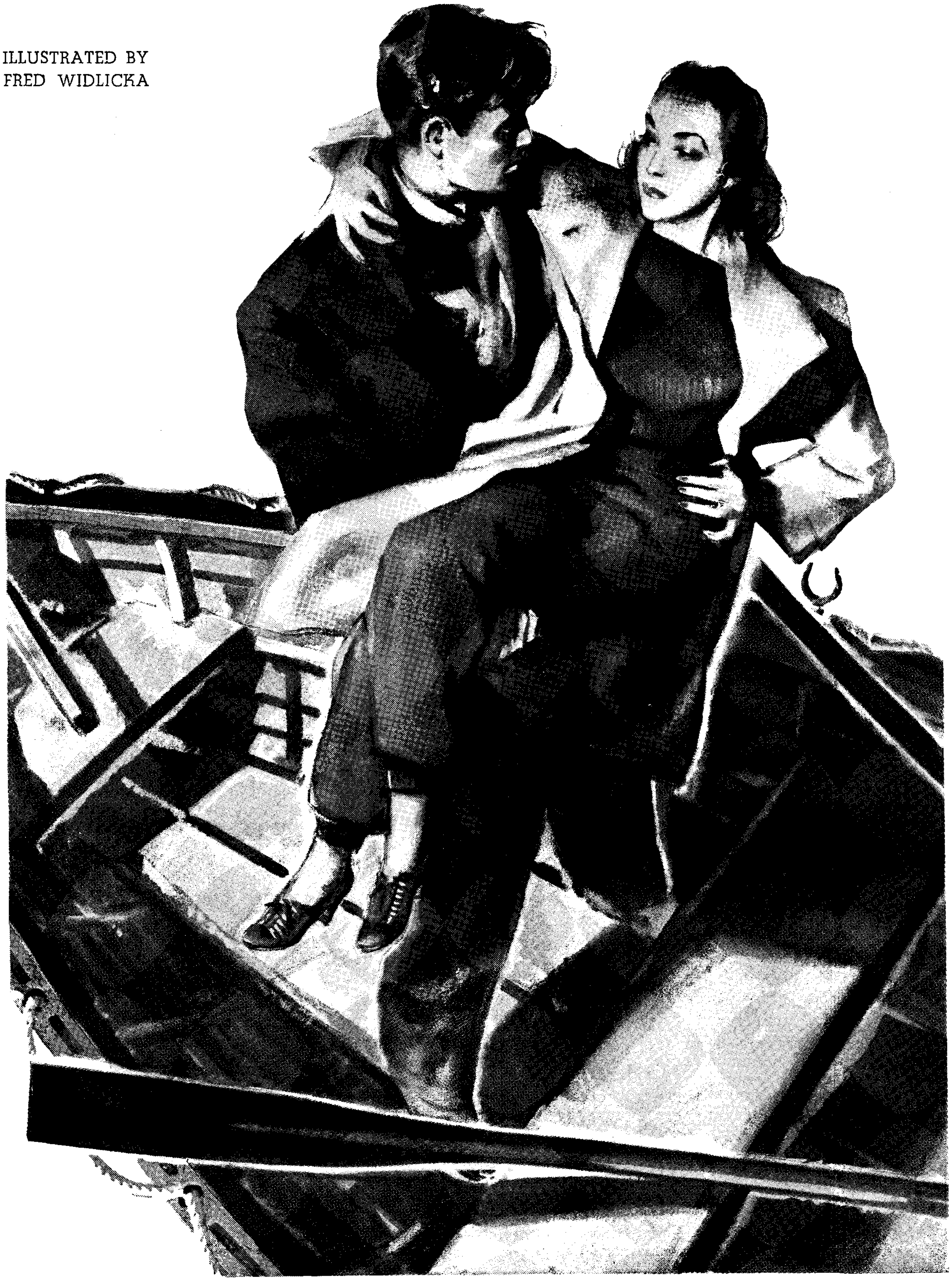
THEN March blew across the lake. You don't really know Lake Michigan unless you happen to meet it in March. Cold—it makes Greenland look like a winter resort! The wind never lets up. Day and night it yells, and every time a roller breaks it makes ice all over any boat that happens to be out.

It was a cold Sunday, early in March, when Tom first saw Betty Paige. He'd put on an old pea jacket and gone, in the afternoon, to take a turn up and down the deck. The Traverse was moored just inside the harbor mouth, ready for a quick getaway, and the channel here was too narrow for comfort.

Tom glanced at the lake, which he'd been calling a lily pond, and he could see it rolling green over the icebergs on the arrowhead breakwater offshore. And, coming in between the wings of the piers, was a boat.

She wasn't much of a boat. Ugly, she was, in any seaman's eyes.

(Continued on page 68)



The girl jumped. Tom caught her, deftly enough, considering the rocking motion of the boat, and carried her aft

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY
FOR COLLIER'S

Visiting Team

By Kyle Crichton

Four hours on the field, a few more on a train and the rest in hotel beds, dining rooms and lobbies—particularly lobbies. Have a peek at the private life of a big-league ball team on tour

Mail time at the hotel desk, with Jim Tobin, Don Heffner and Lefty Gomez of the New York Yankees

WHEN a team like the New York Yankees is on the road, the players see approximately three things during their waking hours—a Pullman coach, a hotel lobby and the ball park. Doc Painter, the trainer, was commenting on the subject one day last fall in Detroit.

"I've known players who have spent ten years in the big leagues," said Doc, "and have never seen Grant's Tomb, nor Boston Common nor Independence Hall nor anything else. If they wanted to give a player like that an appropriate funeral, they'd bury him next to the cigar counter in a hotel lobby. That's where he would have spent most of his life."

A ball team spends half its time away from home. Under the present arrangement of schedules the clubs are at home for fifteen days and away for fifteen days. Occasionally the Yanks will dash down to Philadelphia for a short series and then come back into the Stadium again, but when they start west they make all the stops. And that's when the players get in their sitting.

The champion lobby sitter on the Yanks is Art Fletcher, the coach, but there are betting men who will give you odds of eighty-four to one in any national championship in which Ray Benge, late of the Phillies and now of St. Paul, is involved. Benge's record in a lobby is said to be around seventeen hours, achieved on a rainy day in Chicago. He came down early for breakfast, picked out a nice spot near the newsstand, and was still there at midnight, having spoken all of eight words during the day. The old-timers have a saying about that.

"The talkers are never the sitters," they maintain.

The talkers either stay in their rooms gassing with other talkers or they're walking around with a friend or they're at the movies listening to somebody else talk. The silent birds just sit.

The Publicity Angle

Going on tour is big business for a major-league team. Each club in the league makes four road trips a year. On one trip last year, for example, the Yanks took a swing of fifteen days, which included games in St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Boston. They carried twenty-three players, Manager Joe McCarthy, Coaches Art Fletcher and Earle Combs, Trainer Doc Painter, Road Secretary Mark Roth and an assistant secretary, a total of twenty-nine. In addition there were ten reporters from New York and Brooklyn newspapers. On trips these men are guests of the club. The only exception among New York papers is the Daily News, which pays the expenses of its own man.

This subsidizing of sports writers by the ball clubs has been discussed warmly for many years. On the one hand is the theory that since the teams get oceans of publicity and spend nothing in return with the papers but a small daily advertisement, they owe this much to the newspapers. On the contrary, it is held that since the writers are guests of the clubs they will rarely go beyond a mild criticism of the teams, doing nothing serious in wounding the hand that feeds them.

Jimmy Powers, sports editor of the New York Daily News, says: "It costs The News fifteen thousand dollars a year, roughly, to send three correspondents with the Yankees, Giants and Dodgers. This includes trips to training camps, preseason games and regular tours during the season. Our writers travel first-class, pay their own hotel bills, laundry bills, taxi bills, tips and meals. They pay their own way to all baseball meetings and often are accompanied by our own photographers, also paying their own expenses. The additional cost of photographers comes to another five thousand dollars a year. Captain Patterson, our publisher, feels that a good sports writer is such a temperamental and emotional spirit that he couldn't do justice to his opinions if he felt he was kept by a ball club. However, in fairness to the baseball owners, I must admit that there is little or no interference with the press. The average sports writer is usually a fan and becomes the hail-fellow-well-met type, extremely anxious to curry favor with his spiked idols."

In any event there are twenty-nine members of the club and ten sports writers being hauled about the country at the expense of the ball team.

"A trip like that fifteen-day one comes to around twenty-five thousand dollars," said Mark Roth, the road secretary.

However, at the moment when I encountered the Yanks in Chicago and went with them to Detroit, the expense wasn't bothering them because they

(Continued on page 51)

Standing quietly in one spot, the fly fisherman can cover a wide expanse of the stream with his casts

Lay off the WORMS

Serene and unafraid, Mr. Connett states the argument for dry-fly casting as opposed to trout fishing with worms. High though his regard for wormers is, he shows that fly casting makes better sport for men and fish

By Eugene V. Connett, III.

THERE is a tendency on the part of a good many sturdy citizens of these United States to look upon fly fishing for trout as either high-hat or too difficult in comparison with fishing with bait. Not so many years ago I used to meet a lot of men who didn't take much pains to hide the fact that they looked upon me—a fly fisherman—as a cross between a darn' fool and a city sissy.

I think of one such who hadn't shaved lately, and who seemed to glory in the fact that he was a real he-man, a tough and stringy son of the outdoors.

"How are you making out?" I asked, as I came up to him.

"Okay," he growled, shooting a load of tobacco juice with deadly accuracy at a leaf that was floating by. "Guess you haven't done much with your flies, have you?"

"Nothing to brag about," I admitted.

I was standing beside him, as he drew his worm against the current for a few feet and then let it drift back. Silently, but in a manner pregnant with superiority, he unlatched the cover of his creel, and let me look at its contents. Four trout, all under nine inches in length.

"Pht!" That fellow could say more with one squirt of tobacco juice than most men could in three paragraphs. "You got anything?"

By that time I was getting a bit fed up with his attitude, and I indulged in what turned out to be a pretty poor imitation of his superb expectoratory prowess. I swung my basket around and lifted the lid so that he could have a look at my catch.

"I only kept these three out of the seven I've caught. I chucked back everything under ten inches." I'll admit that this, while the truth, was not exactly a praiseworthy manner in which to answer; but he had it coming to him. And let it be said that this was just the treatment he needed, for it wasn't ten minutes before he was trying to learn to cast a fly, and before the afternoon was out, we had become brothers of the angle. Today we are fast friends, and he is as I am. Not long ago I came upon him giving the treatment to some bait fishermen he had met on the stream. In fact, he is a regular missionary now and many a former wormer owes his conversion to the pleasures of fly fishing—to say nothing of the ability to catch more and bigger trout—to his stream-side crusading.

Aside from any increase in the fun of fishing, there is a real and practical reason today why the use of the artificial fly is desirable. Excepting privately controlled waters, there isn't a stream in the country that can't be reached with comparative ease, and that isn't heavily fished. The problem is how to give everyone who wants to fish and who buys the necessary license a place to fish and some trout to catch. The modern fish hatchery has been geared up to a point where it can turn out enough trout, roughly speaking, to put a reasonable number of fish in the water for each angler. But so far we have discovered no way in which to stretch the length of our streams so that they will accommodate every fisherman. It is therefore necessary for an angler to develop some system whereby he can extract the greatest amount of recreation from a very limited expanse of water.

I don't care how expert a worm fisherman may be; he cannot cover as much water with his worm as a fly fisherman can with his fly. You can't whip a worm out in the air behind you and then send it forward through the air to a spot fifty or sixty feet from you; worms aren't made that way. But you can place your fly anywhere you want to. Therefore, the skillful fly fisher can squeeze the last drop of fun out of a limited piece of water—to say nothing of the last trout; while the worm fisherman can only cover such parts of the water as he can reach with a short cast. If the water is too deep to wade all over, his fishing is limited indeed. Consequently, in order to equal the basket of the fly fisherman, he has to have a lot of stream to cover, and, what is very tough on his fellow fishermen, he has to wade through all of it he can negotiate.

A trout is very likely not to enter into the spirit

(Continued on page 73)

Six Golden Angels

By Max Brand

The Story Thus Far:

A NUMBER of clever men and six women, *all blond and beautiful, arrive for a dinner* party given by John James ("J. J.") Leggett in his elaborate penthouse atop a huge New York loft building. The guest in whom Leggett is most interested, however, is David Ryder, his nephew and heir to his fortune of thirty million dollars. Not having seen the boy for twelve years (years spent in European study, all paid for by "J. J.") he is curious to find out what manner of boy he is—and how "wine and women" will affect him.

Just before dinner is served, large, jovial Mike Ravenna (one of Leggett's closest friends) proposes a toast to Dorrie Innis, a lovely girl whose strange disappearance a year before had startled the country. Then the guests seat themselves; they are: Ravenna; Jimmy Hickey, a noted columnist; the Countess Lalo; Eric Claussen and his wife, Elspeth; Marene Sutherland; Sydney Galloway; Porter Brant, a well-known theatrical producer; Leslie Carton (who is now living in the room formerly occupied by Dorrie Innis); Eileen Durante—the one girl present in whom Leggett hopes his nephew may become interested; and Ryder. Each woman finds before her a favor: a tiny golden angel.

In the course of the dinner, Leggett gives the party a shock. Rising, he announces that a messenger is on the way with absolute proof that one of his guests has betrayed him. Then, when the last course is served, he excuses himself and leaves the room.

A few moments later, summoned by Martin, J. J.'s valet, David Ryder is standing in the door of Leggett's study gazing at the body of a man lying on a rug. The man, a bullet hole in his temple, an automatic in his hand, is *Leggett!*

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

II

SOME of the years which are marked down one by one between our eyes had been rubbed from the forehead of Leggett by death, so that he seemed to Ryder not elderly but in the middle of his prime. Martin, with both hands still extending to show the monstrous thing to the world, stood half a pace inside the door and kept looking back at Ryder with wild eyes.

"Don't be an emotional damned fool," said Ryder.

Martin, shuddering, dropped his hands and stood straight again. He watched the face of Ryder and nothing else with a profound, continuing hate.

"Suicide, eh?" asked the calm voice of Ryder.

"No!" cried Martin.

"The gun in his hand, the powder burn around the bullet hole."

"Murder, sir," said Martin.

Ryder drew out a handkerchief and took the polish of sweat from his forehead.

"Stop shouting," he commanded. "One of the servants, do you think?"

"Impossible!"

"Have you telephoned the police?"

"Yes, sir."

"They'll call it suicide but you and I think something else. . . . One of the guests?"

"Yes, sir," Martin said emphatically.

"Come back with me to the library. I'm going to announce this and I want you to help me watch the faces. Have you got the fog out of your eyes?"

They returned to the library, where Ryder halted a step inside the door with Martin just behind him. Ravenna, nearing the end of an anecdote, had the others already nodding with expectant laughter. The still figure near the door stopped the booming of his voice; and all eyes settled on Ryder.

He said: "I'm sorry to shock you but you have to know. Mr. Leggett has just shot himself and is lying dead in his study."

THE people who were seated got up slowly, one by one. Out of the silence, the big voice of Ravenna rang suddenly: "John? Gone from us? My God!" and he lunged for the door with his hands out as though the grasp of them still might hold a soul on earth, if only he were quick about it. Everyone followed him like leaves drawn into a great wake, except Millicent, Countess Lalo. She dropped back onto the couch from which she had just risen and rolled from the edge of it to the floor with her arms loosely thrown above her head. Ryder, scanning every face, saw the countess open her eyes slightly to peer after the rest, and then close them tight.

Ryder stopped that exodus at the last moment by calling out in a loud, harsh voice: "Everyone stay in here, please." They piled up in confusion for a moment but gradually gave back before his authority. Only Mike Ravenna caught him by the arms and muttered: "I've got to see John, David! I've got to see him. Let poor Mike go and see him."

The sweat streamed down the face of the fat man so rapidly that he seemed to be weeping. Ryder answered: "Just take care of things in here for a while, will you? . . . You might give some attention to the countess, if she's still trying to faint. The medical examiner will be here before long and then, of course, everyone can go home."

He closed the door of the library; a woman whose voice he could not identify began to cry out as Ryder went to the study with Martin. On the way he said: "Did anyone hear the shot, Martin?"

"The study is soundproofed, sir," said Martin. "It has a triple window, even. Mr. Leggett did not set aside much time for thought but when he worked he would not be disturbed."

"You watched their faces in the library, just now?" asked Ryder. "How did they look to you?"

"Like a string of fish hooked on one line," said Martin.

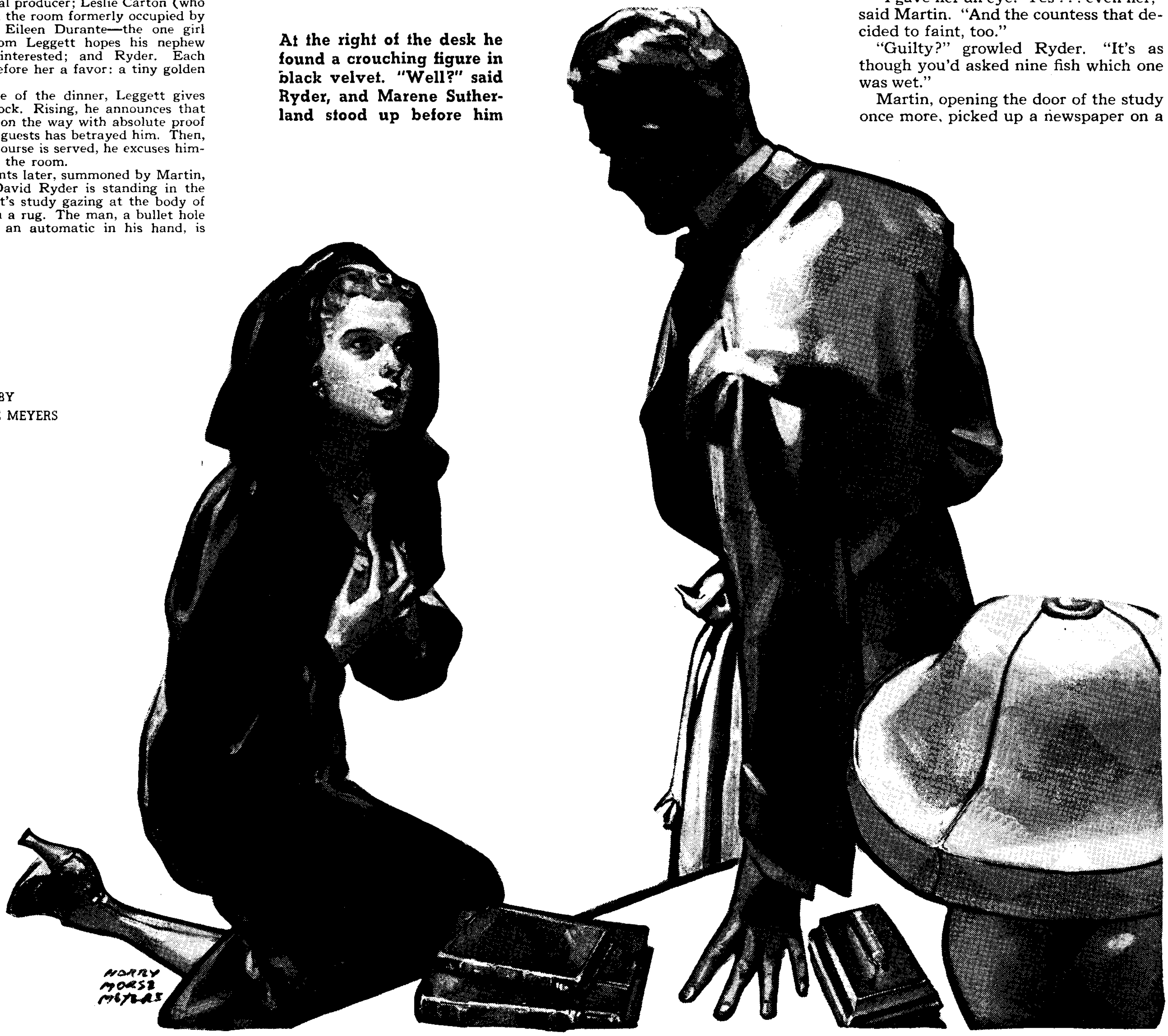
"But I mean . . . even young Miss Durante?"

"I gave her an eye. Yes . . . even her," said Martin. "And the countess that decided to faint, too."

"Guilty?" growled Ryder. "It's as though you'd asked nine fish which one was wet."

Martin, opening the door of the study once more, picked up a newspaper on a

At the right of the desk he found a crouching figure in black velvet. "Well?" said Ryder, and Marene Sutherland stood up before him



chair near the entrance and began to lay out news sheets on the rug at convenient stepping points.

"In case the police should be annoyed if the footprints were blurred," explained Martin, "by a great deal of later trampling."

"Footprints? In a rug?" exclaimed Ryder.

Martin said: "The police work with camera eyes and laboratories now, Mr. Ryder."

"Well, that's true," said Ryder.

When he reached the body, he put his hands on his knees and leaned over it. The half-open eyes looked steadily back at him. A big, purple-black powder-burn surrounded the hole in the right temple. There was a larger opening on the opposite side of the head. The right forefinger of Leggett still engaged the trigger-guard of the automatic.

"Well?" said Ryder, straightening.

Martin pointed to the open drawers of the desk, the confusion of papers.

"What about the man who called here to see my uncle?" asked Ryder.

"Tall, no forehead, a big, hanging jaw, a huge nose," said Martin.

"The police will want to know that," said Ryder.

"The man left while Mr. Leggett still was alive," answered Martin. "Gains saw him out, and saw Mr. Leggett standing at the door."

"He brought a message about one of the guests tonight," said Ryder. "But perhaps the message had something to do with my uncle, also. Enough to drive him to suicide?"

"Never!" said Martin.

"He simply allowed another man to put a gun against his head and pull the trigger? That's absurd, Martin. My uncle was a pretty lively fellow. He could not have been shot except from a distance."

"SUPPOSE he had no suspicion?" asked Martin.

"What?"

"Well, a woman? Perhaps in his arms, sir? She lifts the gun out of that top drawer and puts it against his head."

"Is it *his* gun, Martin?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's suicide, Martin."

"No, sir."

"What makes you sure?"

"I know him, sir."

"How long have you been with him?"

"Three years, sir."

"That's not very long."

"More than a lifetime with another man, sir."

"Murder, eh?" said Ryder, dropping to one knee and one hand, close to the body. Something cold touched his finger at the edge of Leggett's sleeve. He pulled out one of the six golden angels. His hand swallowed it instantly from sight. He rose and slipped the token into his pocket. The bright eyes of Martin haunted his face constantly.

"I'll see Gains," said Ryder.

He saw Gains in the pantry. The butler breathed thick brandy fumes on Ryder as he stood up.

"You saw the fellow leave my uncle's study, Gains?" asked Ryder.

"Yes, sir," said Gains.

"You had a look at my uncle at the same time?"

"Yes, sir. He seemed all right. A little grim, perhaps. The stranger was only in the study for ten seconds."

"What did he say?" asked Ryder.

"Nothing at all. He didn't speak all the way out to the elevator," said Gains.

"Nothing else to tell me?"

"Nothing, sir."

Ryder said to Martin: "See that none of the women leave the library."

"The women, sir?" said Gains. "Why, they've gone just a moment ago. Mr. Brant told me to show them out."

"Gone?" cried out Ryder.

He got to the library as fast as he could and jerked the door open. The four men were sitting on the couch, talking with a quiet earnestness and they jerked up their heads as Ryder called: "Ravenna, I asked you to take care of things in here. What the devil does it mean—the women leaving?"

Porter Brant stood up and took advantage of all his height.

He said: "My dear young fellow, a gentleman doesn't make the ladies uncomfortable when. . . ."

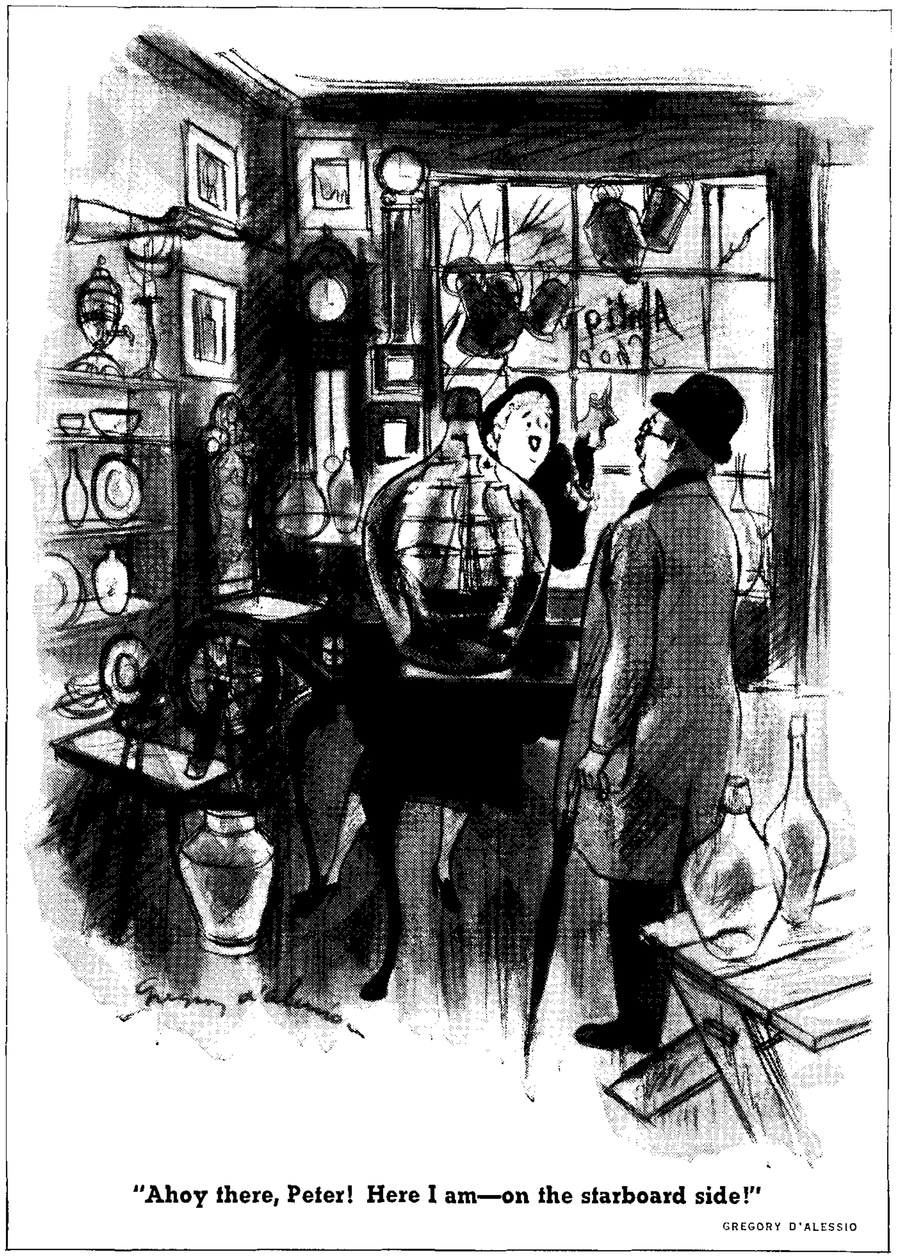
"Ah, but, David . . . was it wrong?" asked Mike Ravenna, coming toward him with his hands outstretched.

"I don't know," said Ryder. "I hope not, of course. But who the devil suggested that they go?"

"*I* did," said Porter Brant.

Ryder got himself out of the room and found Martin in the hall.

"Send six messengers," he commanded, "to the women who were here; give each messenger a note saying that I beg them to return the dinner favors they received tonight. Say that it's very important. You understand? The six golden angels that were by their plates at dinner. Do that on the jump."


"Ahoy there, Peter! Here I am—on the starboard side!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

THE inspector, a silent man with the look of a weary old tiger, sat and twiddled his thumbs until he had the report of the medical examiner. That report was brief. The doctor said: "Leggett shot himself."

The inspector, who had listened without comment to Ryder's story, said: "Perfectly simple. The man he saw in his studio brought him bad news. Find that man and we can learn why Leggett killed himself. That ought to be simple. Nothing more to tell me, Mr. Ryder?"

"Nothing more," said Ryder, gripping the golden angel in his pocket.

"Goodby, then, Mr. Ryder," said the inspector. "My condolences to you, and all that."

The law had finished. The newspapers had only begun.

"How many reporters are out there?" asked Ryder of Martin.

"They and the photographers are still coming," said Martin.

"ASK Mr. Ravenna to speak to me in the study," said Ryder. "And tell the other three that there's nothing to keep them in the house any longer."

"In the study?" repeated Martin.

"That's it," said Ryder.

He sat down in the big chair behind the desk and lighted a cigarette just as Ravenna came in.

"The air outside is full of newshawks and buzzards," said Ryder. "Will you go talk to them, Ravenna? They know you well enough to listen to what you say."

"I'll go," said Ravenna.

He dropped down on one knee with a lightness amazing for his bulk and took one hand of the dead man. The sweat kept distilling from the green-gray of his face and Ryder watched the running of every drop. He allowed the silence to continue for a moment like a quickening stream. Then he said: "Tell them that I'm prostrated by grief and can't see anyone; tell them financial worry about the state of the market undoubtedly preyed on the mind of Mr. Leggett."

Ravenna crossed himself and stood up.

"I'll talk to them," he said, turning to the door.

Ryder got *there before him* and grasped the huge, soft hand.

"I thought you were real before," he said. "I know it, now. You loved him, Mike, didn't you?"

"Loved John?" echoed Ravenna. A smile twitched at his face and shook it like a stiff jelly. "But why did he do it?"

"He didn't. It was done for him," answered Ryder. "There's the *why* of it. In that desk a few days ago he put a new will leaving everything to me. You see the drawers open now? There's no use searching through them. The new will won't be found."

"Murder? D'you mean murder?" whispered the Italian.

"Everybody in the house had a chance to come in here after dinner," said Ryder. "You and I along with the rest."

"But a man who carried his purse in his hand—who never refused—" said Ravenna.

When he had finished his gesture, he shook back his shoulders and said: "There's another matter, speaking of money. Whatever you get from the estate won't be in your hand for some time. You'll need cash in hand, David, and here's my check for some running expenses."

He took out a checkbook and wrote out a check for ten thousand dollars. When Ryder tried to thank him he brushed the words aside as he murmured: "But murder, David? Who in the name of the kind God could have borne malice toward John Leggett?"

"He had too much money," said Ryder. "Every rich man has murder in his bank account. If he's stingy, people will kill him to get at his wallet. If he's generous, it shows how much cash the murderer can get. If he'd missed his luck in Canada, he'd be alive now."

"Is that it?" murmured Ravenna with a sort of helpless acceptance.

He turned slowly from the room and went down the hall.

GAINS helped Ryder take the dead man into his bedroom and there Ryder sat in the dimness before an open window, with his arms folded. Ravenna came back to him after a time and said: "Shall I make the arrangements, David?"

"Will you?" asked Ryder. "And have everything quiet, Mike."

Ravenna left but Martin presently called softly from the hall: "We have the answers about the golden angels, sir," and Ryder went out to speak with him, holding out his hand.

Martin gave him three envelopes.

The first said:

"Dear Mr. Ryder,

"I don't know what you have in mind, but please don't ask me to give up my only souvenir of Mr. Leggett.

"Faithfully yours,
"Sydney Galloway."

The second, in a different vein, said:

"Dear David Ryder,

"I started to send out the little golden angel and then when I looked at its face it seemed to beg me not to let it go. So I've kept it. Do you mind? Terribly?

"Cordially yours,
"Millicent."

The third, from Eileen Durante, told him:

"Dear Mr. Ryder,

"Do you really want it? I read your note over again. And then I knew that it couldn't go back by a mere messenger. But if you have to have it, I'll bring it myself, whenever you say the word."

(Continued on page 41)

Castle Key

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY
JON WHITCOMB

The Story Thus Far:

PERRY CRANE, an unscrupulous promoter, inveigles Greg Adams into investing three hundred thousand dollars in Castle Key, a Florida real-estate development. After which, he devotes his time to gambling—and losing; and to stealing the affections of Greg's beautiful wife, Rita.

The opportunity to extract more money from Greg soon presents itself. Learning that Greg has offered twenty thousand dollars to June Carlisle, an old friend who is having a hard time making both ends meet, he promptly informs Rita.

Rita is infuriated. Accusing Greg of infidelity, she storms from their home and goes to her father. Thenceforth, George Crane, Perry's brother (a crooked but brilliant lawyer) is in command of the situation. He makes it impossible for Greg to see his wife. He informs Greg that Rita will soon file suit for divorce, and that, if he does not hand over three hundred thousand dollars, June Carlisle will be named as corespondent!

Perry tells Rita that her father—who is a partner of Greg and Perry in Castle Key—has embezzled Greg's money and that the divorce settlement will be used to cover his defalcation.

Suspecting that the wily George is at the bottom of the trouble, Greg and Bill Keith, his lawyer and best friend, have an interview with him. George surprises them by announcing that he has washed his hands of the matter, is no longer Perry's legal adviser!

Greg's only large asset is a trust fund, which cannot be touched. Believing that Castle Key is worth a million dollars at least, he suggests to Bill that he may be able to borrow against it, from the banks. Bill, somewhat skeptical, promises to go down at once and look the property over.

Meanwhile, George Crane has formulated an elaborate plan, involving blackmail—and worse. He does not take Perry into his confidence; he merely hints at what he proposes to do. Listening to him, Perry (by no means squeamish) is shocked when he begins to speak of murder. He is, Perry gathers, preparing to make a trip to Castle Key. And Perry gets an inkling of what he proposes to do there when he exclaims: I might not get a chance like this again in a lifetime. Think of it: Murder for a million!"

VIII

"WHAT'S straight across, Bill?"

"Uh-huh."

"France?"

Bill kept his eyes closed, hoping she would go away somewhere.

"Wake up," June said. "I'll keep it up until you do. You know me, Bill." She poked him, asking brightly: "We're too far south for England, don't you think, Bill? Think, Bill: it's important to me. What was that you mumbled?"

"Wonderful. You're wonderful. Go 'way."

"Not wonderful. Not really, Bill: it's just the way I am. It's just me. Lots of ordinary girls would be contented knowing it was just some miscellaneous old foreign country over there, but not me. I'd get moody over it. You wouldn't want me to get moody over some old foreign country, would you, Bill? Or would you?"

"Sure."

She prodded him again. She said: "I bet I know, Bill. Portugal! I bet that's it. How did I ever think of Portugal?"

"You're wonderful."

"But Portugal! Imagine!"

Bill opened one eye, slowly, then the other, to the dazzle of the sun and sea and sand. He'd really been asleep, he guessed. The sun had gone all through him. He felt lazy and relaxed and swell. He felt June digging in the hot sand underneath his shoulder.

"Stop this clawing at me," Bill said.

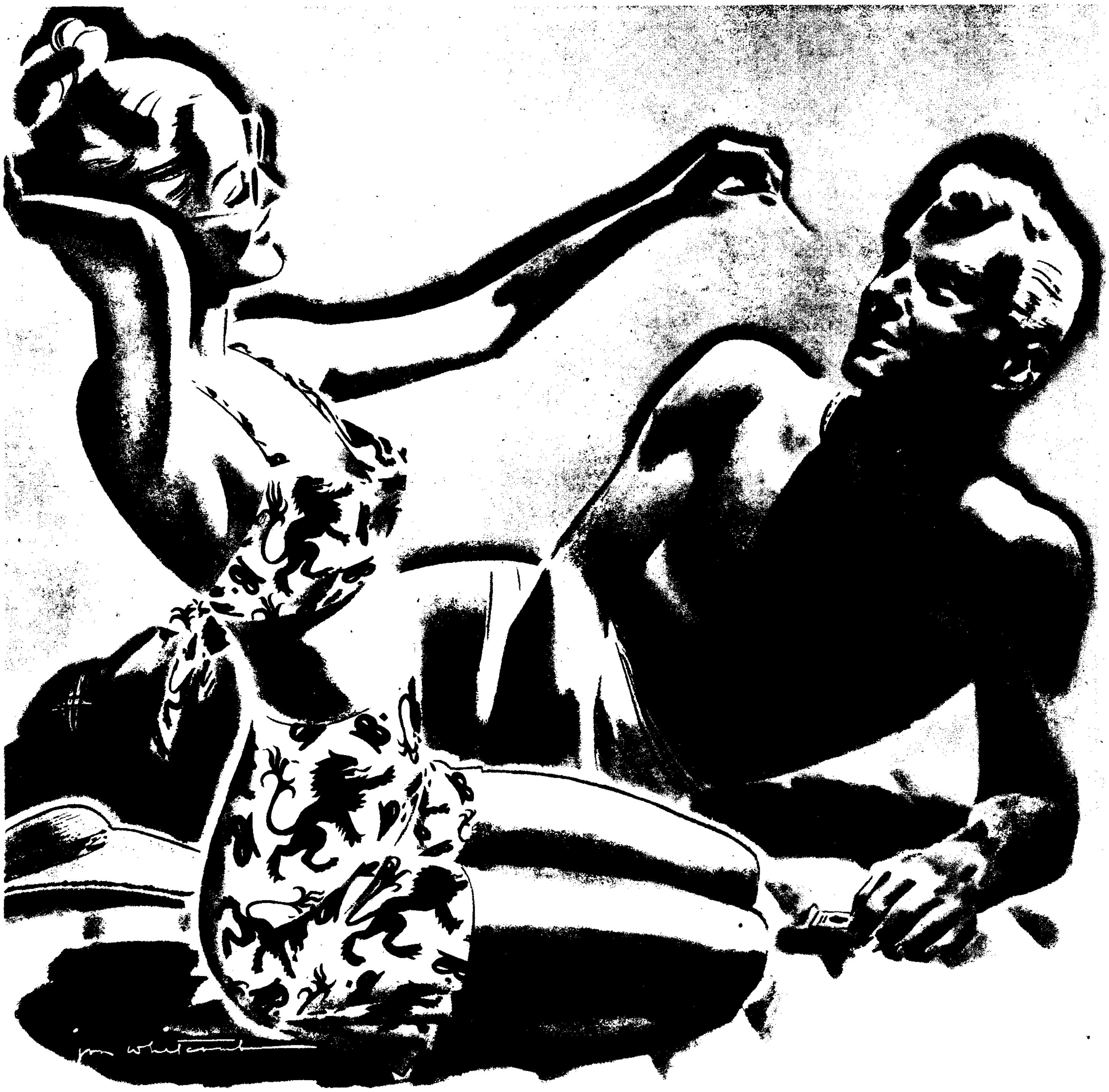
"It's the cigarettes."

"I like them there. They're comfortable."

"I've been asleep, too. Where're the matches? Bill, you snored."

"Just trying to get chummy," Bill said. "Light me one, too."

"You snake."



She laughed and handed him his cigarette and Bill rolled over on his side so he could look at her

SHE laughed and handed him his cigarette and Bill rolled over on his side so he could look at her. There was some sand on one cheek and she wrinkled up her nose and blew it off. She'd pinned her hair on top so she could get it in her bathing cap and she'd put on her big sun glasses. With her hair that way, and with the big sun glasses on, her face looked small and delicate and funny. She was beautiful.

Bill said: "You better put your shirt on, June. You'll blister."

"All right. Get it for me."

"Me?"

"All right. I'll blister, then."

"You're marvelous; except for being moody."

Bill sat up. The sun was going down but it was hot; too hot for anything to move much, even the Atlantic. The long slow rollers, loafing toward the shore, were merely going through the motions. Each one, as it neared the beach, would pull itself together for a moment as if trying to decide if it would be worth while to keep it up and make some sort of gesture. Then it would collapse and sprawl out lazily upon the comfortable pink sand.

Bill reared up, groaning. June's jumper and her slacks were on the bucket and he took them off and looked inside. There were three bottles left. The ice had melted but he stuck his hand in and the water was still cold. He took a bottle out and June said: "Me, too, Bill."

"No, no, June. Beer? The worst thing in the world. Don't think of it."

"You want it all yourself," June said.

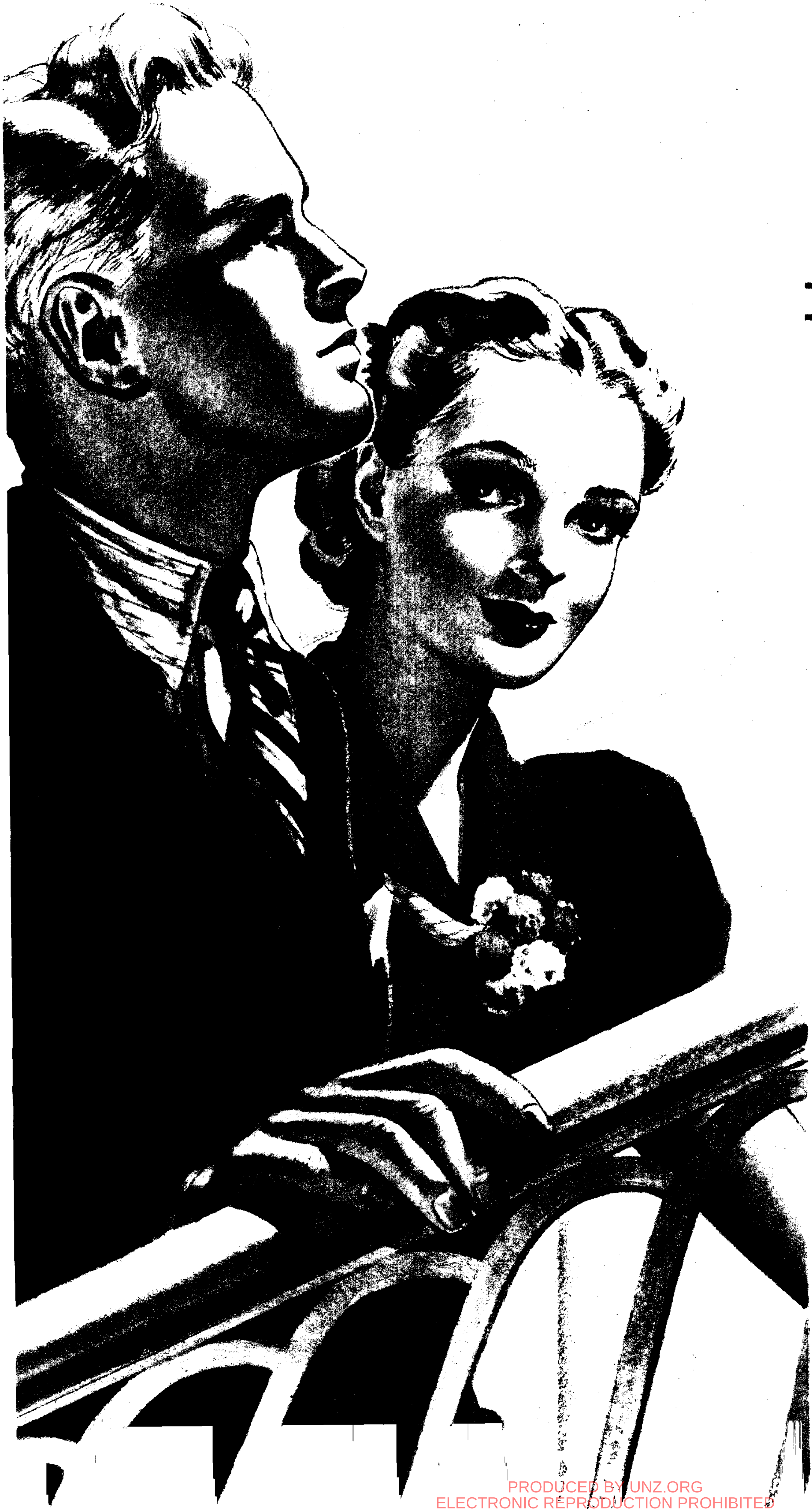
"Me? Moods, moods, moods." He dug into the basket for the opener. He said, before he used it, "Let's go take another swim first. Then we'll drink the beer and then we'll eat."

"All right."

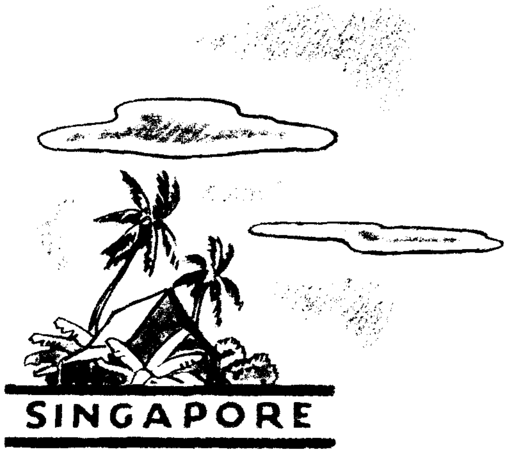
She got up, pulling on her bathing cap, bright red to match her suit. Red was supposed to be for brunettes, but she'd taken it away from them. She walked down to the water, and that was another thing: she simply walked down to the water. When she got there, she walked in. All right, you take a hundred other girls, Bill thought, and put an ocean down in front of them and see what happens. Ninety-nine of them will think they have to do a spring dance toward it, giving little screams.

Bill thought: "You're doing it again. You do it all the time. You only make it worse." He stood there looking at her,

(Continued on page 54)



Presently, with Monica preceding him, he climbed to a door that opened upon a flood of music



OF ALL modern pictures, this at least held poetry, beauty, and a certain grandeur: an airman, bareheaded and youthful, skimming the fringe of a lonely shore.

The sunlight of late afternoon struck the waves at a fast-lengthening angle; sand hills mounted into tropical forests that merged inland into a line of mountains already darkening in the east.

Unfortunately, the picture had one big flaw, known only to the airman himself; he had a raging toothache. It had begun about midday, soon after leaving Singapore, and had grown worse steadily until, over that golden beach, it became sheerly unbearable. Which accounted for the fact that, on a suitable stretch of sand, the machine planed down to make a skillful but not too easy landing.

The airman clambered out and lay down in the shadow of one of the wings, his chin dolefully in his hands. Presently there came along a much older man; heavily built, wrinkled, and yellowed by hot days out of doors. He asked briefly what the matter was. The youth looked up, his dumb misery quenching any surprise he might have felt that the spot was not as deserted as it had looked. "I've got the most hellish toothache," he began, "so I came down to see if it would go off if I rested a while."

"And has it gone off?"

"Not yet."

"That's too bad. You'd better come along to my place—it's only a few minutes away. We'll see what we can do."

"If you could give me something—"

"Sure. They say essence of cloves with a drop of brandy is good. Let's try."

They clambered over the shingle beyond the sand and pushed their way along an upward track that wound through heavy undergrowth. The youth was drenched with sweat before he had walked many yards; the jungle held the air in warm moist pockets. He was vague in mind from the pain of his tooth and from the sudden unaccustomed silence in his ears. He was tall and slim and had young, proud features—just a boy not yet twenty.

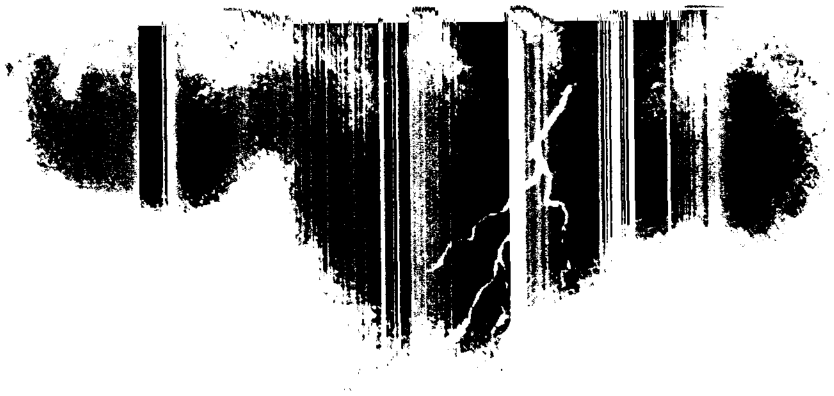
When they reached the crest of a low rise, a bungalow came into view, perched halfway down a farther slope and looking across a valley littered with the sheds and gear of some mining enterprise. It was decently built, with wide verandas and a roof of native thatch.

"I'm alone here," said the older man. "I'm a sort of caretaker—the mine's shut down till the price of tin goes up again. Maybe if there's another war. . . . My name's Carson."

"I'm David Clair."

"You say that as if I ought to have heard of you, so

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL CORDREY



It's a Crazy World

By James Hilton

Wherein the celebrated author of Good-bye, Mr. Chips charmingly proves that most heroes haven't the least idea when fame is coming, nor what it's all about

I must apologize. It's an out-of-the-way place and I don't get much news. The only flying name I know is Lindbergh."

The youth forced a smile. "That's all right. You wouldn't know me if that's your standard."

Carson led the way into a cool dark room furnished comfortably if shabbily; a search in a cupboard produced the necessary medicines, and a search in another cupboard some other bottles. "Soak this cotton in the oil and stick it on the tooth—don't mind if it hurts a bit at first. And then have a drink and make yourself at home."

"Thanks, but I won't have the drink and I'll try the oil without the brandy."

Carson gave him a quizzical glance which dissolved into a friendly but puzzled smile. "As you wish," he said. "I'll leave you to it." When he had gone David persevered with the oil and after ten minutes of no noticeable improvement the pain suddenly ceased altogether. He got up then with the half-frightened joy that such relief always brings. Carson was on the veranda, smoking a cigar.

"Hello, young man—better? That's fine. We dine at seven—out of cans. You'll stay the night, of course."

"Looks as if I shall have to—it's good of you not to mind. I rather think I strained my undercarriage in landing and I can't overhaul it till daylight."

"Well, that's all right. I like company."

"There's just one thing. I noticed you've a phone. I wonder if I could get through to Rangoon—the airport people there ought to know I'm delayed, otherwise they'll be up all night keeping the place lit for me."

"Sure. You go on resting—I'll tell 'em all about it."

The toothache did not recur, and David rested till Carson called him from another room. Dinner was served—certainly out of cans, but agreeably tasty and refreshing. "You know," David said, eating hungrily, "I really oughtn't to be enjoying myself like this."

"Why not?"

"I should have been in Rangoon tonight. By the way, you *did* ring up the airport, didn't you?"

"Yes, that's all fixed. But why the hurry to get there?"

"WELL, I had hoped to lower the Singapore-London record, but I'm afraid tonight's delay means I won't have much chance."

"Is it an awful disappointment?"

"Not so bad as if I'd *nearly* done it and then been held up on the last lap. As it is, I can just go back to Singapore and try again. But I'll see a dentist first."

"And carry a flask of brandy with you on your next trip, I should advise, even if you *are* teetotal."

"But I'm not. It's only for this trip. A man in Australia offered me a thousand pounds if I made a record flight without touching alcohol, as he called it. He thought it would be a good prohibition ad."

Carson laughed. "You should have gone to the whisky people. They might have offered you more."

"They wouldn't. I tried them."

Carson laughed again. "Did you, by Jove? What sort of a racket *is* this, anyway?"

"Well, if you don't have any money you have to get someone to back you. Most of the things that are done in the world seem to be paid for by people who don't want to do them themselves."

"True."

David flushed embarrassedly. "I've often thought it out like that. On a long flight, you know, there's hours and hours for thinking things out."

"I guess there must be. And who's backing you on this trip?"

"Pretty much as usual. The fuel company supplies the juice and you sell your story in advance to some newspaper, and then you can always make a bit extra by saying what you've eaten—somebody's chocolate or meat-cubes or something."

"And do you really eat them?"

"Oh, yes. They're all right as a rule. I don't find it matters much what I eat, so long as I don't get toothache."

"Is there much money in the game?"

"Not unless you strike it lucky. Of course that's what you always hope for. There's a sporting chance."

"Like mining for men of my generation, I suppose. What made you take it up?"

"NOTHING else to do. I'd always been interested in cars and engines, and when my boss bought a plane I used to fly him about on the cattle station. In Queensland, that was. I flew first when I was sixteen—I've sort of grown up with it. My boss had land seventy miles across, so a plane was more use than a car. Then he lost all he had in the wool slump and I found a job with an air-mail company. Nothing else for me—flying is all I can do. I was never any good at school."

"I see."

After a pause David added. "So I think in the morning I'll get back to Singapore and make plans for having another shot. . . . The worst of it is, the big firms get tired of you after a time if you don't have any luck."

"And haven't you—yet?"

"Six months ago I was the first person to fly solo from Broome to Surabaya."

"That sounds pretty good."

"I know. But I was a fool—I just did it without any fuss, and the result was, there *wasn't* any fuss."

"I'm just beginning to wonder whether you're really a very simple or a very shrewd young man."

"Both, I daresay." David smiled, accepting a cigar and puffing luxuriously as he added: "Thank heaven nobody paid me not to smoke."

"You evidently keep your promises."

"Sometimes. It's kind of fair, I think. And after all, it's not for long. Take the bad with the good, that's my motto. And better luck next time. I'll go back to Singapore tomorrow, anyway."

"I'm not so sure that you will," Carson told him.

"Why, what do you mean?"

Carson replied slowly: "I'm afraid you've got to prepare yourself for an item of bad news."

"About my machine?" David looked up with sharp alarm. "It's all right, surely? I left it well above the tide mark."

"Your machine's all right. It's something a bit more serious than that."

But the relief on David's face conveyed the distinct impression that nothing at all could be more serious than that. "What then?" he asked, composedly.

"I delayed telling you because you couldn't possibly get away tonight, in any case, and I didn't want to spoil your meal. The fact is, when I rang up Rangoon to tell them about your being here, they asked me if you were the David Clair who was flying a Speedmore Hornet. I said I supposed you were."

"That's right."

"It seems there was a cable for you that arrived at Singapore just after you left, and they wired it on to Rangoon. Rather bad news from home."

"Oh?"

"Your father. He's ill and they want you to get home as soon as you can."

After a pause David answered, calmly: "If that's so, I'd better fly on, then."

"Looks to me as if you had. I'm sorry."

David stared at the table. After another pause he added: "Good of you to break it gently. Actually, though, I haven't seen much of my family for quite a time."

"I see."

"Living in Australia, you know, since I was a kid. Matter of fact, I never got on with them—went to live with an uncle in Brisbane. Father and mother were both traveling all the while—I shouldn't have seen much of them, anyway."

"Traveling all the while, you say?"

"Yes. He's a concert pianist. Quite a good one, I'm told."

"Did he ever visit Bucharest?"

"I wouldn't be surprised—he went to most places, especially before mother died."

"Francis Clair—that's the name?"

"Yes, that's *his* name. You've heard him?"

"More than that. I think I once met him. In Bucharest."

THE two men faced each other during a short silence. David was slightly excited, aware of some special drama in the occasion. Gazing through the blur of lamplight at the tropic sky into which the moon was just rising, he said, contemplatively: "Rather a remarkable character, my father, from all accounts. I wish I'd known him better. When did you meet him?"

"Long before you were born. I was in Rumania, working for an oil company. One morning I had to call at a Bucharest newspaper office on business, and while I was talking to the editor a big man came striding into the room in

(*Continued on page* 35)

MUSIC MAKER

By T. R. Ybarra

The greatest of living composers, Jean Sibelius, isn't at all self-conscious about his position. The Grand Old Man of Finland refuses to behave as if he were either grand or old

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival at Helsinki, capital of the republic of Finland, a well-known American devotee of high-brow music, hailing a taxicab, whispered to the chauffeur, in a voice husky with emotion, a certain name and address.

"Ah!" he murmured raptly, while the taxicab sped away toward the said address. "Soon I shall be in the presence of him whom I consider one of the greatest musical geniuses that ever lived, the greatest of all living composers, the Grand Old Man of Finland! Soon I shall be dragging him down from the cloudland of his dreams to the world of gross realities! I must do my best to behave toward him with the proper degree of respect! Ah!"

At midnight or thereabouts that American high-brow was being towed along the Esplanade, the principal thoroughfare of Helsinki, by a group of Finnish revelers, lustily reveling in his honor. Though he felt highly honored, the American also felt very sleepy. He wanted to sit right down on the sidewalk and close his eyes; or, better still, lie flat on the edge of the curb and slip sweetly into dreamland. So presently he stopped abruptly and announced firmly:

"Bed for me!"

"No!" whooped the Finns.

But the American remained adamant. He started to bid farewell to the revelers. Some of them, yawning, saw the force of his reasoning; they, too, declared for home. In fact, all of them did so eventually—except one.

"Where shall we go now?" shouted that lone warrior of the night. "What places are still open?" Finding no cooperation, he strode off alone, jovial and tireless, while the policemen stationed along the Esplanade smiled upon him as he passed, with reverence and affection in their eyes—for was he not Jean Sibelius, the Grand Old Man of Finland?

Next day, the American, waking up with difficulty, telephoned to one of the Finns of the previous evening.

"At what time," he inquired, "did our friend get home?"

"Not at all!" replied the Finn. "He just went on celebrating until morning!"

But that was several years ago.

Now the Grand Old Man of Finland, with his seventieth birthday behind him, must keep better hours and exercise unwelcome restraint. When he receives visitors, he likes to show them a big goblet, of fine workmanship, given him by an ardent admirer.

"I drink out of it every day," he declares stoutly. "But"—and here his eyes, still those of a young man, twinkle mischievously—"not brandy. Now it's only wine."

When he told me that, his eyes clouded. He was silent for an instant. "Gone," he seemed to be reflecting, "are all those nights of lusty enjoyment, when late hours held no terrors, when life lay

(Continued on page 46)

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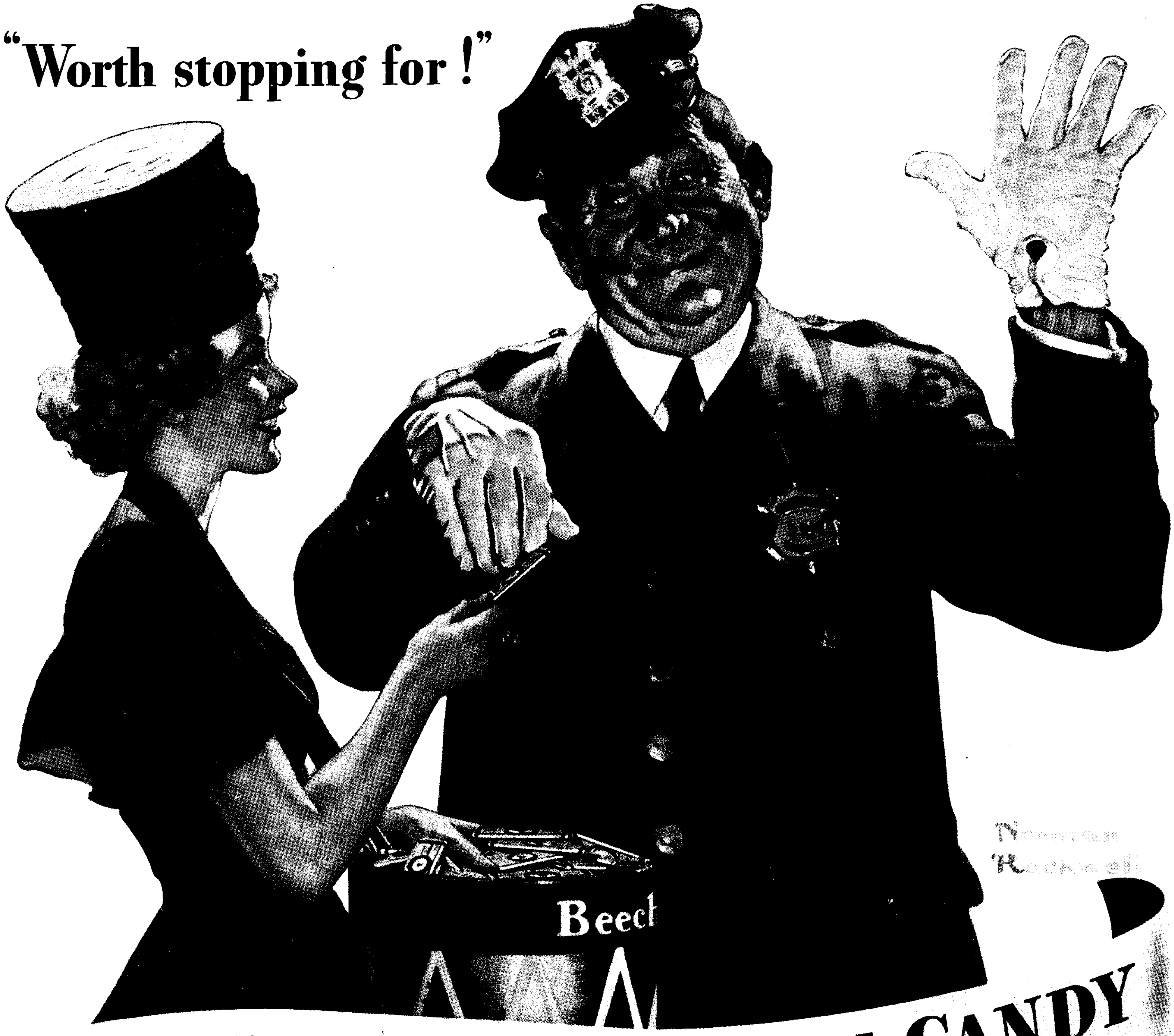
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ORALGENE
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BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

You can taste the difference Quality makes

Holy Terror

Continued from page 13

"Why, Lord love you, William, I haven't any tenants. Haven't had for seven or eight years."

"How is that?"

Cousin Beulah sniffed, scornfully.

"They wouldn't farm. Wasted their money buying tractors and autos. The women wouldn't 'tend gardens and can stuff. Wanted to buy everything in town. Why, William, they even bought their *side meat!* 'Twas a disgrace to the Father; that's what—a disgrace to the Father!"

"You mean they all went broke?"

"H'mph. That would have happened soon enough! But I put 'em off!"

"WHERE did they go?" my wife asked.

"Where the devil wanted them to go, Mildred. Into Dove Town. Into that shoe factory yonder. Sodom and Gomorrah all over again, Sodom and Gomorrah! Oh, the tears I've shed over them. The prayers I've said. . . . William?"

"Yes, Cousin Beulah?"

"Are *you* praying for Dove Town?"

"We-ell, not exactly—"

A click of the tongue from Cousin Beulah.

"Start praying for them this very night, William. Poor souls, they've lost their faith. What a pity, what a pity! On the farm, a body trusts in God and in his own two hands. Who is there to trust in a shoe factory?"

My wife and I drove most of the way back to Prospect Avenue in silence.

"I'm sorry," I said, finally, "but you brought it on yourself, hon."

Mildred surprised me by saying: "You always told me she was addled. I think she's darn' smart, myself!"

"Whoa!" I said. "You don't know Cousin Beulah. She's a holy terror. We're not out of this love mix-up yet!"

The next morning when we came down to breakfast, Linda, our Negro maid, greeted us with: "Man in the back yahd waitin' araound fo' you, Mistah Kentlake. Bettah be mighty keerful; he's got a gun!"

"That would be Rog Sladen," I said.

It was Rog Sladen. He leaned his shotgun against our picket fence to show that for the time being his intentions were peaceable and marched over to the back steps. A handsome young buckaroo in flannel shirt and corduroy trousers; and a scamp from the top curl of his black hair to the graceful swagger of his feet.

"Howdy!" he said. "I'm Rog Sladen f'm Dove Town—"

"Oh, yes," I said.

Rog looked my wife over with a pleased grin and ducked his head.

"I'm plumb sorry to have to complain about it, Mister Will," he said, "but your Cousin Beulah, she's sicked the Law onter me. Thet ain't neighborly now, is it?"

"Why did she do that?"

"I sure don't know for a fact, Mister Will! I been shootin' craps a little an' sparkin' the gals some; but it seems like your Cousin Beulah jest don't need any reason fer to climb a feller."

"Why the gun?"

Rog looked sheepish.

"Reckon I made a mistake about thet," he said. "Tried to th'ow a scare inter your Cousin Beulah an' Doris McCabe, but, pshaw—they didn't scare nary bit." Then, pleadingly: "I couldn't threaten to *hit* them or *pistol-whup* 'em —ain't never raised my hand agin a woman—"

"Just threatened to shoot them, hunh?"

His face crimsoned.

"Daggone it, Mister Will, *you* know yer Cousin Beulah. She's plumb exasperatin'—"

THERE was a dramatic interruption. A small flivver fish truck careened to a stop beside our back fence. Out jumped Miss Myrt Allison. She scrambled over the fence, showing a flash of pink rayon underwear and much bare leg and rushed up to Rog.

"Don't shoot nobuddy, Rog, honey!"

"Oh—uh—h-hullo, Mryt. Mister Will and Missus Will, I make you acquainted with Miss Allison."

Myrt gasped for breath, spat out a wad of chewing gum and clutched Rog's arm possessively.

"Don't talk to 'em, Rog!" she said. "They're kin to *her*. I got the truck an' we can light out for St. Louis. C'mon—"

"I ain't aimin' to go no place, Myrt!"

This repulse did not daunt our young Delilah. She tugged at Rog's arm.

"You got to!" she said fiercely. "The law's a-looking for you right this minute. Missus Kentlake's swore out a warrant—"

"Aw, did she go an' do thet?"

" 'Course she did! They'll put you in jail, too—"

Rog turned back to us.

"I sure never thought she'd do *thet*," he said. "Well, daggone her! I won't never get no religion now. I got no heart fer it, now! Well, if'n thet ain't a fine Christian way to act—"

Somehow shamed, I said, hastily: "I'll talk to Cousin Beulah. Maybe—"

"The big H to you!" cried Myrt. "You ain't no friend of Rog an' me. You big stuck-up Bluff City cheese. This is all your fault. You ought to be ashamed letting that crazy woman stay loose and running around making trouble for people. She ought to be in the booby hatch!"

"Aw, now, Myrt—"

"Rog can just stay and go to jail, if he likes. He can go crawling to the mourners' bench if he likes. Me—I'm a-going to town!"

SHE flounced off toward the fish truck. Rog hung his head.

"Reckon I'd better git," he said. Then, as he picked up his gun, "Don't mind Myrt. She's jest hot-tempered."

We watched Rog vault lightly over the fence and hop aboard the truck. He and Myrt drove off.

"He didn't want to go with her," said my wife. "He likes the other girl better."

I was about fed up with his love story.

"Supposing you and Cousin Beulah settle it," I said. And I went off to the store.

Two hours later, Dod Beckerman, our genial chief of police, shuffled, hat in hand, into my office.

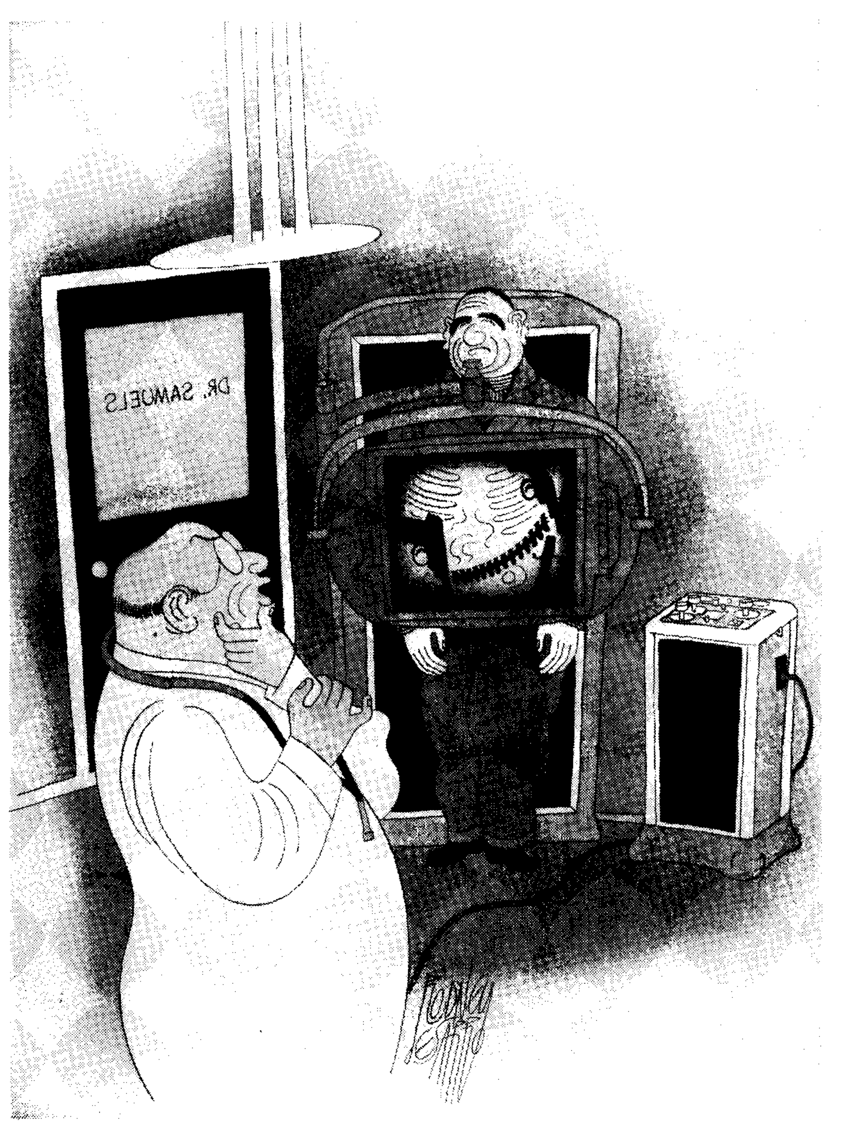
"I'm mighty sorry to bother you, Billy—"

"What's Cousin Beulah done now?"

"We-ell, some people named McCabe have complained that she's got their daughter shut up in a room in her house and won't let the kid out. If I went down there it'd cause a lot of talk—"

"Thank you, Chief," I said. "I'll go."

Presently, I stood in the upper hall of my Cousin Beulah's house before a locked door. From within came the



"I guess you'll have to undress after all, Mr. Rossi!"

RODNEY DE SARRO

STAGE DOOR
SHAVING FOR SO MANY SHOWS A DAY SURE WRECKS MY FACE
YOU'RE PROBABLY USING OTHER-MAKE BLADES IN YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR. STICK TO GILLETTE BLADES FOR A REAL SHAVE
FEW DAYS LATER
FRED, YOU WERE RIGHT WHEN YOU TOLD ME TO USE GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR. NOW MY FACE FEELS FINE ALL THE TIME
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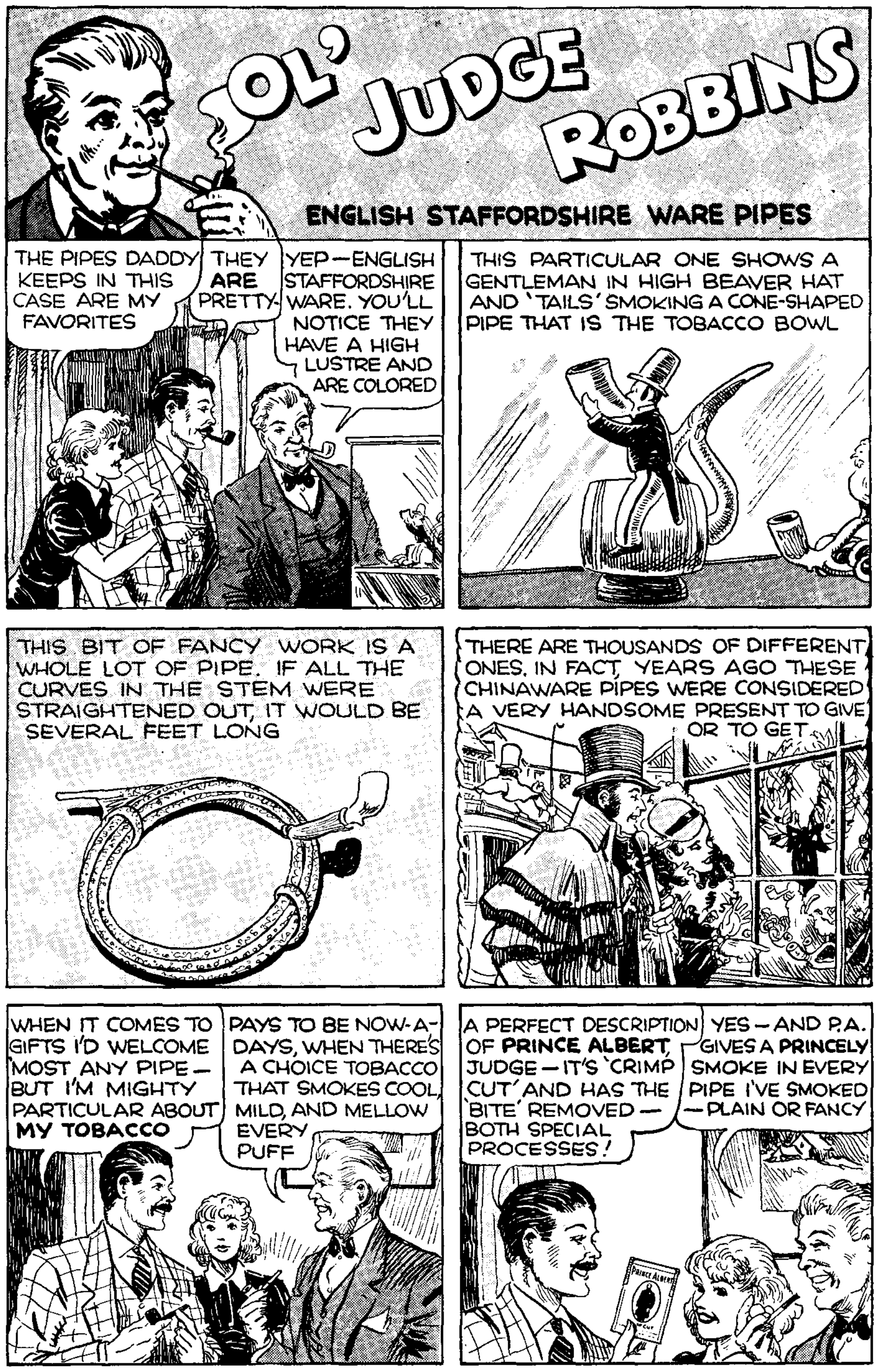
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
ENGLISH STAFFORDSHIRE WARE PIPES
THE PIPES DADDY KEEPS IN THIS CASE ARE MY FAVORITES
THEY ARE PRETTY
YEP—ENGLISH STAFFORDSHIRE WARE. YOU'LL NOTICE THEY HAVE A HIGH LUSTRE AND ARE COLORED
THIS PARTICULAR ONE SHOWS A GENTLEMAN IN HIGH BEAVER HAT AND 'TAILS' SMOKING A CONE-SHAPED PIPE THAT IS THE TOBACCO BOWL
THIS BIT OF FANCY WORK IS A WHOLE LOT OF PIPE. IF ALL THE CURVES IN THE STEM WERE STRAIGHTENED OUT, IT WOULD BE SEVERAL FEET LONG
THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF DIFFERENT ONES. IN FACT, YEARS AGO THESE CHINAWARE PIPES WERE CONSIDERED A VERY HANDSOME PRESENT TO GIVE OR TO GET
WHEN IT COMES TO GIFTS I'D WELCOME MOST ANY PIPE—BUT I'M MIGHTY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY TOBACCO
PAYS TO BE NOW-A-DAYS, WHEN THERE'S A CHOICE TOBACCO THAT SMOKES COOL, MILD, AND MELLOW EVERY PUFF
A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF PRINCE ALBERT, JUDGE—IT'S 'CRIMP CUT' AND HAS THE 'BITE' REMOVED—BOTH SPECIAL PROCESSES!
YES—AND P.A. GIVES A PRINCELY SMOKE IN EVERY PIPE I'VE SMOKED—PLAIN OR FANCY

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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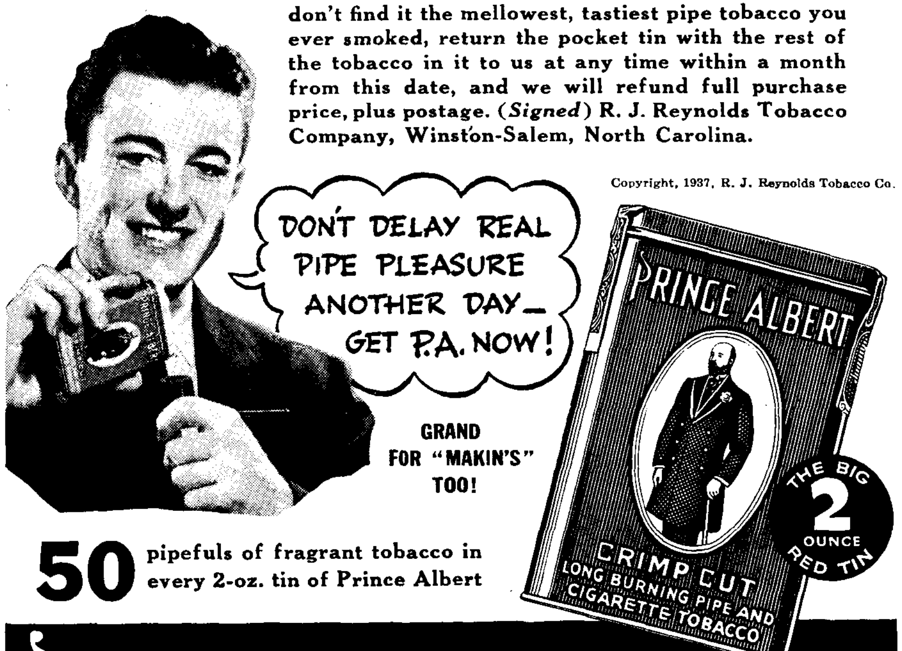
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GRAND FOR "MAKIN'S" TOO!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

sound of a vigorous prayer: "Oh, Lord, don't let Doris chase after that miserable sinner! Oh, Lord, make Doris listen to thine unworthy servant and give us grace to hear and to—"

"Cousin Beulah! Open up!"

She unlocked the door. Angry, I strode into the room, barking: "Don't you know the police are about to come down here? Get going, Doris!"

Doris, who had been sitting on the bed with her arms folded, started up.

"Don't you move out of this room, young lady!" said Cousin Beulah, sharply.

"You ain't my boss, Missus Kentlake," Doris said, but she sat down again.

I stared at Cousin Beulah.

She had evidently been wrestling mightily with Doris' soul. She looked old and tired and worn. But her blue eyes were indomitable.

"The Lord told me not to let Doris follow that scamp to St. Louis, William," she stated, calmly. "I've spanked her bottom with a hair brush and I've prayed until I'm hoarse. *You* will have to help me!"

Exasperated, I said: "I'll do nothing of the sort. It's none of your business where she goes. Clear out of here, Doris!"

COUSIN BEULAH braced herself across the doorway.

"It's God's business, William! I would rather see Doris dead than chasing after a man who's gone off with Myrt Allison." And then, with a weary quivering of her wrinkled chin, "I'll give my life to prevent it!"

"You're out of your mind," I said, and would have removed Cousin Beulah from the doorway.

But Doris capitulated.

"Don't you touch her, you big bully!" Doris said. "I won't let him lay a finger on you, Missus Kentlake!" She ran to Cousin Beulah, threw her arms about her and sobbed: "I won't foller him. I promise. On my knees, I promise!"

"Oh, thank God!" cried Cousin Beulah, kissing and petting Doris.

"You're both screwy," I said, and then I glared at Cousin Beulah: "If you make any more uproars in this town I'll—I'll—well, you'd better behave yourself!"

Cousin Beulah followed me downstairs insisting that she forgave me. We must not part in anger, she said. The upshot of it was that *I* apologized, so help me, and went back to Bluff City licked to a frazzle.

The worst was yet to come. My wife, absorbed in the trials and tribulations of Rog, Myrt and Doris, started making almost daily visits to Cousin Beulah. I think Rog and Myrt had been gone about three weeks when, abruptly, my wife enlivened our dinner conversation by the following remark:

"Your Cousin Beulah is a wonderful woman, Bill."

"How so?"

"She's told me exactly what's wrong with this world—"

"Yeah. Not enough people with her kind of religion."

"Not enough people with any kind of faith at all. They think this life is all there is, and they've started out to get theirs right here and now. More clothes, more cars, more movies, more leisure that they won't know how to use, more everything. And to do it they're willing to submit to dictators or pile up like ants in cities or shoot and plunder each other."

I grinned at her.

"Aren't you—or Cousin Beulah—oversimplifying it a little, dear?"

Mildred, I had discovered, is a very tenacious young woman.

"It's the economists and the bright lads who are overcomplicating it, my darling. Man searches for the easier, quicker way. Result: Mass production and occlusion of millions in big cities. Man loses his sense of individual importance and self-sufficiency. Result: Man sacrifices the feeling of security he had when he depended on himself or a handful of neighbors. Man then feels cheated and unhappy. Result: Man lashes about him wildly with ballots or machine guns and says, 'You did this to me, God!' And finally Man says, 'There is no God or this wouldn't have happened!' Result: Chaos. It's as simple as that, Bill!"

Well, we were still honeymooners, so I said: "Of course it is, you brilliant little angel! Let me kiss that fevered brow!"

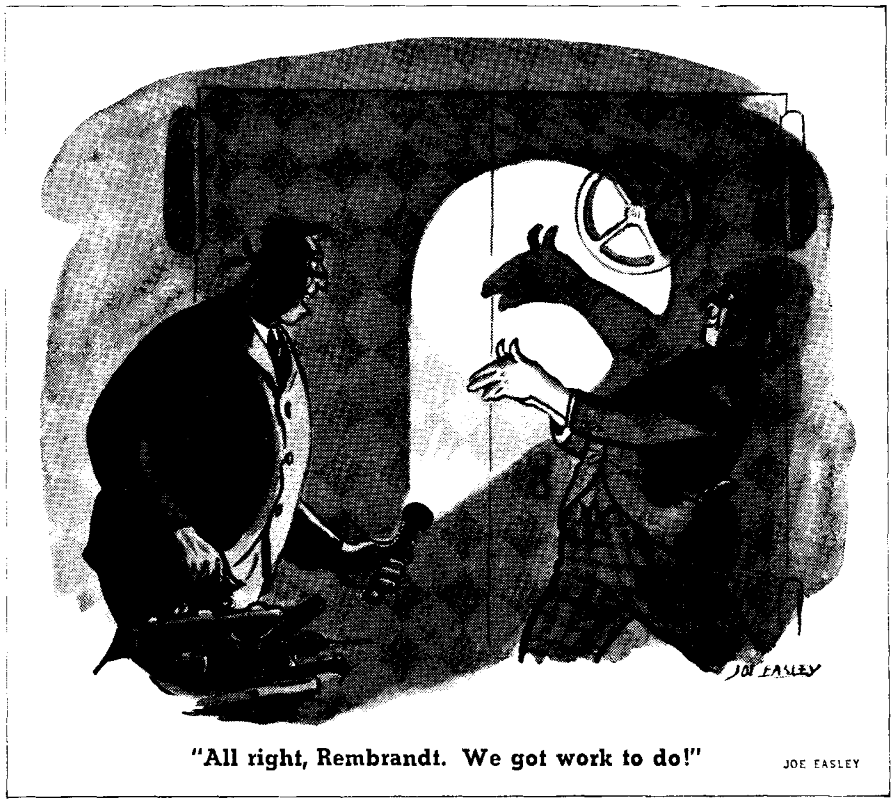
AND then, one dreadful evening, my wife said, with a smile of superior wisdom: "Guess what? Rog Sladen came back to Dove Town, today!"

"Rog? Oh, yes, the village Casanova—"

"Get on your hat, Bill, darling. It's Wednesday night, and *we're* going to prayer meeting!"

I balked.

"Not this monkey," I said. "I've been

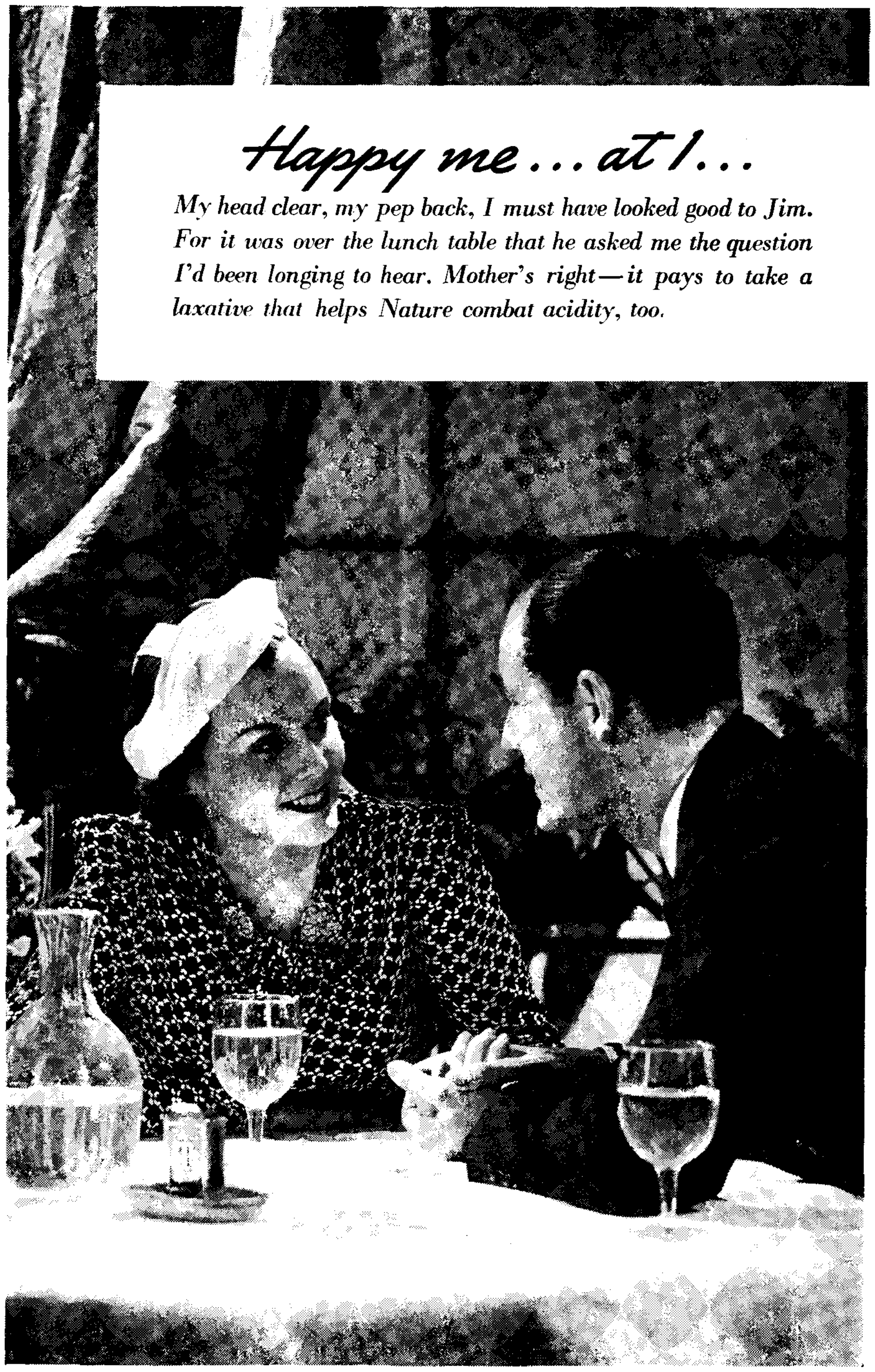


"All right, Rembrandt. We got work to do!"

JOE EASLEY

Poor me... at 8...

Waked up feeling so sickish and headachy, I thought I'd never get dressed for my big date at lunch. But mother brought me two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and...



Happy me... at 1...

My head clear, my pep back, I must have looked good to Jim. For it was over the lunch table that he asked me the question I'd been longing to hear. Mother's right—it pays to take a laxative that helps Nature combat acidity, too.

On important days... take the laxative that COMBATS ACIDITY, too

HAD YOU REALIZED...?

Acidity is the usual thing when you're constipated.

And unless you combat that acidity, as well as rid your intestines of waste, you won't feel top-notch.

But try Sal Hepatica—the laxative that helps Nature do both quickly.

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Sal Hepatica not only cleanses the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but Sal Hepatica brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) action to help Nature return your system toward the alkaline reserve so necessary to buoyant health.

And what a difference these two actions make in the way you feel! Head clearer, energy returned, you'll be peppier, in higher spirits! Sal Hepatica acts in natural ways—is not irritating nor is it habit-forming. Get Sal Hepatica today.

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LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO NEW YORK
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT HELPS NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

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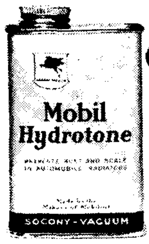
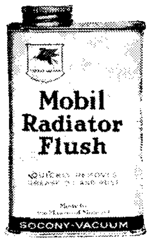
MOBIL HYDROTONE
Stops Rust, Scale and Corrosion



ONE 35¢ CAN LASTS FOR MONTHS

MAKE SURE your radiator won't clog and cause overheating. See that corrosion won't cause leaks. Put Mobil Hydrotone in the water now. This neutralizes corrosive, rust-forming elements—gives your car radiator protection—saves you from costly repairs.

CLEAN OUT DIRTY COOLING SYSTEMS



IF YOUR cooling system is sluggish, clean it with Mobil Radiator Flush. This loosens scale and rust, dissolves grease—emulsifies them so that they can be drained off quickly and easily. It is non-caustic and entirely harmless to use.

MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
Buy where you buy Mobiloil or Mobilgas

Mobil Specialties
SOCONY-VACUUM
MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY • MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER
BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

hearing our Cousin Beulah pray for years and years—"

Mildred played trumps.

"Rog has got religion and is going to testify tonight!"

"You're kidding!"

"*Nope. I have Cousin Beulah's own* word for it. Rog is going to join the church and marry Doris McCabe!"

"I don't believe a word of it. I know an unregenerate scamp when I see one—"

"Come. We'll soon see which is right."

Cousin Beulah's prayer meeting was well under way when Mildred and I tiptoed in and managed to find seats in a back row. About a hundred and fifty people had jammed into the little hall. Looking about at the river riffraff and these country folk but a few years removed from the Missouri hills, I was amused to see a plentiful sprinkling of onlookers like myself who had come to see and believe that Rog Sladen had hit the trail.

On the rostrum stood our Cousin Beulah, in black silk and lace, timeless and undaunted. She was beaming with justified pride in good work soon to shine forth for all doubters to see:

". . . yea, we labored and we prayed for this brother. When he left us we mourned his going with heavy hearts. The dear good God heard our prayers and changed his wayward heart and sent him back to us repentant. Come forward, Rog Sladen—come forward to Jesus!"

The organ wheezed out a hymn; and while Cousin Beulah beat time with her hymn book and her old voice quavered above the roll of music, Rog Sladen marched up the aisle. He was dressed in a city suit of blue and his hair was plastered with water.

"Amen!"

"Hallelujah!"

SILENCE. Rog turned to face the citizenry of Dove Town. He shot one stricken look at Doris, seated on the rostrum with the choir, drew a deep breath and talked:

"I—uh—sure been a mighty big fool. I—uh—run off to Saint Looey with a bad girl and lived in sin. But she taken all my money an' spent it fer clothes an' licker—and—uh—I didn't git none of the licker—an' *finally* she sold the truck an' lit out fer Memphis with a bus driver. Jest like Missus Kentlake told me she'd do!"

"Amen!"

"Hallelujah!"

Rog started to leave the witness stand. But Cousin Beulah tapped him on the shoulder encouragingly. Rog said quickly: "I seed God when a certain Christian gal kissed me an' taken me back; an' I ain't a-going to sin no more. An' anybody who says different, I'll see them outside! Well—uh—I guess that's all—except you folks sure are lucky you got a woman like Missus Kentlake. You do like she says an' you won't have so much sorrer. Good night to all!"

There was vociferous and genuine applause. Cousin Beulah held up a warning hand.

"It's not enough to make a noise!" her voice rang out. "The time has come for us Christians to *act*. What was it that almost cost that poor dear boy his immortal soul? Not the Jezebel! No. Not the temptations of the city. Oh, no. Rog Sladen was on his way to hell long before he ran off to St. Louis. He hit the downward path right here in Dove Town!"

"Amen, Missus Kentlake!"

"*In the pool halls and dance halls*—"

"Hallelujah!"

"In the rooming houses and yes, in the shoe factory!"

"Amen!"

"In this cesspool of vice and wickedness, in this place of easy living and careless thinking. Yea, in this Sodom and Gomorrah—which should be scourged with fire and sword—"

I turned to my wife.

"Aw-aw," I said. "Time to leave!"

"*No. Wait—look at Rog's face.* He worships her. Look—"

But I was embarrassed and ashamed. After all, Cousin Beulah was a Kentlake. I hustled Mildred away from that meeting.

The next night, a fire started in the new shoe factory. It spread to nearby houses and soon Dove Town was a raging blaze.

Fearful for Cousin Beulah, I raced my car to her house.

She was standing on her front porch, surrounded by a score of followers. Her *arms were folded on her bosom and the* glare of the fire not fifty yards away reflected from the lenses of her spectacles.

"Well, dear William! You're just in time to see the judgment of God!"

This time, I grabbed her.

"You've got to get out of here," I said. "It'll catch your house next!"

Struggling and protesting, I carried her to my car.

"But, William—listen—hear me. My work has only begun—let me go back—I'll go back tomorrow—you can't stop me—the first thing in the morning, I'll go back—"

The insurance company investigators thought somewhat of having our Cousin Beulah indicted for inciting to commit arson. They pointed out that a conspiracy must have existed. Most Dove Town residents explained, when asked why they had moved out of their houses, that Missus Kentlake had warned them "by revelation." One company caused the arrest of Rog Sladen on suspicion that he had started the fire. But Rog established an alibi through twenty expert witnesses.

We Kentlakes held a final session with Cousin Beulah in my living room.

"Even if you are technically innocent," we said, "you are morally responsible. You ought to be locked up. Thank God your house burned. You can't go back there. That's something!"

Cousin Beulah heard us through, nodding her head briskly and smiling her gentlest smile. She said not a word; but got cheerfully to her feet and tossed her shawl around her shoulders.

"God bless my dear family," we heard her murmur, in a vague, preoccupied voice as she started for the hall.

I went after her.

"*Where are you going*, Cousin Beulah?"

She blinked at me, forgivingly.

"To my farm, dear William."

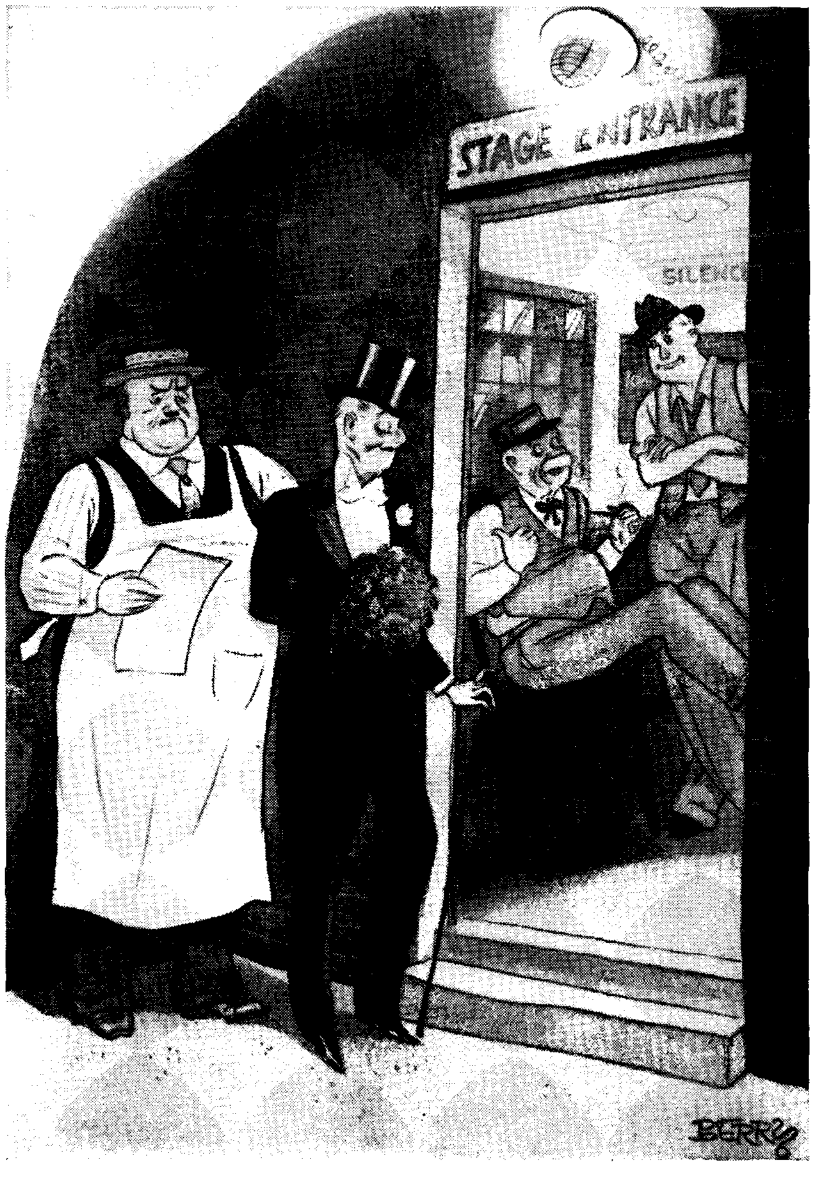
"You can't do that—there's nothing on your farm—"

CALMLY, Cousin Beulah removed my hand from her arm.

"There's salvation on it, William. Salvation. For me—and for every last soul in Dove Town. That fire—what a blessing it was! Goodby, William. Come and see us all. And mind—your prayers!" Cousin Beulah left us.

I would have followed; but my wife stopped me.

"She knows exactly what she's doing," Mildred said. "The government's already promised resettlement money." Then, my wife enjoyed the last laugh. "Cousin Beulah knew what she was doing all along, my darling. The rest of us stay in a fog!"



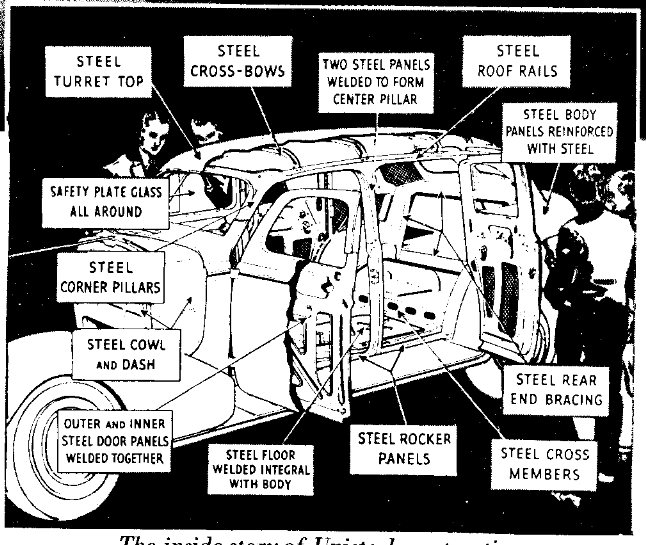
"Them two guys wait for her every night"

MIKE BERRY

"Bigger and finer and safer"—1937 Oldsmobile with Unisteel Body by Fisher

A beauty in armor!

Despite the difference in generations, the lady in armor and this modern miss have much in common • And you can see the reason for that in the car that stands in the foreground—a new General Motors car with a new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher • In this glorified steel body, the modern lady rides even more proudly secure • Overhead, there is the seamless steel Turret Top, underfoot, a solid steel floor—and on every side, steel panels, steel pillars, steel reinforcements—all fused into one luxuriously substantial solid steel unit • What a sweeping advance this new Unisteel construction has made over the steel body of the past! Gone completely is any tendency toward tinniness. All its steel panels are now insulated against noise, heat and cold. Even visibility is greatly improved • See it, and you'll say the new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher is the automotive star of 1937. *Only* General Motors cars have it.


STEEL TURRET TOP
STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS WELDED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REINFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS
STEEL COWL AND DASH
STEEL REAR END BRACING
OUTER AND INNER STEEL DOOR PANELS WELDED TOGETHER
STEEL FLOOR WELDED INTEGRAL WITH BODY
STEEL ROCKER PANELS
STEEL CROSS MEMBERS

The inside story of Unisteel construction

BODY by FISHER

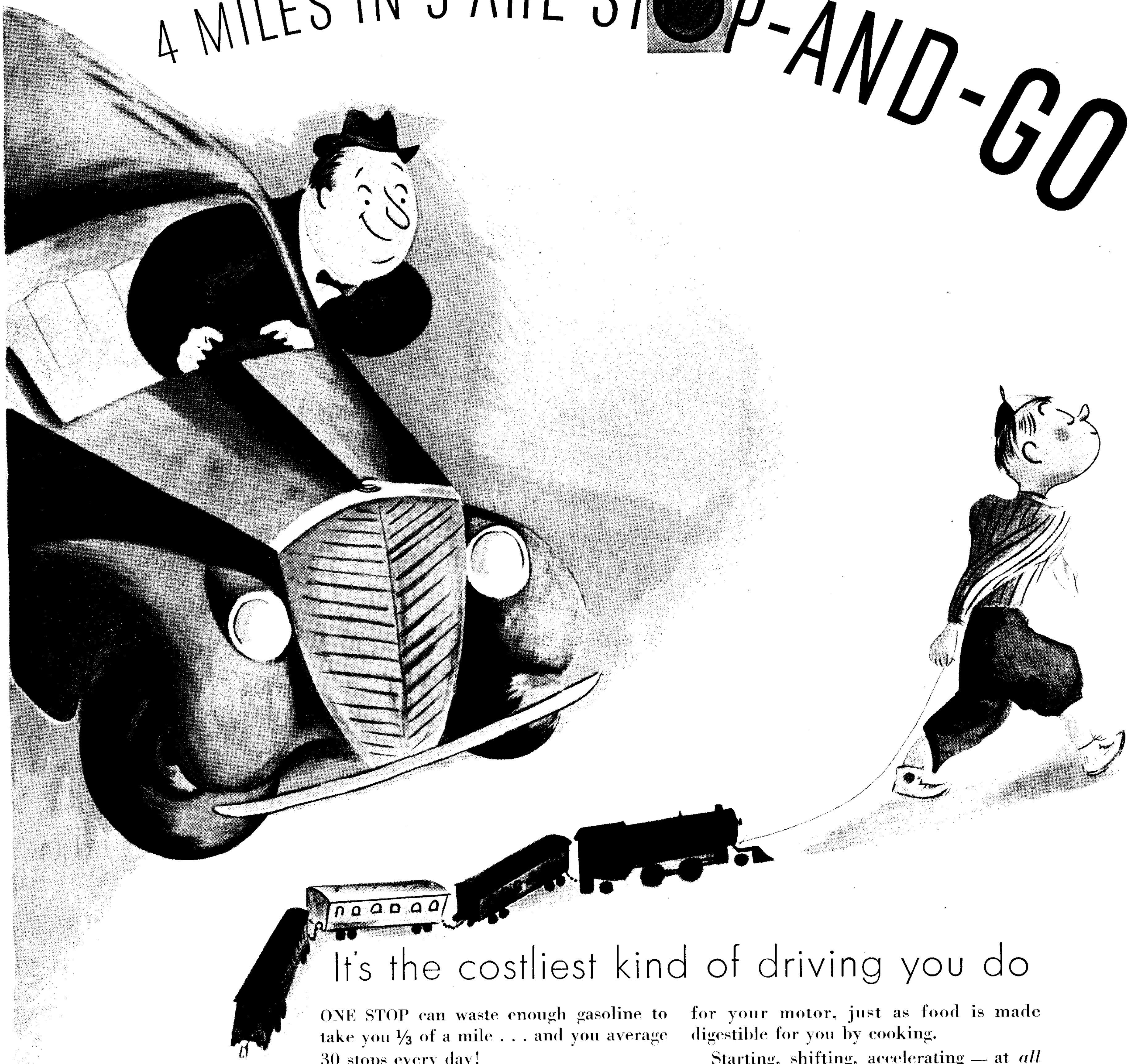
GM GENERAL MOTORS

THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY *Fisher*

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK* • LA SALLE • CADILLAC*

*On the most popular models

4 MILES IN 5 ARE STOP-AND-GO



It's the costliest kind of driving you do

ONE STOP can waste enough gasoline to take you ⅓ of a mile . . . and you average 30 stops every day!

To cut down the high cost of stop-and-go driving, Shell engineers developed a way to "balance" gasoline.

By this balancing process the entire chemical structure of gasoline is rearranged. Super-Shell is made "digestible" for your motor, just as food is made digestible for you by cooking.

Starting, shifting, accelerating — at *all* times — your motor gets the *full* benefit of Super-Shell's *high energy content.*

"Motor-digestible" is the best way to describe this gasoline.

There's a Shell station in your neighborhood. Stop there next time you need gas.

SHELL

SUPER-SHELL

It's a Crazy World

Continued from page 25

a tremendous temper about something or other. That was your father."

"Yes, that's right. A big man. And a temper, too. I remember that much."

"Well, he talked in bad German first of all, but when he heard me talking English he poured out his troubles to me. It was something about a piece of music criticism that had appeared in the paper about one of his concerts. Some word which he thought was insulting. He was in a fine rage about it, and the editor didn't know what to do except to send for the man who had written the criticism, and as soon as this fellow appeared your father turned on *him*. He had a temper, too, and before I properly realized what was happening they were exchanging cards and fixing a duel—all the silly palaver, you know. And for a quarter of an hour I did my best—but in vain—to prevent your father from being a damn' fool."

David began to laugh.

"Because duels were strictly against the local law, and if by chance anyone got killed there would be the devil to pay. I didn't like to see an Englishman getting into such a mess."

"He isn't an Englishman. He's an Irishman—at least his father was—his mother was Russian. And he was born in Shanghai."

"Sounds like a magnificent mixture. Anyhow, he fought that duel."

"What with?"

"The usual sort of sword or rapier or whatever they call it. And it was pretty clear to me that your father had never handled the weapon before and that his opponent was an expert. Yet—by some almighty fluke—your father won. Full of impetuousness, he dashed in with a few terrific lunges, one of which pinked the other fellow in the arm. Honor having been thus satisfied, your father shook hands with everybody and went off full of smiles and good will. And that's the last I ever saw of him."

"It's all very funny."

"Yes—quite a piquant situation, me telling you something about your father that you'd no idea of. And more than that, I can tell you something that even he—to this day—may have no idea of himself. It's a sort of ironic postscript to the whole incident. The editor and I were friends and afterward we came to the conclusion that your father must have been entirely mistaken about the insult he complained of. It was really a complimentary adjective that was just different by a letter or so from the other word he must have imagined it to be. Like *poison* and *poisson* in French, you know. *That's* funny too, isn't it?"

"Pretty damn' crazy when you come to think about it."

"Yes, it's a crazy world."

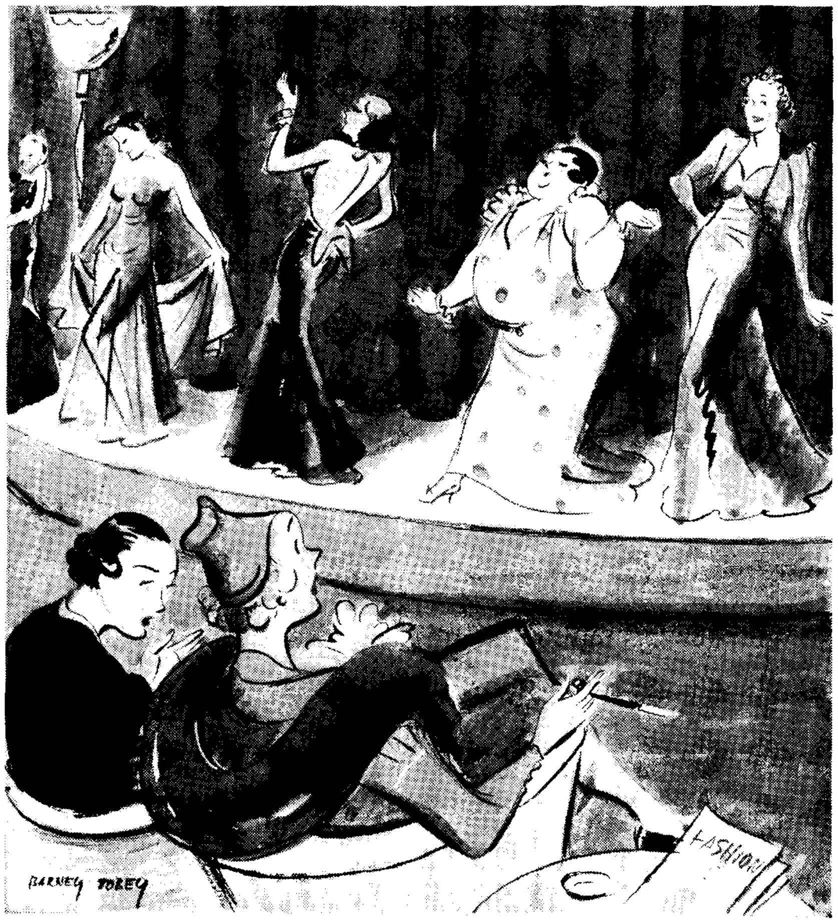
They talked on and went to bed rather late.

IN THE morning David was up at daybreak and went down to the beach to overhaul and test his machine. There was only slight damage, which he was soon able to repair. When all was ready he returned to the bungalow for coffee; then Carson saw him off. The two men stood for a few moments by the ticking engine; they did not say much, except to exchange good wishes.

"I hope you'll be in time—take care of yourself—look me up if you're ever this way again—goodby!"

"Goodby," shouted David, against the roar of the engine as the plane began to move. It ran a little way along the beach, lifted, soared above the sand and shingle, and then set a course.

A brilliant morning, cloudless, and cool over the sea. David flew at a thousand feet, keeping the land well in sight, though he would cut corners across the bays and inlets. With the new eye of the new race of flying men he memorized



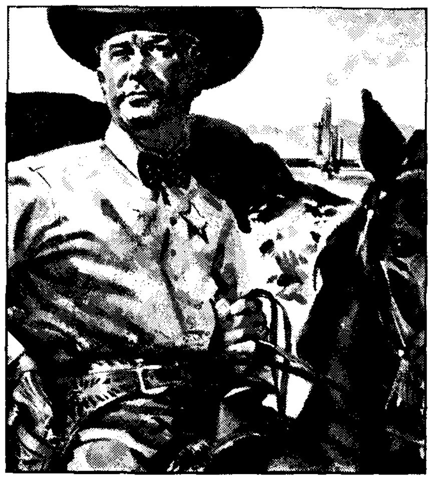
"We can't do a thing about it. She owns the shop!" BARNEY TOBEY

"You can feel Ingram's soothin' lather tone and condition your face"

SAYS MAJ. GEO. B. BLACK of the TEXAS RANGERS

and who the h— is Maj. Geo. B. Black

"JUST put me down as a man who has found real shaving comfort—*that's all I'm claiming here.*



"And when I say you can actually feel Ingram's cooling lather doing a soothin' and a toning job on your skin, even while you shave, I'm talking from experience.

"A man's face takes a lot of punishment in this Texas country. When you're riding range in the face of Texas suns and Texas sands and 'blue northers,' a man's skin needs plenty of pampering—and that's what it gets from Ingram's Shaving Cream.

"First of all it's a lightnin' lather. It just whips up into a cloudbank of whisker-wilting bubbles the second your wet brush takes it. When you shave—it just seems like your beard's disintegrating. But it's the soothin' and kind of healing touch that makes Ingram's different—you just seem to feel that luxury lather working to condition your skin—giving it a new, bracing smoothness—a tonic, refreshing coolness that lasts for hours."

• • •

There are two very good reasons why Ingram's is the shaving cream for you: **1st, IT'S COOL! 2nd, IT'S CONCENTRATED!** Take a little bit of Ingram's, hardly as big as a raisin, and put it on the working end of your Rubberset brush. In a couple of split-seconds flat it billows up into a cloud of "wet-inside" lather that hugs your skin and makes the toughest beard easy for the blade.

Ingram's acts different because Ingram's secret formula *is* different. It's a shaving cream, face tonic and lotion in one—a triple treat in every brushful that, as the Major and thousands of men will testify, leaves your skin velvet-smooth, toned and supple.

You'll like Ingram's! Tear out the coupon below—*fill it out now*—and get your free sample promptly!

Ingram's Shaving Cream

Ingram's Shaving Cream
SHAVING CREAM
Ingram's Concentrated Shaving Cream

COOL AND CONCENTRATED

FREE! 7,000,000 Ingram Shaves

Ingram's plans to introduce itself to you and to 999,999 other men in 1937. Use this special coupon good for a 7-day tube of Ingram's. Mail to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. B-47, 636 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name____________________

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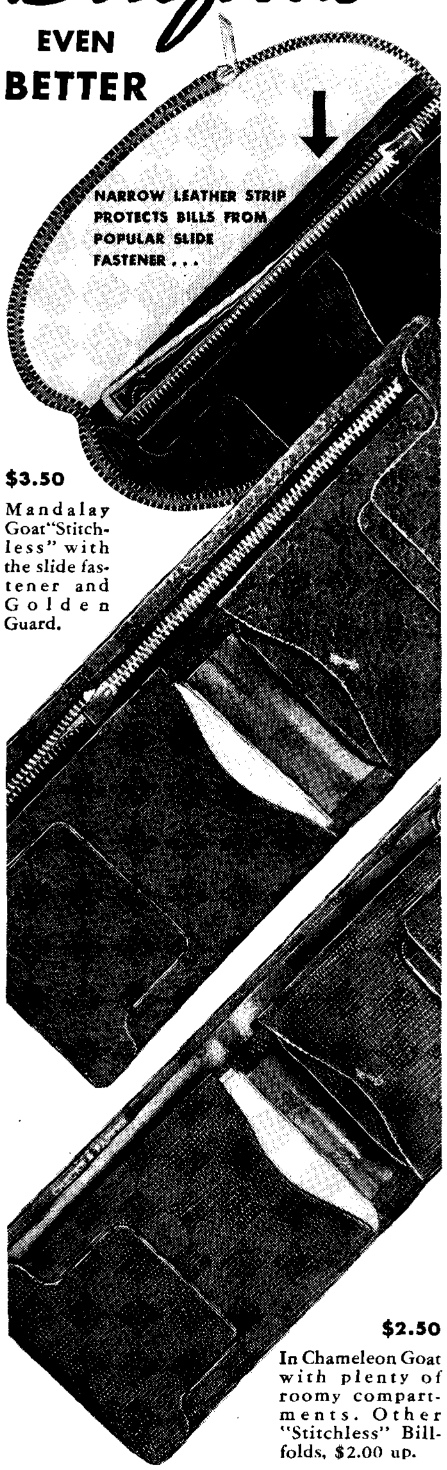

NARROW LEATHER STRIP PROTECTS BILLS FROM POPULAR SLIDE FASTENER . . .

Buxton's

PATENTED GOLDEN GUARD MAKES THESE

Stitchless Billfolds

EVEN BETTER

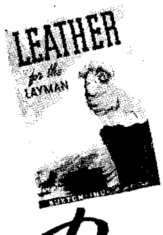
$3.50

Mandalay Goat "Stitchless" with the slide fastener and Golden Guard.

$2.50

In Chameleon Goat with plenty of roomy compartments. Other "Stitchless" Billfolds, $2.00 up.

● NO STITCHES TO RIP—no seams to fray. That's why you get added years of service with a Buxton Billfold. It's just one piece of leather ingeniously interlocked . . . expands to carry the heaviest load—contracts to original slimness on "light" days.



"Leather for the Layman"—an interesting new booklet designed to help you in the selection of *any* fine leatherware. Write for free copy. Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Buxton

KEY-TAINERS . . . BILLFOLDS
POCKET CASES

the look of the country as he passed over it—a cape here that the seafarer never approaches, a river there whose width the landsman can never visualize. There was something Elizabethan in the way he thought of the world—as a place of virgin spaces and untried dangers, where a youth was already a man, and where a man might find death or fame by equal hazard. That was the dream; the business was to make it pay. And whether the dream or the business predominated in him at any given moment was largely a matter of mood.

He came down at Rangoon in the morning, filled up his tanks, and snatched a light meal. As the weather looked promising he decided to aim direct for Calcutta, flying across the Bay of Bengal. Within a few moments of setting off he was out of sight of all land, for there was a touch of mist in the air. He then settled himself, as he was fairly well used to doing, to a spell of purely automatic flying, keeping his eye on his instruments while his mind wandered at will among his private preoccupations.

These were mostly financial. He was really on the edge of personal penury, and had been for months, but it did not seem to matter except as a mere fidget for odd moments.

He didn't really worry about money, but he passionately wanted the extra freedom that money would confer; and when, on land, he met the kind of people he must beg favors from, he suffered a cold rancor that left him, in sympathies, estranged from the world of streets and cities. He didn't care two hoots about kings and princes and Fascism and Communism and disarmament and all the other issues that the newspapers talked about, and his patriotism, so far as he had any, was centered upon Australia rather than upon the British Empire, and even upon Queensland rather than upon Australia.

HE TOOK an airman's view of life in general, and noted with unconcern the landsman's growing fear of bombs; there even passed across his mind occasionally a strange daydream of a world that bombs had made safe for lordly boys to fly over.

Cruising steadily now at an even height above the sea, all the shabbiness of earth contacts vanished, and he was left, in mind and body, remote. This remoteness gave him a sensation of physical well-being, of gladness to be alive, even of gladness to be afraid. For he was, always, a little afraid when he crossed a stretch of open sea.

Suddenly, amidst his musings, a lift of wind swung the machine out of its even progress, and his nerves tightened automatically in response. The horizon ahead was still bright, though rather mistier, and up to now he had been flying well with a steady following wind. That was what puzzled him, for the gust had come head on.

Winds were incalculable things; someday, perhaps, they would be charted like sea currents; till then, every flyer was an explorer feeling his way. But with such experience in exploration came a sixth sense of warning, a lightning response to unfamiliar behavior; and this gust had evoked such a response.

THEN, almost as quickly as if a curtain had been drawn across the sea, the mist darkened into a cloud and the cloud rolled and swelled over the sky with a spreading core of black. He felt cold fear creeping on him. He had flown through storms before and had always had fear. On land he could avoid them by detours or emergency landings, but there was no hope of avoiding this one, because it guarded the whole landward arc of the horizon; to turn tail would have been to face the open ocean. No option, therefore. And all that complicated mass of human machinery—brain, nerve, muscle, spirit—braced itself for the ordeal; the boyish features became a man's in resolution, the frown deepened to face the frowning sky. David Clair, whom no one had heard of, who had no money, no position, no social importance, was facing a storm in the Indian Ocean—alone.

He climbed higher, giving himself a safer distance from the sea, the surface of which was already green-dark and troubled. But at a couple of thousand feet the machine crashed into an almost solid wall of water that sent it reeling; in an instant he was drenched to the skin and water came pouring into the cockpit before he could close the side windows. Simultaneously the sky turned pitch-black. A shaft of panic transfixed him, but his nerve answered the call and drove it away; he switched on the light that illuminated the instrument panel, and lost height a little, hoping to emerge into rainless daylight.

But the darkness persisted, great ramparts of water fell against the machine, straining every strut and buffeting the wings like fist-blows. David held firm, peering at his instruments, countering every gust with the appropriate operation of the controls, fighting with every atom of mind and will and body. Suddenly a great glare streaked the sky and the rain glittered ahead like a limitless Niagara. Instinctively he ducked and was momentarily blinded; for a few seconds he was sure the plane had been struck.

"My God . . ." he muttered. "My God. . . ." It was the conventional expression of terrified astonishment he had heard other people say, in plays and movies, and at such a moment it was easiest to be true to fiction. The darkness closed around him again, and all at once he knew, from a change in the note of the engine, that it was running less perfectly. He was done for. It came to him quite simply and naturally that within half an hour he would be dead.

He was calm about it at first, and then abruptly and rather incongruously angry. He was angry, not against Fate or Luck, which he respected, but against the world that hadn't lent him money enough to buy the radio equipment that might save his life, against the multitude of smug and snug newspaper readers who, if the couple of lines about his death should catch their eye, would murmur "Poor fellow" to themselves, and never think of him again. Not that he wanted them to, and yet—there he was, sinking to his death, and nobody gave a damn.

Well, why should they? he countered, self-contemptuously, and then, as he felt the machine sagging farther and farther and the engine sputtering against its rhythm, he had a sudden vision of his father, as Carson had described him, prancing about with foils in a park near Bucharest. . . . Glad I know that story, he thought; you had pluck, father, anyway. . . .

THEN the miracle happened; a gray light spread below, and through a gap in the grayness came the sight of mud and crops in soaked fields.

He came down, waited for the rain to stop, tuned his engine, and flew on. All in a day's work. He reached Calcutta by dusk.

It was toward its latter stages that David began to realize that his flight might not pass entirely unnoticed after all. He had been making good time, and at Karachi had given an interview to a journalist. Among various questions and answers had been the following:

"What sort of weather have you been having during the trip?"

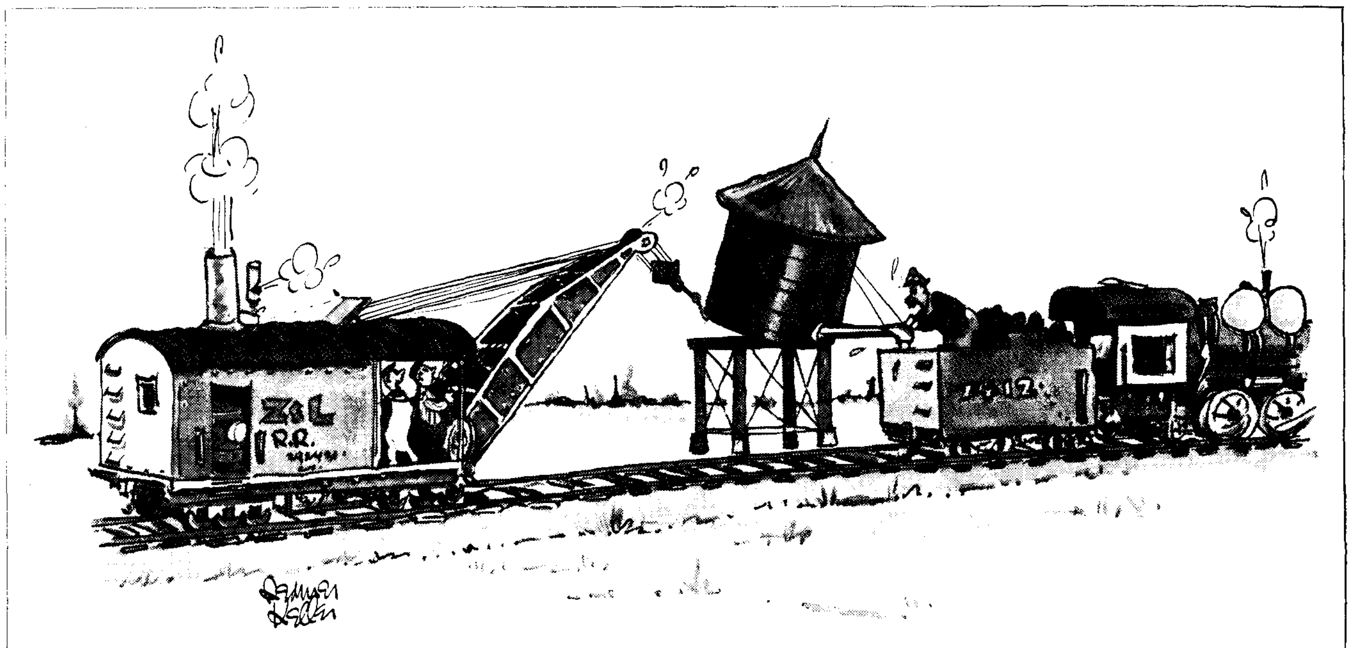
"Oh, not too bad on the whole."

"Any exciting incidents?"

"I ran into a storm over the sea between Rangoon and Calcutta, but I managed to get out of it again."

"Just a storm—I see. . . . Now, Mr. Clair, I wonder if you could tell me why you are doing this trip. Are you hoping to break any records?"

"No, not particularly—at least, that's not the chief idea just now. You see,



"Gus likes to get every drop that's coming to him"

REAMER KELLER

S. S. VAN DINE
Celebrated author of popular mystery thrillers and creator of "Philo Vance"

40-50-60 MILES AN HOUR! THEY ALMOST HAD THEIR MEN WHEN—*BANG!* A BLOW-OUT!

Read S. S. VAN DINE'S breath-taking description of how Sergeant McCabe's* thrilling man hunt came to a sudden and unexpected end . . . . .

"THERE they are! Not more'n a quarter mile ahead of us. We'll overhaul 'em before they reach the Bad Lands." Sergeant McCabe's voice was excited and triumphant.

As the other police officers in the car leaned forward, they could faintly distinguish the shifting, bouncing tail-light of another car plunging frantically along through the night. In that car, as every one of the officers knew, were two of the most dangerous criminals of the day. Their trail had been picked up late that afternoon, and, by a miracle of deadly, dangerous driving, they had reached this back-country road leading to the temporary haven of the Bad Lands.

Unseen Danger Ahead

"They can't hold out," the Sergeant commented. "But we're licked if we lose them in the Bad Lands!"

And just then a sharp explosion, like that of a heavy gun, rent the air, and the police car leaped from the narrow road at a sharp angle and lurched crazily to a sudden stop in a rock-strewn sandy field.

"A blow-out!" snarled the driver. "We're lucky to be alive."

"What a tough break," growled Sergeant McCabe.

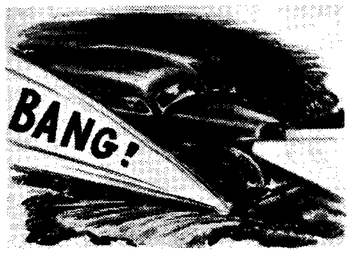
In the distance the faint tail-light of the criminals' car could be seen, fading and rapidly disappearing into the now unbroken blackness.

"No chance now," the Sergeant complained sullenly. "They've escaped. Beaten by a blow-out!"

The criminals did escape that time, but they were later captured.

A Blow-out Plays No Favorites

It's bad enough to have a man-hunt frustrated by a bursting tire. Think of how terrible it must be, though, to have an innocent, carefree motorist start off on a pleasure trip only to have a blow-out catapult his car crazily into anything that blocks the way.



The solution to all this has seemed to me to depend on the manufacture of a *safer* tire . . . of a tire that was as safe *inside* as it looked on the outside.

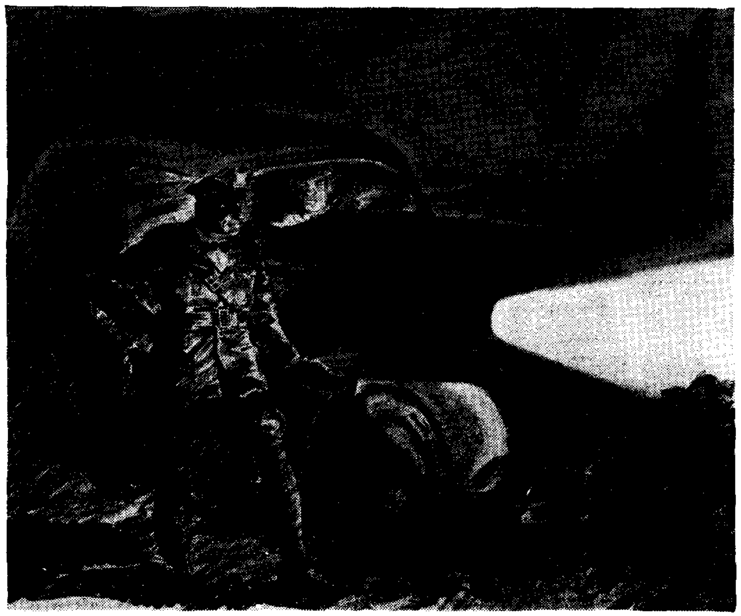
Because, *heat,* generated inside all tires at today's high speeds, is the criminal that starts most of the "dirty work." As the speedometer reads 30-40-50, mile after mile, the temperature *inside* the tire climbs higher and higher. This oven-like heat causes rubber and fabric to separate. A heat pocket forms. As you drive along unconcerned, it expands—slowly but surely. And some day—BANG! A blow-out!

Goodrich Steps Into The Case

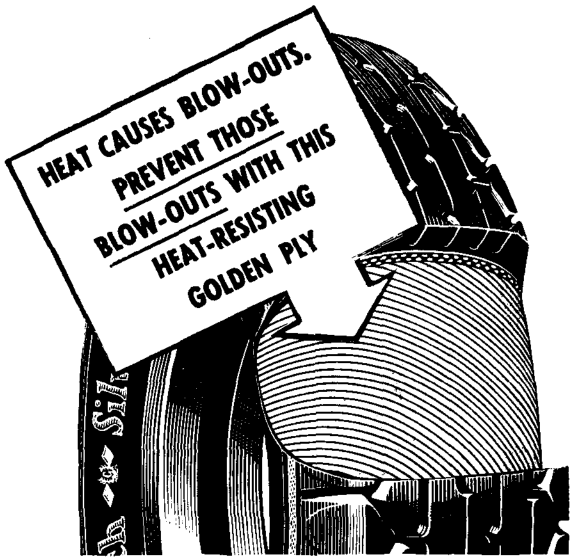
That's why the invention of the Life-Saver Golden Ply by Goodrich should be the "good news" to every American motorist that it was to me. As one of the Goodrich engineers explained, "this Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating . . . keeps those deadly heat pockets from getting a start. And so it provides motorists with *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs."

Sergeant McCabe found out how serious a blow-out can be. And so have thousands of others. That's why you now find thousands of motorists all over the country changing to Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns. They know that Silvertowns *below* mean *safety above.* Here's hoping that all my readers feel the same about staying off the "accident list." Remember, these life-saving Silvertowns can be purchased at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

S. S. VanDine



"No chance now," he complained, "we're beaten by a blow-out"


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY

* *Names and localities are fictitious, but the episode is suggested by an actual occurrence.*

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

"saves me needless work later on"

The Sooner You Simoniz Your Car . . . the Better!

If you start Simonizing your car when it's new, it never gets a chance to become dull or faded. Simoniz preserves the finish, keeping it permanently beautiful. Besides that, Simoniz saves no end of bother and expense for you. Washing will seldom be necessary. An occasional wiping with a dry cloth gives you a clean, bright car all the time. Dust and dirt come off easily, without scratching. You also avoid costly repainting, because Simoniz protects and makes the finish last longer. So, the sooner you Simoniz, the more you save. Do it today!

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

Easy to Simonize Your Own Car

On dull cars, first use Simoniz Kleener. Removes the dull residue left by the disintegration of the finish. Restores the lustre. Makes your car look like new again.

WEATHERED METAL

All cars need Simoniz. It never lets weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays get at the finish to dull and destroy the lacquer or enamel . . . Your car stays beautiful for years!

SIMONIZED METAL

There's nothing else like Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Always insist on them for your car. If you want it Simonized for you, go to an Authorized or Certified Simoniz Station. You'll find them everywhere.

Simoniz Chromium, Too

Preserves chromium, and keeps chrome-plated parts from rusting.

my father in England is ill and I was cabled for in Singapore. I'm just getting home as fast as I can, that's all."

That was all, but that was enough. The flight, though not a record one, acquired what even record flights so often lack—the human touch; by the time David reached Bagdad it had become "Son's Air Dash to Dying Father"; at Athens the photographers and newspapermen were lined up at the airport; at Marseilles David discovered that he had become the hero of a "Grim Race with Death." He was desperately tired, and torn between a desire to make what he could out of the suddenly evoked sensation, and a secret disgust with the whole business.

WHEN he arrived at Croydon Airport he was utterly exhausted and had to be lifted out of the cockpit. He didn't hear much that was told him; a few reporters did their best to make him say what they wanted him to say, photographers photographed him, and he couldn't get a drink because, in the curious manner of England, it was against the law at that particular hour. The airport authorities asked him if he wished to fly on to his father's home at Little Bigbury, Hants, but he said no, he was too tired; but the real reason was that he didn't know the way, and thought it would seem funny to say so. He knew the routes to Cairo and Bushire and Allahabad and Port Darwin, but from London to Little Bigbury was *terra incognita*.

He rested for a few minutes while customs officers examined his plane for smuggled heroin or Pekingese; then, because he really wanted to evade publicity, he actually succeeded in doing so. Few heroes want it as much as that; but for David there was the simple devastating fact that his toothache had begun again. All the way to Bigbury in a hired car it got worse and worse, driving out of his mind all satisfactory thoughts of headlines and oil company bonuses, and putting in their place the somber conviction that the whole affair was somehow shabby and depressing and unworthy; just think, to have one's father's illness turned into a publicity stunt; far better to face a storm in the Indian Ocean than newsmen and bulb-exploders plus toothache. And his clothes were dirty, and he had only nine shillings in his pocket; he felt ill and miserable and his eyes were red-lidded and sore.

The conquering hero! He had never been to Little Bigbury and didn't know how to find his father's house; he hadn't seen any of his family for seven years, and seven years is a long time to a youth who has flown from Singapore to London in six days, who has fought a three-hour battle with a typhoon, and stared into the face of death itself for a couple of minutes.

He found the house and rang the doorbell. A girl answered it; at first she did not realize who he was. "I'm David," he began, in his Australian voice; then she exclaimed: "David—oh, David—we've read about you! I'm your sister Monica—I don't suppose you remember me!" He hardly did; she had been only a little girl. Now she gazed at him bewilderedly, for he was so tall and brown and strange-looking.

In the hall he heard the sound of a piano upstairs, and presently, with Monica preceding him, he climbed to a door that opened upon a flood of music. A gray-haired, fine-looking man was playing. He did not see anyone at first, and went on playing. Then he saw David and stopped.

"I'm David," said David.

The old man swung around with eyes flashing.

"So you're David, are you? Then perhaps you can tell me what's all this damned nonsense about you flying here because I'm supposed to be dying? D'you know I've been badgered and pestered by all sorts of people these last few days? Wanting to know if I'm dead yet! I'm not, thank Heaven. I had a chill, that was all, but your damn' fool sister got the wind up and cabled you. She shouldn't have done it, I told her so at the time. . . . Still, don't think I'm not glad to see you. Of course I am. Sit down. What would you like—I mean, what do you do—drink, smoke—anything?"

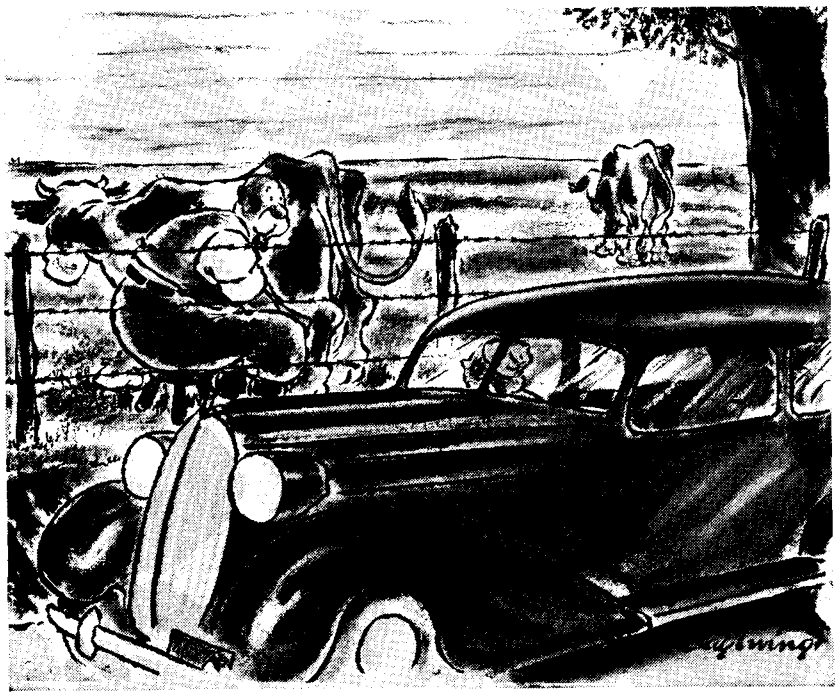
"THERE'S just one thing," said David, struggling hard.

"Yes, yes—what's that?"

"I've—I'm afraid I've got the most awful toothache. Could you put me on to a good dentist round about here?"

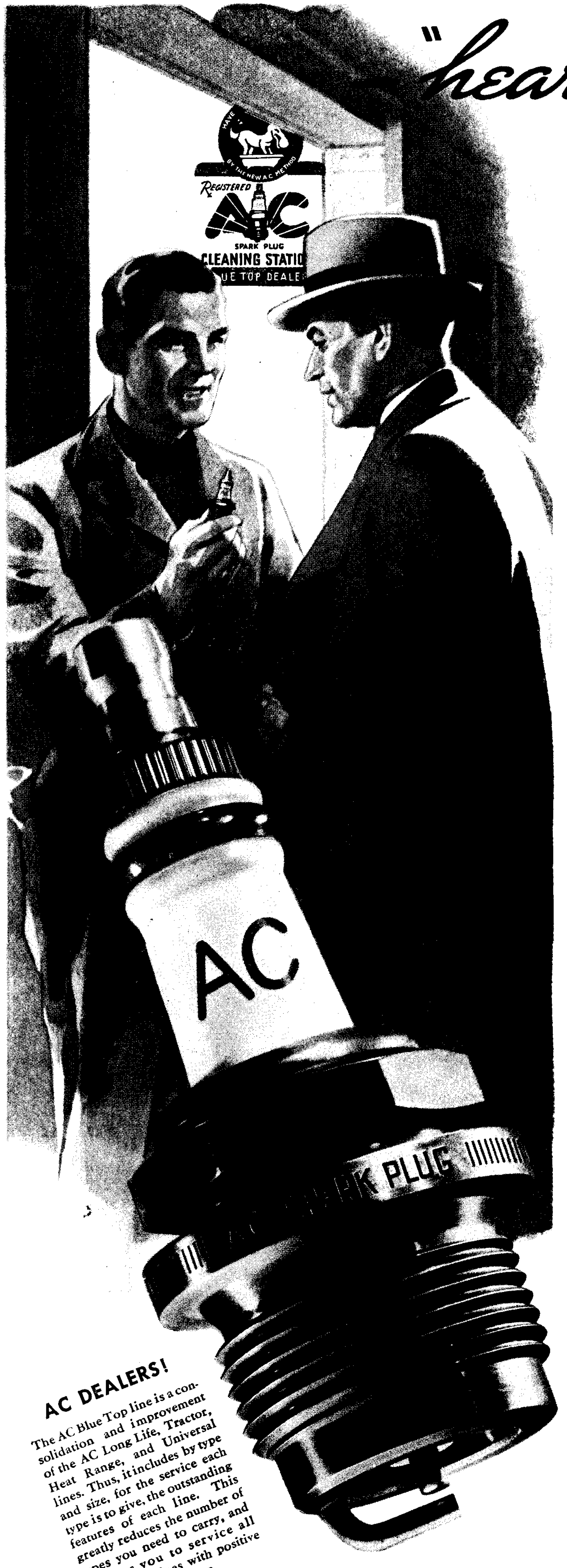
The old man stared hard, then swung round to the piano. "Monica, call up Borrows and make an appointment for him to see this young man immediately. Tell him he's come all the way from Singapore to Little Bigbury to see a dentist. . . . And you lie down on that couch, my boy—I'll play you some Bach while you're waiting. . . . Lord, this is a crazy world."

"I know," said David, smiling.



"Don't be silly, dear. This isn't rustling!"

JAY IRVING



"heard about the NEW BLUE TOP *Peak Performance* SPARK PLUG?"

FOR MOTOR CARS—BUSES—TRACTORS—AND TRUCKS

AC has produced a completely new line of more durable, more efficient, wider heat range, higher quality spark plugs which deliver *peak performance* under even the most difficult conditions. In perfecting these plugs, AC combined every important basic improvement developed in 28 years of leadership with many new and thoroughly tested features of design and construction.

This new AC Blue Top Spark Plug is engineered and built to meet today's fuel, engine, and driving conditions. It gives more gasoline economy, more dependability, and longer service. And this is true whether the Blue Top is used in passenger cars, buses, tractors, or trucks.

The Blue Top costs more, of course. *But it's worth more!* And, if you want peak performance and economy, you'll *insist* upon AC Blue Top plugs. You can identify them instantly by the Blue Top insulator and the Blue Top package.

For better engine performance, get a set—today!

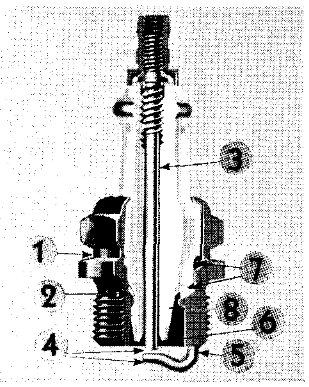
EXCLUSIVE QUALITY FEATURES OF AC BLUE TOP CONSTRUCTION

1. NEW, EXCLUSIVE, ONE-PIECE, HEAT-SEALED CONSTRUCTION—heat shrinks the steel shell around the insulator shoulder, producing a single unit which is 100 per cent compression tight. This prevents "blow-by," and assures greater gas economy, better engine performance, and longer plug life.

2. TWO-STEP, SPECIAL COPPER ALLOY SEALING GASKET—in conjunction with the Heat Sealing—moulds itself around the insulator shoulder and makes the compression tightness permanent.

3. IMPROVED CENTER ELECTRODE CONSTRUCTION assures a gas-tight center bore, improves electrical and thermal efficiency, and relieves the insulator of breaking stresses which single electrodes set up.

4. NEW ISOVOLT ELECTRODES greatly prolong the plug life because they allow a low voltage spark to leave the metal, and jump the gap, easily. Promote easy starting, also.



5. WELDED SIDE ELECTRODE assures maximum conductivity of heat away from the spark gap, thus prolonging plug life.

6. UNGLAZED, HEAT-BALANCED INSULATOR TIP prevents encrustation by preventing fluxing of glaze with the oxide which combustion deposits on the insulator.

7. TWO-STEP INSULATOR for extreme operating conditions.

8. EXTRA WIDE HEAT RANGE assures peak performance at all speeds.

—*had your* PLUGS CLEANED *lately?*

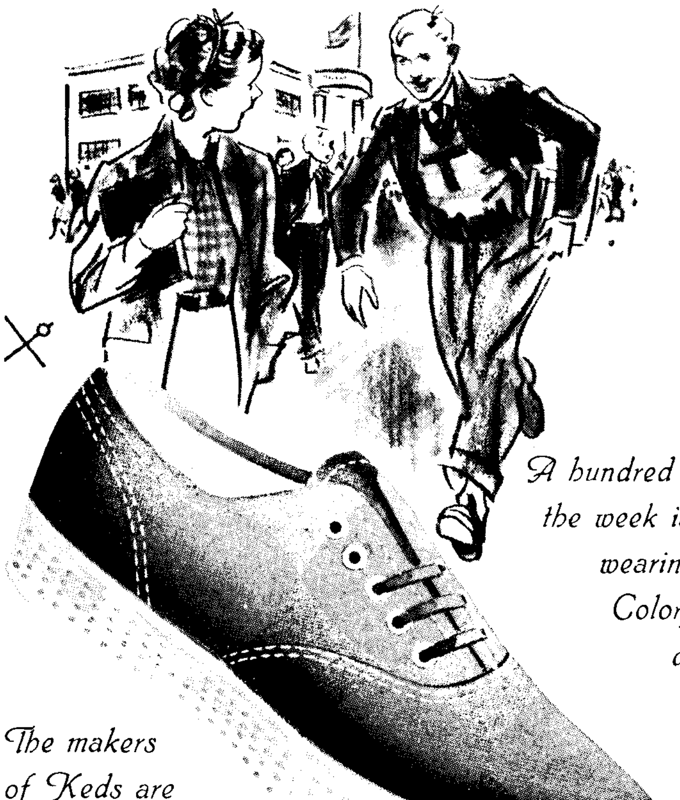
Why let dirty spark plugs steal 10 per cent of the gas you buy—and cause hard starting and loss of power? Get your plugs cleaned by the AC Method—while you wait—5c each—wherever you see this sign.

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD
REGISTERED
AC
SPARK PLUG
CLEANING STATION
BLUE TOP DEALER

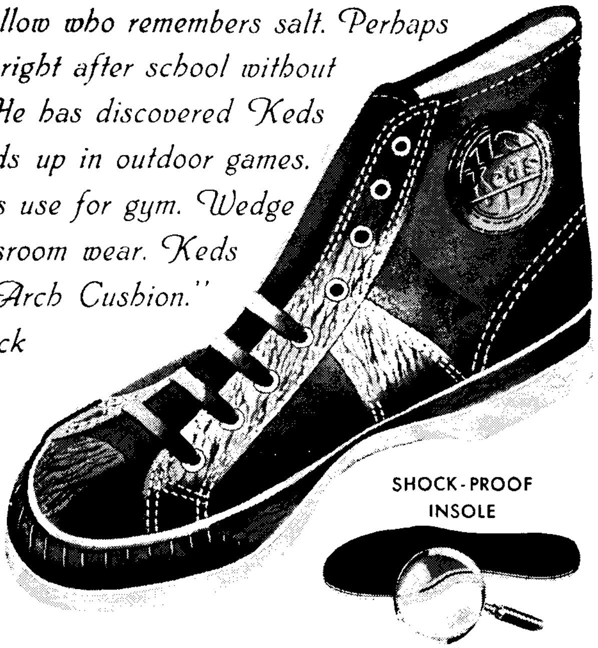
AC DEALERS!

The AC Blue Top line is a consolidation and improvement of the AC Long Life, Tractor, Heat Range, and Universal lines. Thus, it includes by type and size, for the service each type is to give, the outstanding features of each line. This greatly reduces the number of types you need to carry, and enables you to service all types of engines with positive customer satisfaction.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation*
FLINT, MICHIGAN

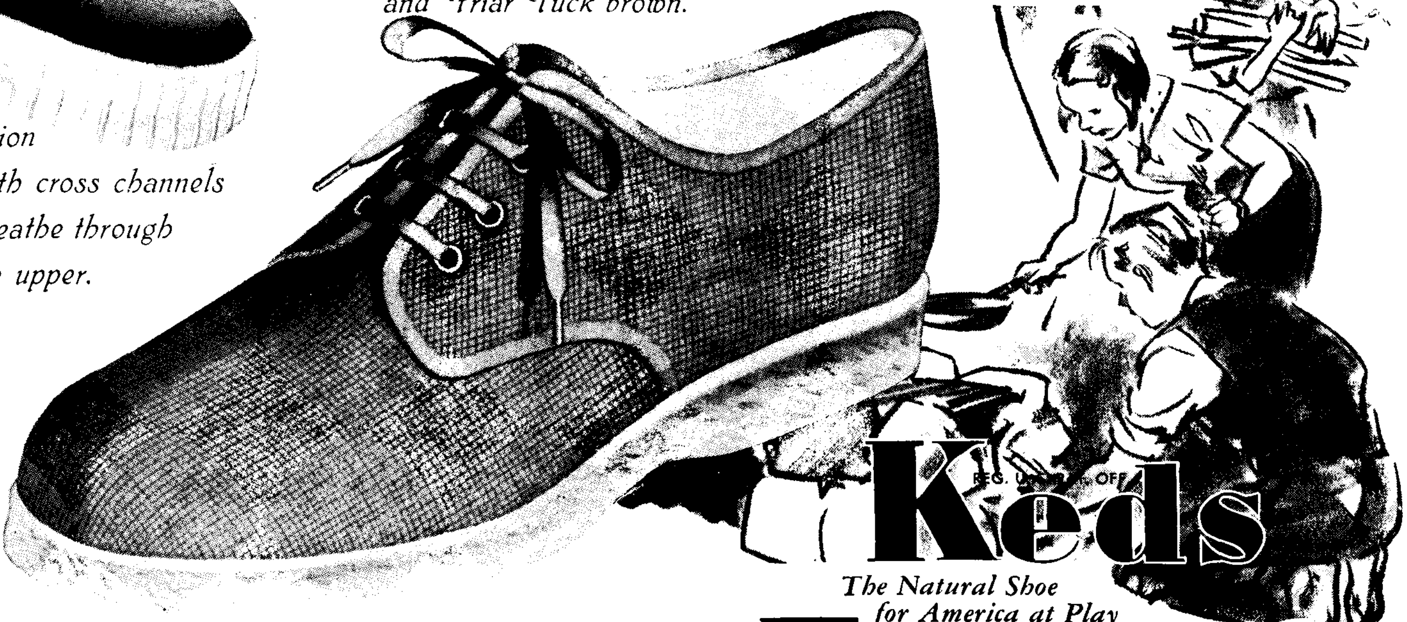


Every steak fry has its hero—the fellow who remembers salt. Perhaps he's the tireless hiker who's ready right after school without detouring for special equipment. He has discovered Keds Double Duty, husky shoe that stands up in outdoor games. White non-marking sole permits its use for gym. Wedge heel and extension sole suggest classroom wear. Keds "Scientific Last." Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion." Cushioned heel seat. Brown or black with white trimming.



A hundred yard dash to overtake the gal of the week is pretty impressive if the sprinter is wearing a pair of Keds Yeoman oxfords. Colorful uppers of soft, porous tire duck. A deep layer of ground cork makes the thick sole cool and featherweight. "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole. Nottingham blue, Alan-a-Dale blue, Horn white, Will Scarlet red, and Friar Tuck brown.

The makers of Keds are always giving a guy something worth showing off. This time it's air-pump action in the new Ventilating Sole with cross channels constructed to make the foot breathe through the sole as well as through the upper. Navy blue or white. White, non-marking crepe type soles. Perforations for ventilating make an interesting pattern on the wide white foxing. Keds "Scientific Last" and "Shock-Proof" insole.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

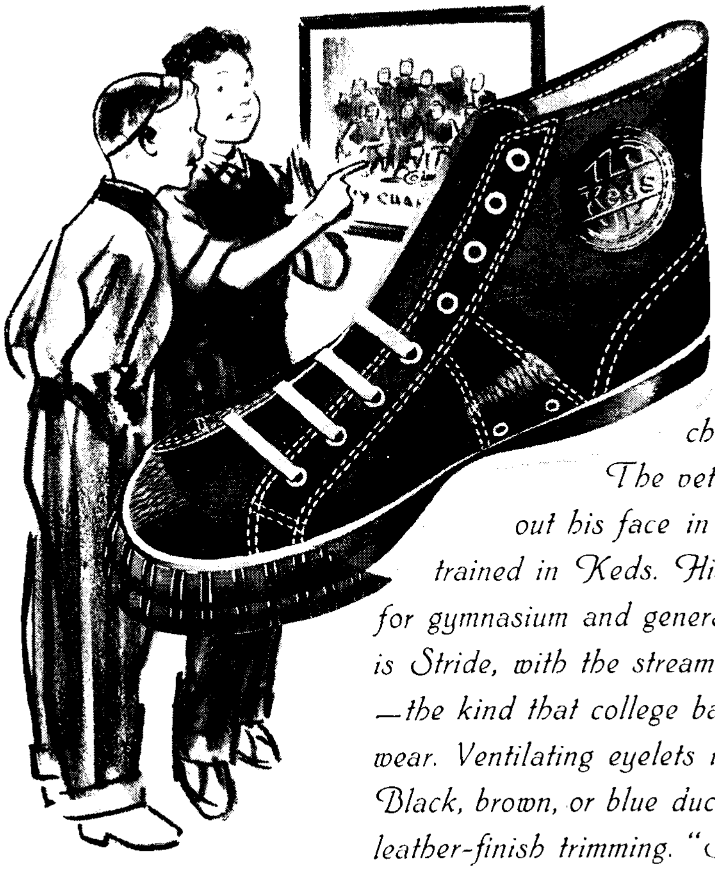
Keds

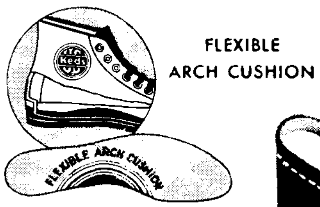
The Natural Shoe for America at Play

United States Rubber Company

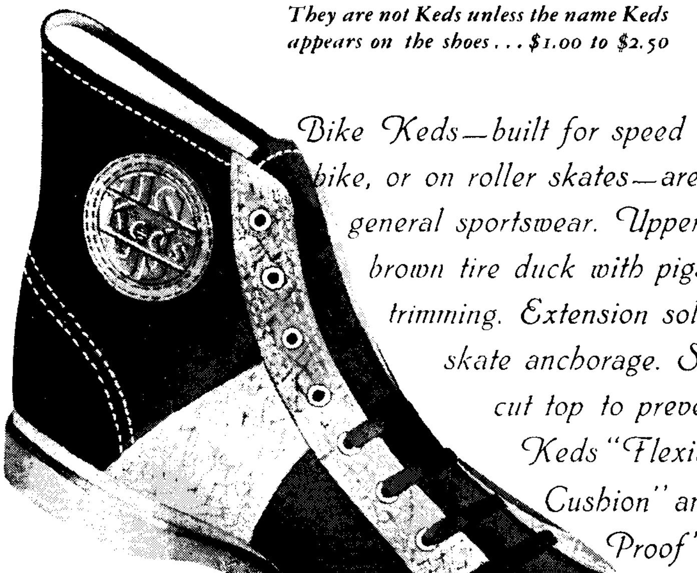
United States Rubber Products, Inc.,
1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes . . . $1.00 to $2.50





That's how champions look. The veteran pointing out his face in the back row trained in Keds. His present choice for gymnasium and general outdoor wear is Stride, with the stream-line-cut top—the kind that college basketball players wear. Ventilating eyelets in shanks. Black, brown, or blue duck with crushed-leather-finish trimming. "Shock-Proof" insole. Molded type outsole.



Bike Keds—built for speed on foot, on bike, or on roller skates—are ideal for general sportswear. Uppers of heavy brown tire duck with pigskin-like trimming. Extension sole for roller skate anchorage. Stream-line-cut top to prevent binding. Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" and "Shock-Proof" insole.

SCIENTIFIC LAST

Six Golden Angels

Continued from page 22

"Here are three answers," said Ryder. "What about the rest?"

"Mrs. Claussen slammed the door in the face of the messenger after she had said 'No.' Marene Sutherland was completely prostrated and could not be seen by anyone. Miss Leslie Carton was not at home."

"Not at home?" demanded Ryder.

"Not at home, sir."

"It doesn't matter," said Ryder. "From the whole six I collect a zero. What do you make of that, Martin?"

"The American woman is a person of high spirit, sir," said Martin, and bowed so low that his face could not be seen.

Ryder sent Martin to bed and went back into the room with the dead man to sit again long enough to mark the slow drifting of the stars in the sky. Afterward he stepped into the hall to listen to the house and savor the air, then he passed the circling well of the stairs to the study and pushed the door open.

As though the edge of the door had knocked a spark out of the darkness, a faint bright streak that might have been an optical illusion crossed his eyes. He shut the door softly behind him. He found the light switch at the right but before he turned it, he squatted on his heels.

THE flare of the lights showed him nothing except the polished gleam of the desk and the meadow-green softness of the rug, but a thin fragrance hung in the air and it was this that made him stand up and stalk the desk with care. At the right of it he found a crouching figure in black velvet.

"Well?" said Ryder, and Marene Sutherland stood up before him. The velvet hood slipped away from the crumpled red-gold of her hair and in the hollow of her throat a short emerald pendant trembled between dark and bright.

"Sit down," said Ryder.

She fumbled for a chair and slid into it without taking her eyes from him.

"I'm not going to call the police. Do you want a drink?" asked Ryder.

"No," she whispered.

He offered a cigarette, which she took without being able to drop her eyes from him.

"When you feel up to talking, say so," remarked Ryder, and began to walk up and down the floor, his steps making a hushing sound on the thick of the rug.

"I'll try now," said she.

He stamped out his cigarette in an ashtray and sat on the edge of the desk, looking down at his folded hands.

She said: "I had to come back. There's something here that John wouldn't have wanted anyone to find."

Ryder did not move or speak until the silence had a pulse in it. Then he remarked without looking up: "I don't want to make this hard for you; and I can't tell what questions I should ask. Take your time. Are you sure you don't want a drink to brace you?"

"Will you look at me?" she asked.

He lifted his eyes and she shrank from them but then steadied at once. Her fingers busily strangled and smoothed and strangled again a little velvet purse.

"There's a diamond bracelet," she said. "He gave it to me . . . then things went very badly and I had to ask John for more help . . . he gave me the help . . . but he said that I had to be more businesslike . . . and he took back the bracelet when he gave me the loan because he said that I would have to leave it in pawn until . . . until . . ."

She was unable to talk any more. Her eyes took a frightened desperate hold of his.

"Then I think we'd better find the bracelet, don't you?" said Ryder.

She cried out: "Do you mean it, Mr. Ryder? . . . Everybody would recognize it. And if it were found among his things. . . ."

"We don't want that, do we?" asked Ryder. "Ordinary gossip is bad enough but printed gossip kills a man's reputation; they'd print this. You start on the right-hand drawers and I'll start on the left."

HE MADE a good deal of noise rustling the papers but not sufficient to cover the sound of her panting and then a gasp as she started up with an old brown leather case between her hands. When she opened it, the whole inside was a white welter of fire. She held it for him to inspect the incrustation of big brilliants but, instead, he looked only at her begging eyes.

"If I were you, I'd take it right home," said Ryder.

"Do you mean . . ." she gasped.

"It's all right," said Ryder.

"God bless you!" cried Marene Sutherland.

"I could do with a blessing or two," smiled Ryder. "Shall I see you out?"

"Wouldn't it be better not?"

"I'll stay here, then. By the way, do you happen to have that dinner favor, the little golden angel, with you?"

"I left it at home. I'm so sorry. Do you want it?"

"It doesn't matter. But how did you manage to get into the penthouse?"

"You know—I have a key—"

"Oh, have you?" asked Ryder. "Well, that explains. Good night."

She took the hand he held out and said: "I wish . . . I wish . . ." Then she fled away into the hall.

Ryder turned out the lights and sat down behind the desk again. He rested his face on the flat of his hand, blinding his eyes; but when he tried to think, a thousand pictures and sounds poured back over his memory. The jerk of his head as he nodded into sleep roused him again, guiltily, with a sense that time had slipped suddenly past him. He had reached for a cigarette when that glint of light on the knob of the door went out; the door opened with a gradually sighing sound; and the lights were snapped on by tall Eric Claussen with his topcoat open and his silk hat tilted far back on his head.

The sight of Ryder knocked the breath out of him with a grunt. He jerked out a heavy old army automatic with a suddenness that made his whole body crouch, and his long face twisted as he sighted down the barrel.

LOUISA
L Reynolds

"Even at a time like this you have to think of something silly!"

L. REYNOLDS

"Get your hands up, Ryder," he directed.

Ryder lifted them as he rose from the chair.

"Out here away from the desk," said Claussen.

RYDER stepped out into the center of the floor.

"Go ahead with the desk, if that's what you want," said Ryder. "Nothing of mine is in it."

"You're the new generation, calm and cool and sure, eh?" said Claussen. "I'd like to tell you what the older generation think of the young rats that crawl around the face of the earth today."

"But you're not so old yourself, are you?" asked Ryder. "Not much over thirty. Not very much, are you?"

"I don't know just what I'm going to do with you," said Claussen, "but I'll register a few points before I decide. I want to speak about your high head and the sneer you carry around with you. D'you think that looks European and distinguished? It only makes you a pain in the neck. Are you getting this? In the company tonight you looked like a selling plater with stake horses."

"Yes, I thought you were all running for money," nodded Ryder.

"You thought we were what?"

"You're about thirty-two and a hundred and ninety pounds," said Ryder. "You're not too old and you're not too small for me to hit, so here it is, Claussen."

He stepped in with his left foot and dropped his right fist on the chin of Claussen. The automatic jerked up, but without exploding. Ryder hit again with the same hand, a little straight, stabbing punch. Afterward he took Claussen under the armpits and dragged him to a chair into which he allowed the long body to slump. The silk hat did not fall off but leaned at a drunken forward angle. Ryder picked the gun out of nerveless fingers. He stooped to look at the unseeing eyes, then left the study, locked the door on the outside, and went upstairs to Martin's room.

When he entered and turned on the light, Martin sat up in bed and reached under the pillow.

"It's all right," said Ryder. "I have a guest downstairs that I want you to talk to. Put on slippers and a bathrobe and come along."

A NICHE had been hollowed into the wall and in the niche hung a gilded crucifix. Ryder glanced at the tortured body before he stepped into the hall to wait. Martin came out almost at once, smoothing down a forelock.

"I have brought a gun, sir," he said, looking at the weapon in Ryder's hand.

"Oh, this thing?" said Ryder, with a casual start. "Take this, too. We won't be needing guns. . . . The poor fool left the safety catch on. A grown man, too, Martin. Otherwise the police might be wanting him for murder."

When he unlocked the door of the study, Martin said: "Let me go first, sir!"

But Ryder shook his head and thrust the door open. Claussen, half hanging out the window, jerked himself back into the room as the two entered.

"Our friend Claussen, as you see," said Ryder. "Tell me about him, Martin, will you?"

"Is that a command, sir?" asked Martin.

"Absolutely," answered Ryder.

"Oh, damn all this," broke out Claussen. "I want five minutes alone with you, Ryder."

"I don't think you'd last that long," said Ryder. "But go ahead, Martin. Tell me about this fellow, will you?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Claussen," said Martin.

Claussen snatched a cigarette out of the tray on the desk and lighted it.

Martin began: "Mr. Claussen is a very talented man. He is a mind-reader, sir. He can tell by a face what woman will lend him money and which jockey can be bribed to pull a horse. So he gets on very well in the world, of course."

Claussen, breathing out a great volume of smoke, barely glanced at Martin.

"Do you want to hear this sort of dirt?" asked Claussen, "or will you talk with me alone?"

"I don't want to be alone with you, and I don't think *you* want it, either," said Ryder.

NEW *"SUPER-DUTY"* FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

Cuts Current Cost to the Bone!

PERFORMS ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES YOU NEED FOR COMPLETE HOME REFRIGERATION, *and Proves it!*

PROOF 1
GREATER ICE-ABILITY

Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! At last, the refrigerator that instantly releases all ice trays—*and all cubes from every tray,* with the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! Also freezes more *pounds* of ice—faster . . . and stores 100% more ice-cubes ready for use! Most complete ICE SERVICE ever known.

PROOF 2
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New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old-fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space *up in front.* And Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.

FREEZING ZONE
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DANGER ZONE
FOOD SAFETY INDICATOR

PROOF 3
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Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment—*proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables . . . EXTRA Cold for meats . . . FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.

5-Year Protection Plan
FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PROOF 4
GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit. This, together with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.

Cuts
Current Cost

PROOF 5
GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE

Meter-Miser

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

Meet the Meter-Miser! You see its lower operating cost *proved* by an electric meter *before you buy!* The Meter-Miser does Super-Duty at an amazing saving because it's the *simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built* . . . Only 3 moving parts, *including* the motor . . . permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt. Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

● This year women want *Completeness* in the refrigerator they buy.

They're not satisfied with merely one or two features that *seem* attractive. They demand *Proof* of All Five Basic Services needed in every kitchen. This year smart buyers want a *complete* Ice Service . . . a *complete* Storage Service . . . *complete* Food Protection . . . *complete* Dependability . . . and *miserly* operating cost . . . all in one refrigerator!

That's why the new *"Super-Duty"* Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser is the sensational leader today. It offers completeness never before known in home refrigeration! Now you can see Proof of amazing ability to serve you—Proof that lifts Frigidaire above all others and makes it the "buy of a lifetime" in home refrigeration!

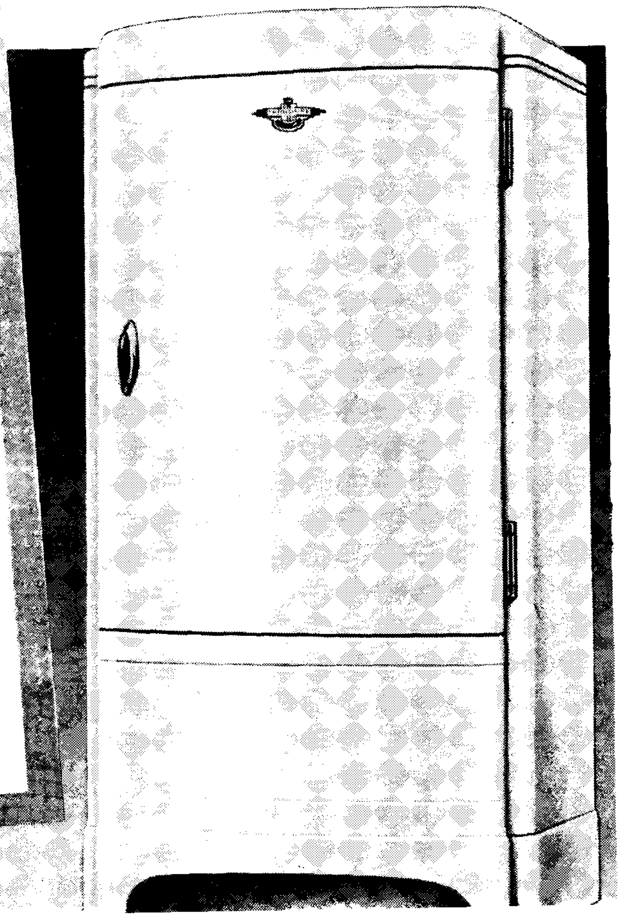
Thousands Buy on Proof!

Don't fail to see the "eye-opening" demonstration now going on at your nearest Frigidaire Dealer's store. It's the sure way to get full 1937 value.

See for yourself the Proof of *every one* of the Five Basic Services. Observe how Frigidaire excels in ice-making, ice-storing and ice-removing. Test the marvelous flexibility of its 9-Way Adjustable Interior that makes magic roominess for bulky packages without crowding or jamming. Frigidaire's wonderful Service-ability will delight you! And its miserly use of current, together with safe food protection even in the hottest weather, will be a source of kitchen-happiness for years to come!

See the Proof! Check up on the things you want *before you buy.* Don't be fooled by mere claims, or a few superficial "talking points." Your nearest Frigidaire Dealer is ready now to demonstrate the handsome *Super-Duty* Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. The *Proof* awaits you—today!

Buy only on Proof of Super-Duty



FRIGIDAIRE

FRIGIDAIRE . . . MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

No More "Cube-Struggle"
FLIP—
and they're out... with the new
INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE

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FRIGIDAIRE

"You're talking about that other thing, eh?" said Claussen. "Why, that was sheerest bluff, of course. The safety catch was on the entire time."

"You remembered that afterward," nodded Ryder. "Go on about him for a moment or two, Martin. I want to know what dealings he had with my uncle."

"Mr. Leggett made certain mistakes about people," said Martin. "This was one of them. He was beginning to pay for the mistake before the end. A few days ago he sent a very crisp note to Mr. Claussen asking for an immediate payment of some old debts."

"A lie, of course," said Claussen.

"How do you know that?" asked Ryder.

"I delivered the note, sir."

"Did you open it on the way?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"You made a habit of opening my uncle's mail?"

"Yes, sir, unless it was sealed with wax."

"You haven't anything in that desk such as I O U's, or any mementos like that, have you?" asked Ryder of Claussen.

"Not a scrap," said Clausssen.

"No notes?" asked Ryder.

"Not a shade of anything," said Claussen.

"There were notes up to sixty-five thousand dollars," said Martin.

"Out the window, perhaps?" suggested Ryder.

Martin shook his head and sniffed the air. "Don't you smell it, sir? Nothing has quite the dry smell of burned paper. Ah, and here are some of the ashes that blew in from the window over the shoulder of Mr. Claussen."

HE GOT down on his knees and gathered on a piece of paper some brittle little pieces of ash on the floor. He took them back to Ryder, saying: "There's part of a watermark on this flake, sir. There's no doubt about it at all. These are paper ashes."

"That desk is a regular pasture, isn't it?" said Ryder. "All sorts of poor devils come in and get fat off it. . . . What shall we do with this fellow, Martin?"

"Burglary and the possession of a concealed weapon; that sometimes mounts up to a good many years. I'd give him to the police, sir."

"Don't be a venomous fool, Martin," said Claussen. "I can send you up the river for ten years."

"Thank you very kindly, sir," said Martin. "It would be a pleasure to accompany you."

"Can he do what he says?" asked Ryder.

"Sir?"

"Can he send you up the river?"

"I don't doubt that he can, sir. There have been certain unfortunate moments in my past life. . . ."

"Take him down to the street and turn him loose," said Ryder.

"Monsieur, is it not foolish to be honorable with a thief?" asked Martin.

Claussen merely rubbed the little red patch at the side of his chin where the fist of Ryder had landed twice; and he considered first the valet, then the master, in silence.

"That's all," said Ryder. "But by the way, how did you get in?"

"I came in over the roof of the adjoining building."

"That would take nerve, and his knees and elbows would show the climbing," commented Martin.

"HOW did you get in?" repeated Ryder.

"As I told you."

"Think it over for a moment," suggested Ryder. "Otherwise, I'll turn you over to Martin and see what he can do with you."

Ryder walked a step or two through the room. Then Claussen said: "Well. . . . I knew that Marene Sutherland had a key to the place. When I left here, I went to her hotel. She wasn't in. When she arrived, I got the key from her."

"Oh?" said Ryder. "Just asked for it, and she turned it over to you?"

"Yes."

"You don't lie well. You really don't," said Ryder. "How did you force her to give you the key?"

"I happen to know a good deal about Marene . . ." growled Claussen.

"So you frightened her into giving up the key? Well, put it on the desk."

Claussen obeyed.

"Take him away, Martin," said Ryder. "And when you come back, look on the roof under this window and see if anything is lying there."

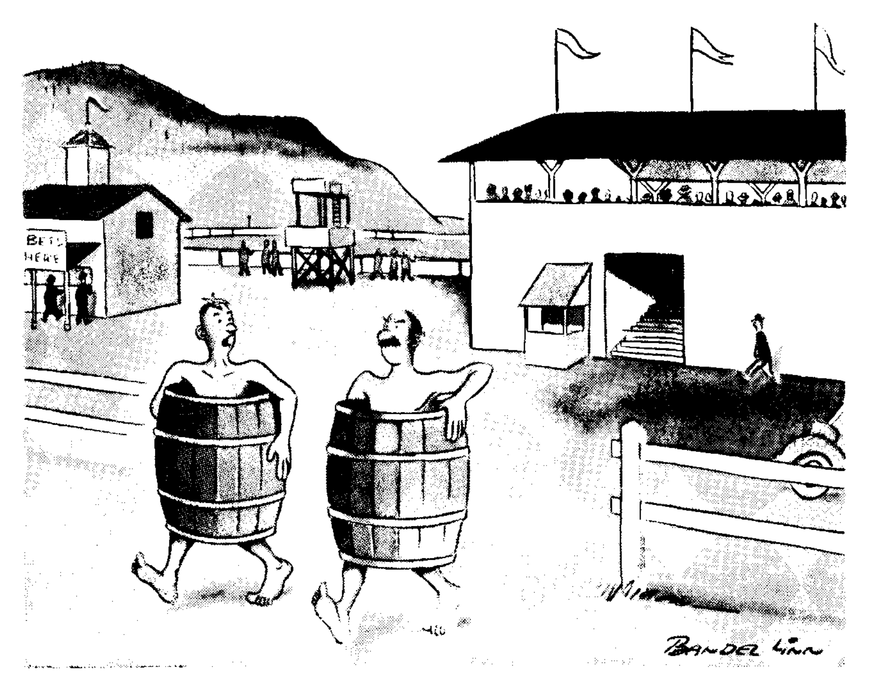
Martin nodded and went into the hall, where he waited.

Claussen, turning at the door, said over his shoulder: "You've turned out to be an interesting fellow, Ryder. Very!"

He walked down the hall with a good, brisk step, while Martin slunk like a cat behind him.

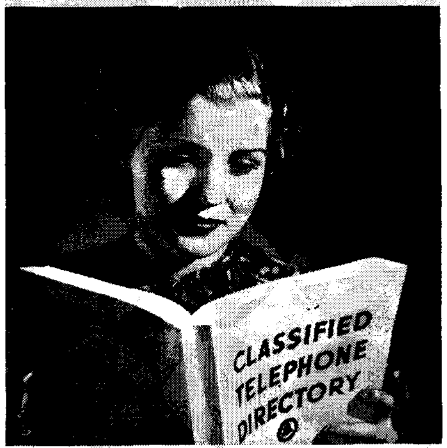
Afterward, as Ryder started to undress, Martin appeared with a report that nothing had been on the roof beneath the window.

(To be continued next week)



"I still say, that horse has promise!" BANDEL LINN

IT tells



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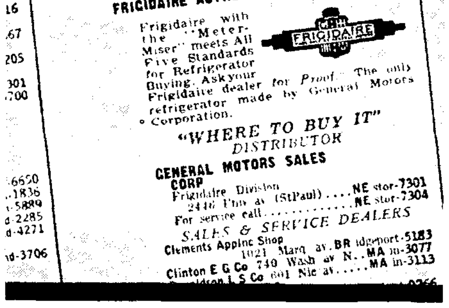

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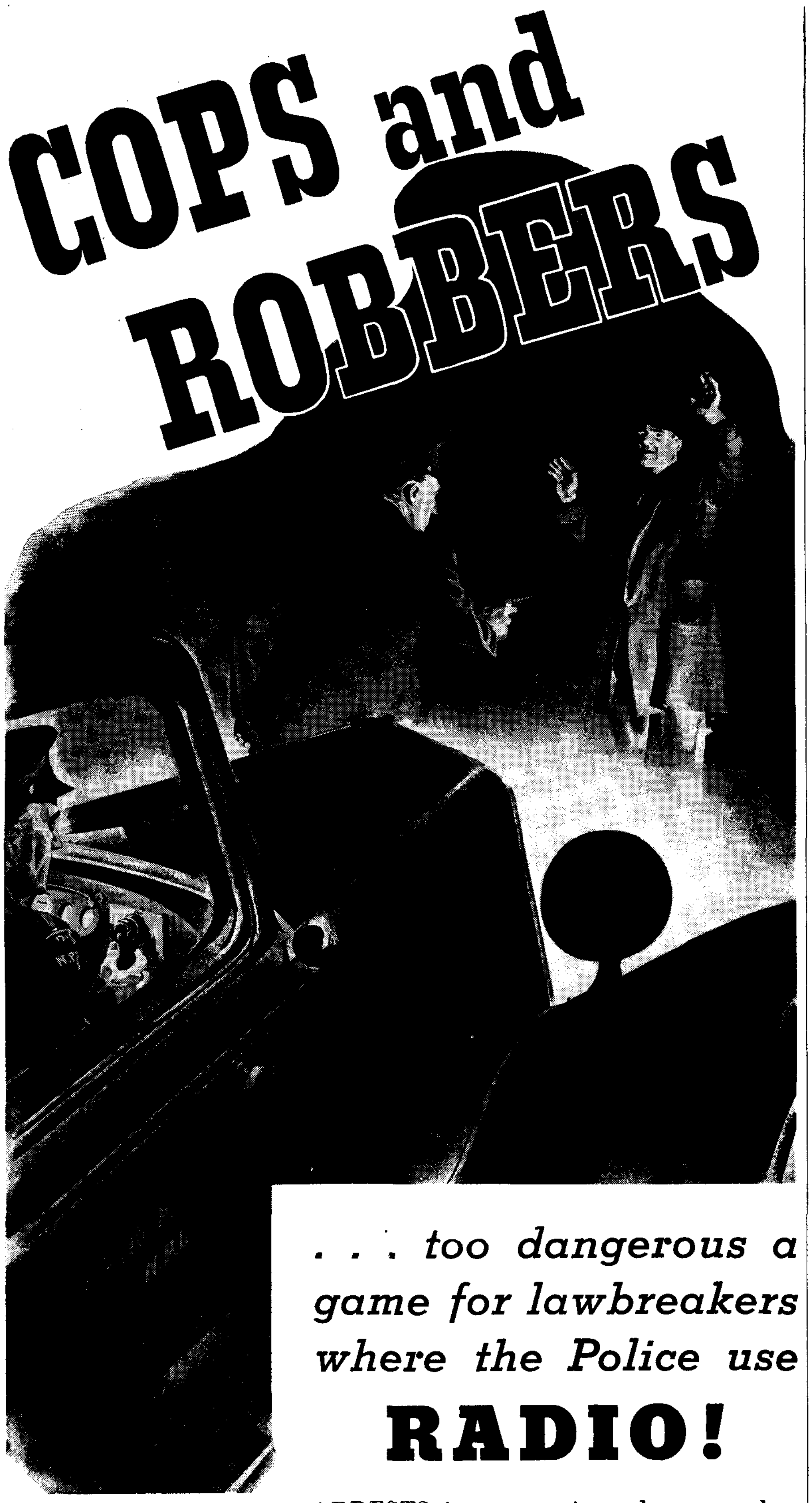

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Music Maker

Continued from page 26

as much in reveling with my friends as in composing my music!"

In another instant, though, he was again the amazing Jean Sibelius against whom age seems powerless—leaping from topic to topic, lighting up everything he touches upon, changing the subject with that breath-taking suddenness which leaves all who meet him dazed, dazzled and delighted.

All over the world Jean Sibelius is known to many thousands of music lovers as a composer of originality and tremendous elemental power; as one who, ever true to himself, indifferent to passing fads, contemptuous of self-advertising, has forged steadily onward, until today he stands among the very topmost on the list of makers of music. His works, running all the way from the easily-hummed Valse Triste to his overwhelming symphonies, are impressing themselves more and more on the consciousness of countries which, a few years ago, when they thought of musical and other forms of culture, practically ignored Finland — both the Finland which was part of the Russian Empire and the Finland which, since the end of the World War, has taken her place, full of vigorous national aspirations, among the free countries of the world.

But of Jean Sibelius the human being people outside of Finland knew little or nothing. To the Finns, however, he looms almost as large as Sibelius the composer.

They know Sibelius the composer as one who has sung, as none ever sang before him, the stirring song of Finland's fight to preserve her individuality; as the man who has molded into eloquent music Finland's yearnings and strivings; the sweat of her toil; the tears of her sufferings; the stolid response of her children to joy, their unflinching acceptance of death; the brooding beauty of her vast forests and the somber enchantment of her innumerable lakes.

And they know Sibelius the human being as one who has always been, despite growing fame, human to the core; as one who has never withdrawn himself, like so many geniuses, in haughty aloofness; as one who is just like themselves, who yields to everyday temptations and fights against them with ordinary weapons and remains always a man every inch of him—foursquare, sturdy, rugged.

No Bouquets, Please

Of late years his music has grown steadily more high-brow and puzzling, as if, with advancing age, he were hearing cries ever weirder and more unearthly from the deep forests of his native land and seeking to translate them into musical language. But this seems only to have strengthened his extraordinary hold on the affections of the Finnish people.

His fiftieth birthday, in 1915, was a national event. And for his seventieth, Finland staged a celebration such as had never been known before in all her long annals.

All over the land, the streets and squares of towns and villages were beflagged in his honor; and his picture was displayed in hundreds of windows by his proud fellow countrymen. At Helsinki, the capital, two huge orchestras, reinforced by a chorus of five hundred trained voices, played a whole series of his works.

But those in charge of the great festival could not persuade Sibelius to conduct any of his orchestral pieces. With the dislike of fuss which is ingrained in his nature he yielded up the baton to others and crawled into hiding at his home. Not until the very end of the birthday celebration would he put in an appearance; then, as a grand climax, he walked out in front of a huge audience, to receive, amid frantic applause, a laurel wreath from the hands of the president of Finland.

All through the day his admirers tried to reach him on the telephone in order to present their congratulations. But, for some mysterious reason, they could get no answer.

"Did he cut the wires?" I asked one of his friends.

"Couldn't say," he replied, "but, even if he did not, I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that he had—er—*manipulated* them in some crafty way."

The home of the Grand Old Man of Finland is at Jarvenpaa, about fifteen miles from Helsinki, close to the shore of an island-dotted lake. That is as it should be in a country which boasts around 60,000 lakes of assorted sizes, and possesses, scattered over those lakes and along its seacoast, islands in such myriads that, Finns will tell you, one community has 4,000 islands and 2,000 inhabitants—two islands for each inhabitant!

A Labor of Concentration

Sibelius' house is on a hillock which juts up abruptly from pleasant farm land. "There are too many trees around it," his daughter complained, as we approached it, "but my father refuses to allow a single one of them to be cut down."

The house is a sort of giant log cabin, with big exposed rafters in its ceilings, and big logs showing, uncovered, along its walls. For thirty years Sibelius has lived in it; for thirty years he has composed his music in his workroom, under the big beams of the roof, seeing from his windows a view of lake and forest—Finland in miniature—spread out before him.

He is stocky and broad-shouldered. His eyes are blue and bright. His head, in defiance of the unwritten laws governing the personal appearance of most musical geniuses, is as bare as an eggshell.

The most striking things about him are the furrows between his eyes. There are half a dozen of them, so deep as to seem to have been scooped out with a knife—eloquent proof of the concentration with which he has labored through half a century. He likes to wear double-breasted suits, which give him a businesslike air. Not for Jean Sibelius are the velvet jackets and flowing ties favored by those who observe the above-mentioned unwritten laws!

First it was Sibelius the composer who talked to the visitor from America:

"Many would call this place of mine ordinary, but it's good enough for me. I am not like Verner von Heidenstam, the Swedish poet, who built himself a fine villa on a lovely lake and then complained that he couldn't do good work there because everything he saw made him ashamed of everything he wrote. I have been cleverer. I have built myself a house in surroundings that are not too beautiful; therefore, when I compose my music, there is some chance of my not being ashamed of it."

In another moment it was Sibelius the human being, telling of his visit a few years ago to the United States:

"I got an honorary degree from Yale. You should have seen me! I was all dolled up. I had, on my head, one of those big, flat-topped academic caps.

When, on my return to Finland, I showed a friend a photograph of myself in all this toggery, he remarked: 'I didn't know they had made you a hussar!' "

Finns delight in telling stories that illustrate the human quality in the Grand Old Man of Finland. Once, for instance, he sallied forth with a pocketful of money, which he had set aside for buying some books. On the way to the bookshop he encountered an old woman, wretchedly dressed and haggard with misery. She held out her hand beseechingly.

"Please give me a penny!" she begged.

"Here, take this!" said the impulsive composer. And he handed her the entire sum which he had saved up for those books.

Life for Life's Sake

Not even gatherings made up entirely of musicians intent on nothing but "shop" talk can down his humanness. In describing once how he used to disappear from Helsinki some years ago, in order to spend entire days with high-brow musical enthusiasts, engrossed in the study of the works of this or that great master, he admitted—with that irresistible twinkle of the eye which is an integral part of him: "But those bouts of study usually ended in a cozy meeting around a tray of nice cool drinks!"

The Finns love his frankness. If he doesn't like somebody, he says so, without caring a snap whether that somebody is a celebrity before whom others fall flat in reverence.

Richard Wagner, for example. Jean Sibelius simply cannot endure the music of that celebrated Teutonic demigod.

"What do you think of the Meistersinger prelude?" a devout Wagnerite asked him.

"Ham and eggs!" he replied.

And when, on the day of my visit to Jarvenpaa, the conversation turned to Wagnerian operas, Sibelius remarked impatiently:

"Wagner? He is not my drink!"

Whereupon, with that sunniness of temper which never abandons him for long, he felt that he might have been too severe, so he added hastily:

"But he was a great musical genius."

Jean Sibelius was born in 1865 at Tavastehus, a short distance inland from the coast of Finland, which was at that time still under the rule of the Czar of Russia. His father was surgeon to a Russian territorial battalion. Tavastehus nestled on the edge of a bewildering labyrinth of lakes and forests—a typical Finnish town in a typical Finnish setting. From his parents the boy inherited that mixture of Finnish and Swedish blood which is characteristic of that part of Finland.

He was not good at his studies; at the Tavastehus high school he was so given to daydreaming that his teacher used to exclaim in exasperation: "Good gracious, Sibelius is again in another world!" Of those years he afterward told Karl Ekman, his biographer: "If I am asked what interested me most at school I can answer with a clear conscience: 'Nothing!' "

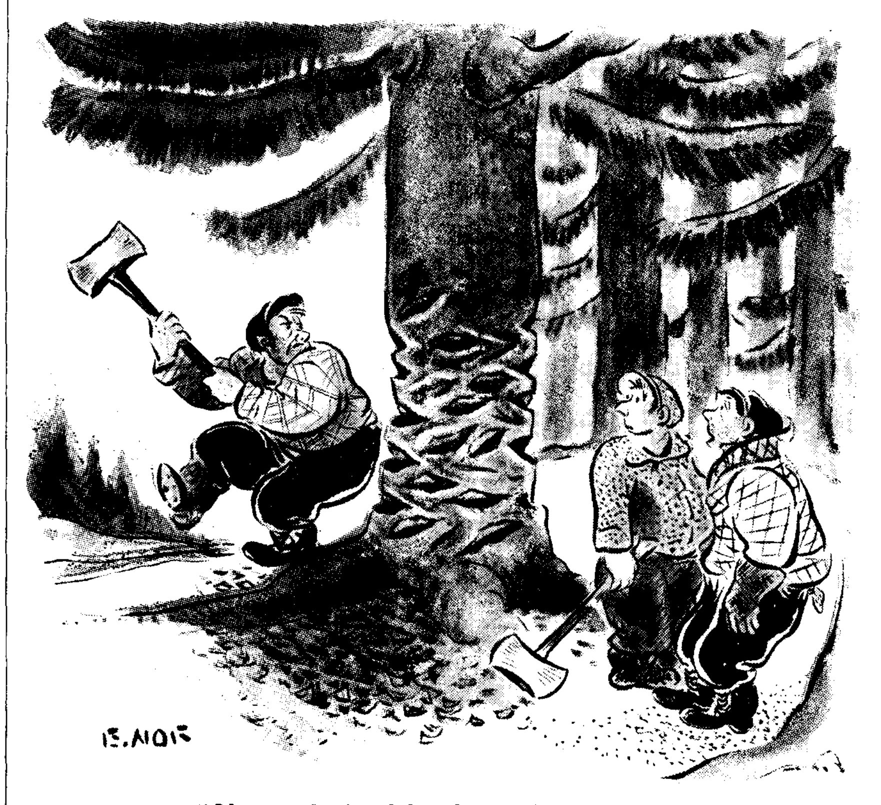
What is more, he also scorned athletic sports; he, a Finn, of the same breed as Nurmi and Kolehmainen, actually showed not the slightest interest in running foot races!

The imagination which, in his maturity, was to instill into his music all the uncanny mystery of the Finnish forests—and do it with such vividness as to make a friend of mine, a Sibelius fan in an advanced stage who sat beside me at a Sibelius concert, suddenly grip my arm and whisper in an unearthly voice: "Don't you see strange beasts writhing in torment?—don't you hear them whimper and groan?—don't you, *don't you?*"—this imagination, even in young Jean's boyhood, was strongly developed.

His family wanted him to be a lawyer; and, out of deference to their wishes, he made a try at it. But it was no use. Within a year he had given up all thought of the law to devote himself entirely to music.

He studied at Berlin and Vienna. There he lived life to the full, with a vigor and thoroughness worthy of his long line of lusty, tough-sinewed, hard-headed Finnish and Swedish ancestors. He worked and played with the same riotous zest, combining long stretches of feverish labor with mighty bouts of midnight revelry, in which, amid boisterous companions of many nationalities, ambitious plans were made and bright dreams dreamed and huge quantities of strong drink tossed down.

"Our sittings were not based on the



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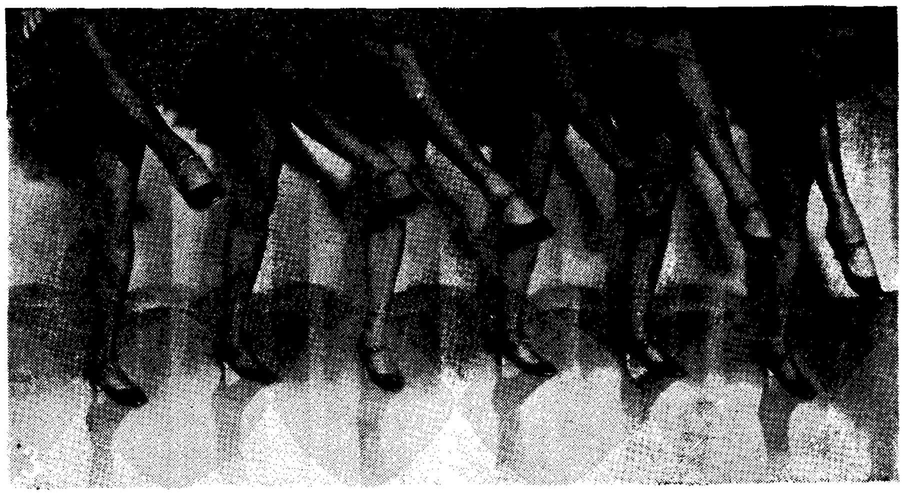

. . . glass floors. This trend is most pleasing to the Owens-Illinois Glass Company, which relies on Sinclair lubricants. Sinclair's vast experience . . .

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treasures of Bacchus to the extent that some may suppose," he said in later years. Be that as it may, temperance and solemnity had no place at the parties of those Berlin and Vienna nights, any more than they did at parties in Helsinki and Munich and other cities where Jean Sibelius later became known and beloved—as is proved by a painting made by a Finnish artist, one of his boon companions, showing him talking excitedly in the midst of a gay group of fellow roisterers, shouting at each other in a fog of tobacco smoke, with big glasses held to their lips or standing by their elbows.

In those days the sheer joy in life for life's sake which still sparkles in the eyes of seventy-two-year-old Jean Sibelius was rioting in his veins, coloring his every act.

A Stirring National Hymn

From Berlin and Vienna, Sibelius returned to his native land all on fire with the idea of setting to music the heroic story of Finland as it is set forth in the Kalevala, the Finnish national epic, and in the poems of Finnish poets who have written of their country's century-old fight to defend its individualism against Russian encroachments. At that time the Czar's government was bent on curtailing Finland's semi-autonomous status within Russia, and the Finns, their inherent racial stubbornness aroused to the utmost, had resolved, one and all, to thwart Russian leveling ambitions.

Into this conflict young Sibelius threw himself heart and soul. He composed, one after another, works which thrilled his fellow countrymen to the core of their being, swept them off their feet in wild patriotic enthusiasm.

Of these, the most famous is Finlandia. It has become Finland's unofficial national hymn. So intense is the patriotism surging through it that the Russians barred it from Finnish concert halls. It was worth more to those guiding the battle of their country for its rights than countless reams of propaganda.

Played under any condition, Finlandia is a stirring piece; when played under the direction of its composer it is unforgettable. My friend Olin Downes, music critic of the New York Times, just back from one of his regular pilgrimages to burn incense before the shrine of the master at Jarvenpaa, undertook once, while we were sitting at a sidewalk café table on the Paris boulevards, to make clear to me how Finlandia sounds when Sibelius takes hold of it.

Downes (whom, by the way, Sibelius likes enormously, because, as he puts it, "he is so excited") sawed the air with his hands, while passers-by stared and waiters raised startled eyebrows; and, as a climax to an impassioned descriptive outburst, with eyes shooting flame and fist crashing down on my knee, he shouted:

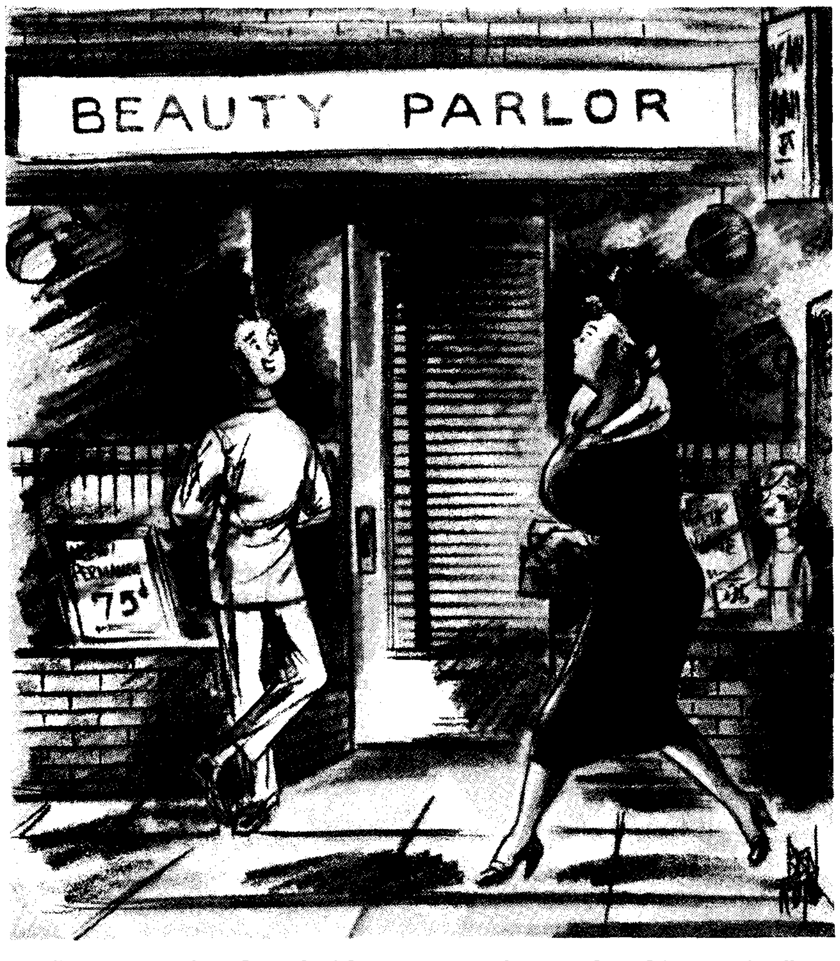
"Gosh! Believe me, that *was* an experience! Think of it!—four hundred concertgoers, all sophisticated, all blasé and supercritical, leaping to their feet, every one of them, and climbing onto the backs of their chairs, yelling like lunatics! And why shouldn't they? Hadn't Sibelius and Finlandia just given them the shock of their lives?"

When my talk with Jean Sibelius was over, he accompanied me to the door of his house. As he crossed the threshold he caught sight of the chauffeur who had taxied me from Helsinki. At once he strode forward, hand outstretched in cordial greeting. The chauffeur, proudly straightening his shoulders, grasped the hand in his.

"How goes it?"

"Okay, Professor Sibelius."

As the taxi whirled away toward Helsinki, I could not help wondering how often that chauffeur—and many another—had brought the Grand Old Man of Finland homeward along that stretch of road, in the silence of the small hours, and bade him good night on his doorstep, reverently and affectionately, while treetops of Jarvenpaa rustled and the surface of its lake whitened in the first pale light of the dawn.



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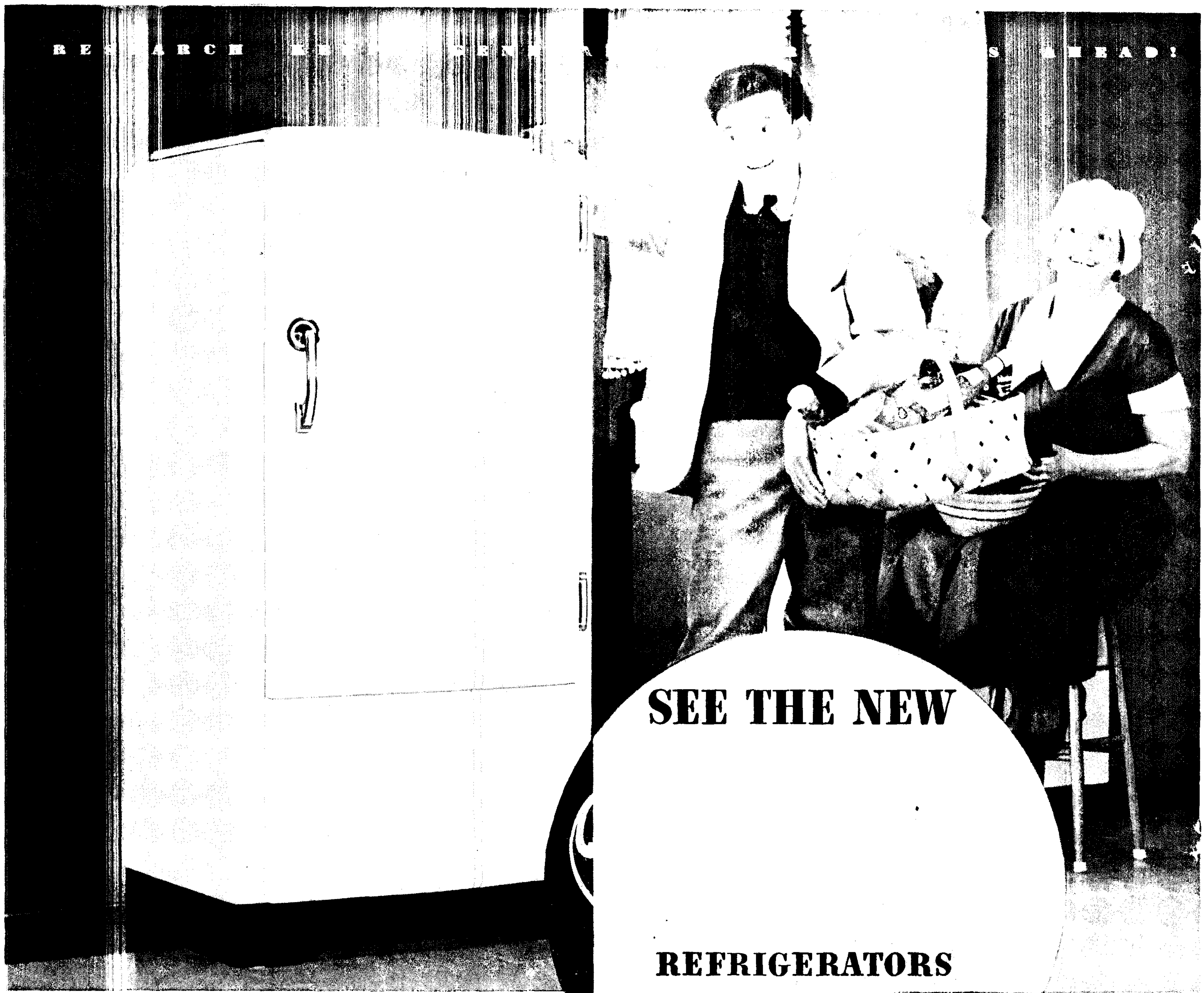
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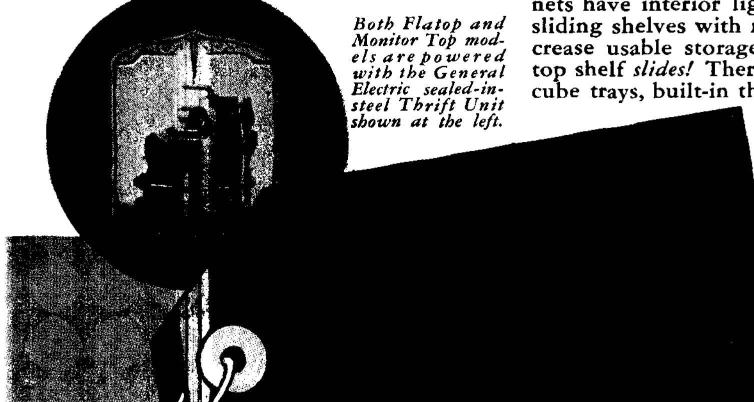
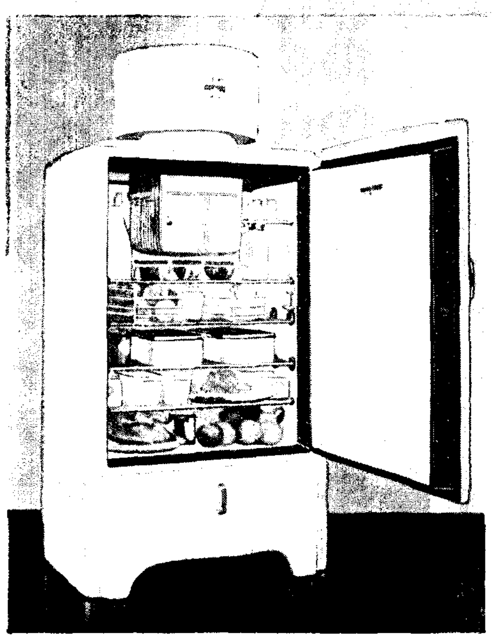


Both Flatop and Monitor Top models are powered with the General Electric sealed-in-steel Thrift Unit shown at the left.



You will find every proved convenience in the new General Electric Triple-Thrift Refrigerator. Both Flatop and Monitor Top models are available in sizes and prices to fit your needs exactly.

You'll Always Be Glad You Bought a General Electric!

[illegible]NERAL ELECTRIC

TRIPLE-THRIFT REFRIGERATORS

Visiting Team

Continued from page 19

were knocking off the pennant contenders with abandon. They played to a Sunday crowd of fifty thousand in Chicago (the famous day when Bonura tied the score with a ninth-inning home run at the same moment Bill Summers, the umpire, was being floored and almost destroyed by a pop bottle from the stands); played to over sixty thousand in four weekdays at Detroit (a great midweek outpouring for any park); and ended with a 63,906 mob at a Cleveland Sunday game in the Municipal Stadium.

"The visiting team gets twenty-two cents of every ticket sold, whether grandstand or bleachers," said Mark Roth, so it might be figured that traveling can also be profitable.

Traveling in Style

Things are soft for the ballplayers these days. In the Yanks' clubhouse a sign is posted during the course of the series, telling when the team leaves town, on what train, what time the personal baggage must be in the lobby of the hotel and where they're stopping in the next town. On the last day of the series, each player is given a slip relating the same information all over again and adding the number of his train berth. They don't get tickets; just that slip with the information. The rest is all attended to. The Yankees travel in three Pullmans, two for the ball team, one for the sports writers. Everybody has either a lower berth, a compartment or drawing room (Joe McCarthy gets that). Except on rare occasions the wives stay home.

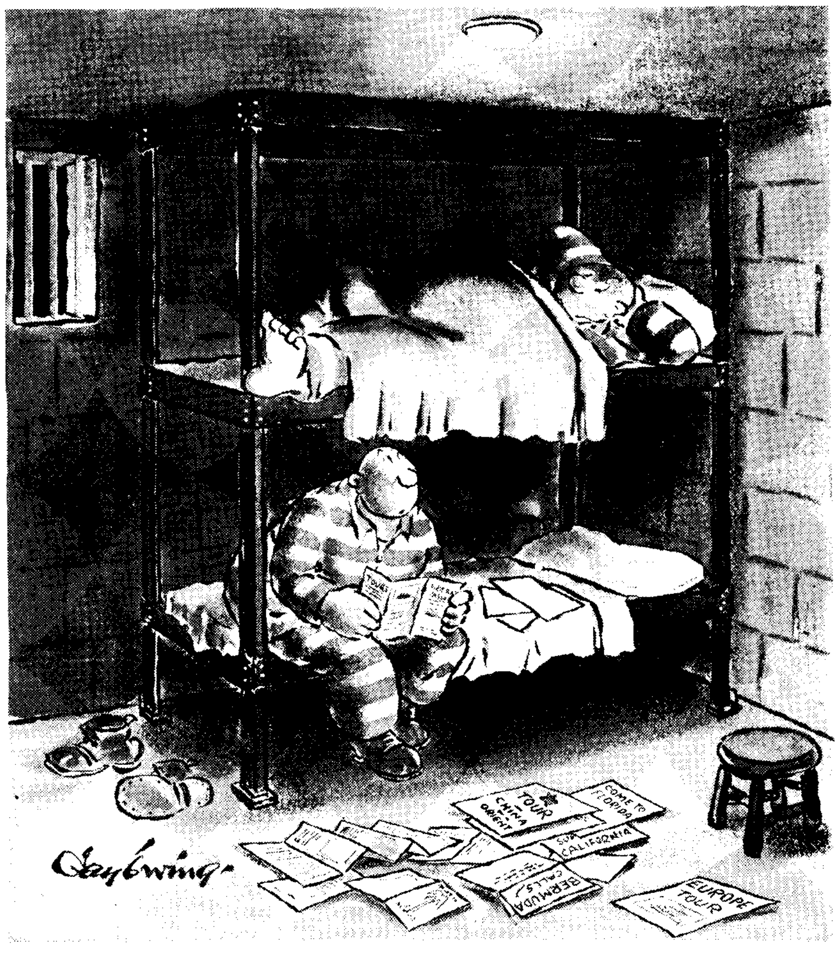
"It wasn't always like that," said Mark Roth. "I can remember the days when the team, going to St. Louis, for example, never knew until the train got in what hotel it was going to be. The manager would go through and say, 'We're at the Southern this time.' The players carried their own uniforms and bats in what was called a uniform roll. It would be around eight o'clock in the morning when the train got in and the players with their suitcases and uniform rolls would crowd onto an Olive Street car with the people going to work and finally get up to the hotel. Then they'd sit around while the manager signed the register and sit around some more till the chambermaids got through making up their rooms. It generally took about two hours to get straightened out, but nobody ever kicked."

In the old days they often sent a star pitcher on in advance to the next town so he would be rested for an important series, but that has been stopped. Too often the gentleman rested less than he caroused and the trainer would have to slap him back into consciousness when the team reached town.

On the Yanks, Joe DiMaggio is developing nicely as a lobby sitter. He's one of the Bob Meusel school, which adopted the custom of saying hello when arriving at the training camp and goodby when departing after the World Series, and nothing in between. When sufficiently pressed, Joe will venture a yes or no, but beyond that he rarely commits himself. However, he has a fine stance in a leather chair and can powder that apple at the plate and nobody is insisting that he take up elocution.

Ballplayers on all big-league teams, even the tail-enders, travel in style these days. The dark era when they lived in boardinghouses down alleys like stray burlesque troupes is gone.

"For years," said Mark Roth, "the clubs used to give the players three dollars a day for meals, but they had to stop that because the monkeys were eating at dog wagons and saving the difference. Instead of good ballplayers,

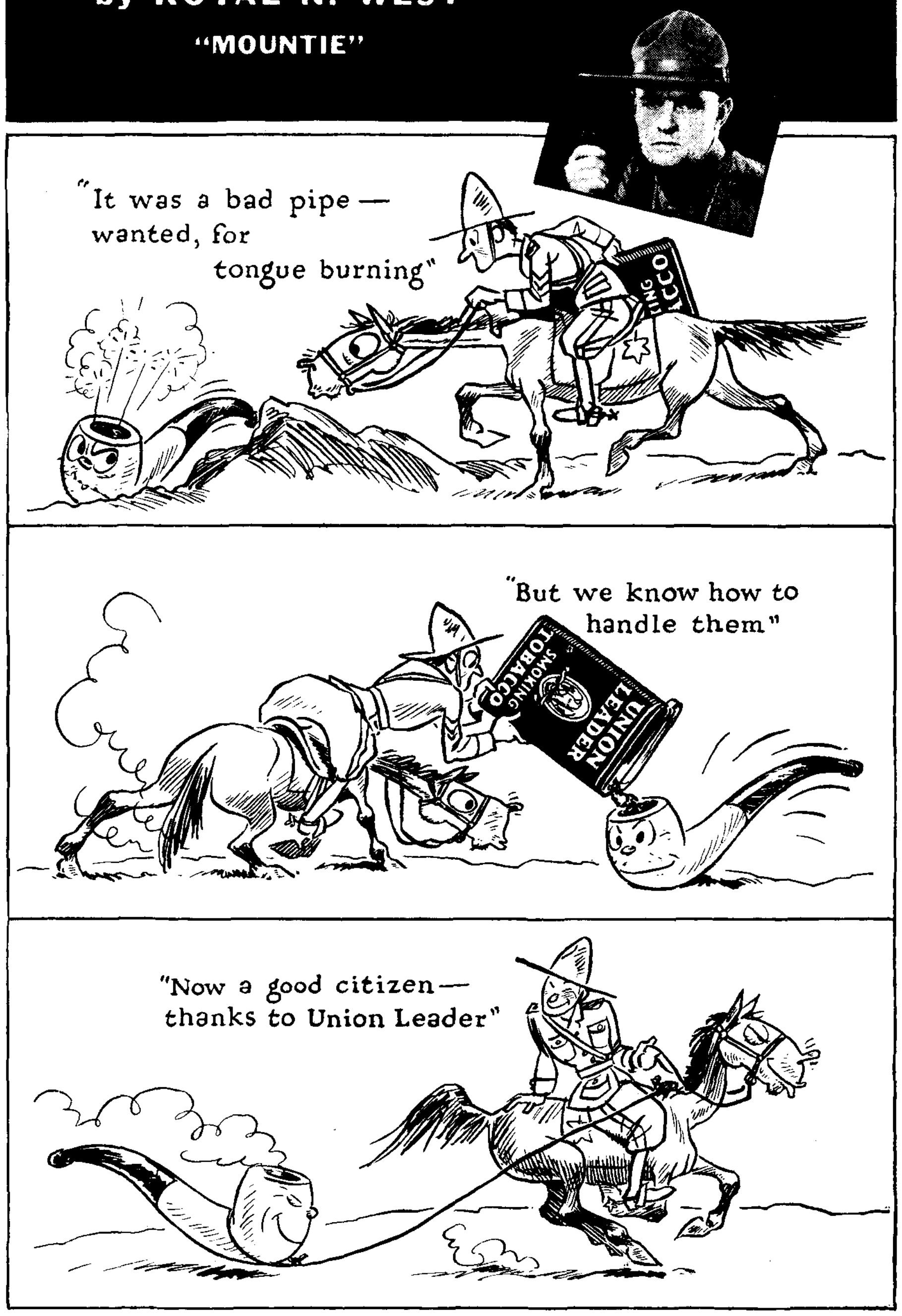


"Eddie, what's a itinerary?"

JAY IRVING

"How I Reformed an Outlaw Pipe"

by ROYAL N. WEST
"MOUNTIE"

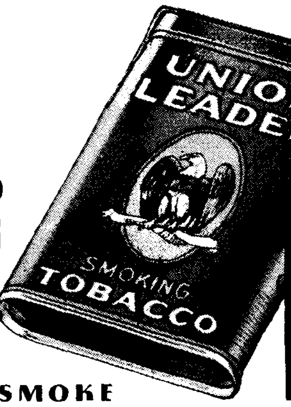

"It was a bad pipe — wanted, for tongue burning"
"But we know how to handle them"
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
"Now a good citizen — thanks to Union Leader"

You too, can be a Pipe-Tamer

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

If a bad-acting pipe is "putting the heat" on your tongue, here's how to cool it, quick! Even reckless *young* pipes become law-abiding, when fed on Union Leader. It's the soothing effect of that fine, selected Kentucky Burley—fully ripened, expertly cured, and *aged-in-wood.* That's what makes Union Leader's blissful blend of rich flavor and cool smoothness, with never a bit of bite! Apply at any tobacconist's for this old reliable pipe-pacifier, at the astonishing price of only a *dime!* (Swell for cigarettes, too.)

UNION LEADER 10¢



Copyright, 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

we were getting advanced cases of ptomaine poisoning."

Now each player on the Yanks gets a meal allowance of four dollars a day, but it must be spent in the hotel where the team is stopping. All he has to do is sign the check.

The players get up late, have a heavy breakfast, very little lunch (if any), and a whale of a dinner (almost always a steak). The way they get back to the hotel after a game is something to startle the uninitiated. If you've been to the game as a spectator, you can dash out of the park after the game, grab a taxi—and find that the players are halfway through their meals when you get back to the dining room.

It Used to Be Different

The Yanks carry six big trunks for their equipment on the road. There is one for valuables, which is really a safety deposit vault. Each player has a compartment and his own key, and that's where he keeps his money and the crown jewels when he's on the field. There is another trunk for Doc Painter and his supplies, and four trunks for uniforms and bats. Each player has a tray which holds his stuff. They have two sets of road uniforms, wearing one while the other is being dry-cleaned.

Joe McCarthy shakes his head in astonishment at modern science.

"It wasn't like that in my day in Louisville. We had only one uniform and we lugged it ourselves. After playing Kansas City at 110 in the shade, we'd start for Milwaukee to play a double-header next day. We'd get to Chicago in the morning and hustle over to catch the train for Milwaukee. Our suits would be soggy with perspiration and filthy with dirt. What we did was hang them out of the train window, clamp the window down hard and dry them that way. Used to scare the farmers along the way half to death—those sleeves and shirttails flapping along in the wind at fifty miles an hour."

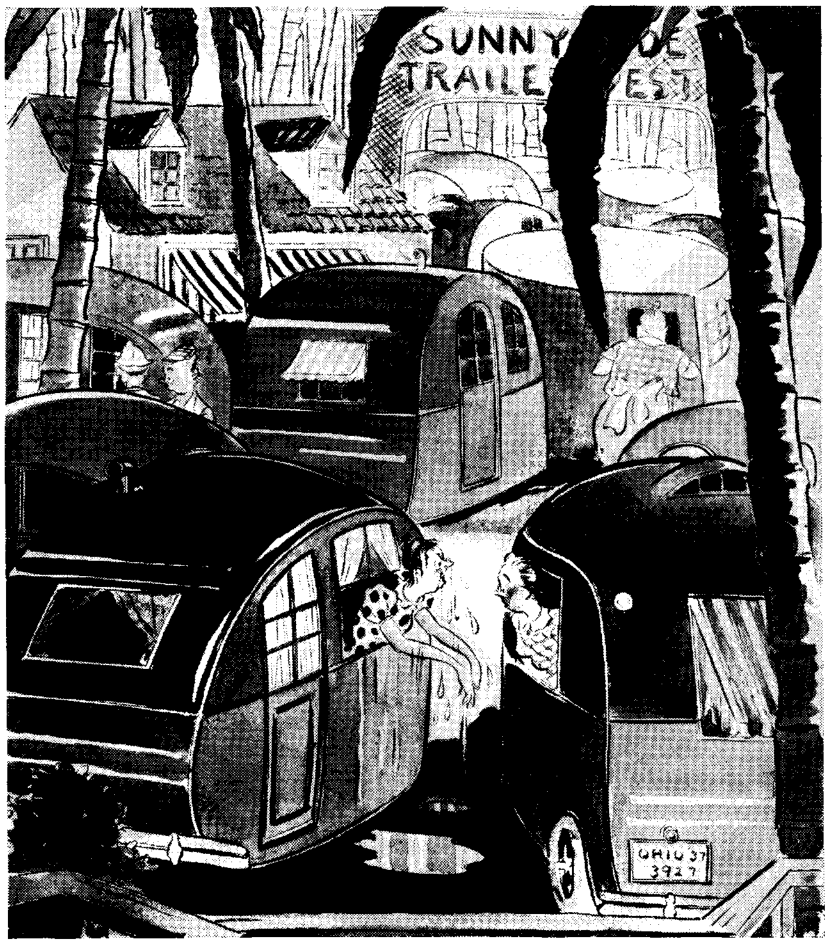
Before that the teams used to dress at the hotel and go out to the ball park in a hack.

"Wearing house slippers and carrying our shoes in our hands," says Mr. McCarthy reminiscently. "A swell way to get killed. After a tough game the town kids would be heaving rocks at the hack. It was a question whether you landed back at the hotel or in a hospital. The teams finally had to cut the hack riding out."

The Yanks don't go in much for the college pep stuff before a game. They get dressed and go out and practice and then they start playing. They have a breathing spell in that period after their fielding and batting practice and before the game starts. If you're on the road with them, you'll find them all drifting back into the dressing room at 2:40 (the game starts at three). They change their sweat shirts, dry themselves off and kid around until game time. The only ones missing are the starting pitcher, who is out warming up, and Joe McCarthy and the coaches.

Lou Gehrig uses the breathing space for a drag at a cigarette. Lou is the prima donna of the Yanks, being the only member left of the great teams of yore and in addition being one of the greatest first basemen of all time. When he is hitting he is a good talker; when he isn't, people let him alone. He takes a puff at his cigarette, changes his shoes and then reaches up into his locker for the stick of gum Doc Painter has put there for him. It's a daily rite that never varies. DiMaggio also takes a last puff before the battle, washes his face, says uh-huh if spoken to and only unbends into a smile when Lazzeri squirts water at him from the drinking fountain.

Blub Malone contributes most of the talk, Bill Dickey seems the least perturbed, Hoag is apt to be the friendliest to a stranger, Gomez can be most disgusted with himself (he was going badly at the time) and the one most needing a kindly word; Don Heffner is the most kiddish-looking, but Jake Powell, later



"Listen, Ohio! Be a little careful where you throw your dishwater, please!"

GEORGE SHANKS

Mister you're next!
DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

WHEN your barber suggests a Kreml tonic, you can thank your lucky stars that he *is* acting on a selfish motive. He wants to help you keep your hair. The bald-headed man gives him blessed little business with the clipper and shears.

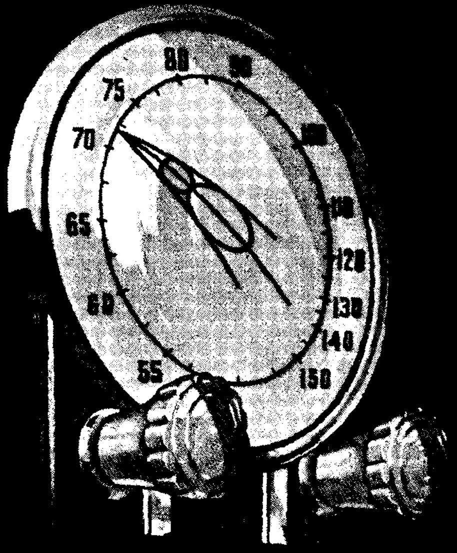
Don't let this happen to you! If you have dandruff, if your comb shows traces of falling hair, ask your druggist for a bottle of Kreml and start using it every day at home. Ask for the new Kreml scalp treatment every time you see your barber.

For removing dandruff, for checking falling hair, stimulating and cleansing the scalp and lending lustrous new life to the hair—Kreml enjoys the most spectacular success in America today. Kreml is also an excellent dressing—not sticky or greasy, yet keeps the hair neat as a pin. Women, too, find they love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the hair, especially after permanents.

KREML *now greatly reduced in price*

REMOVES DANDRUFF • CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY • MAKES HAIR BEHAVE

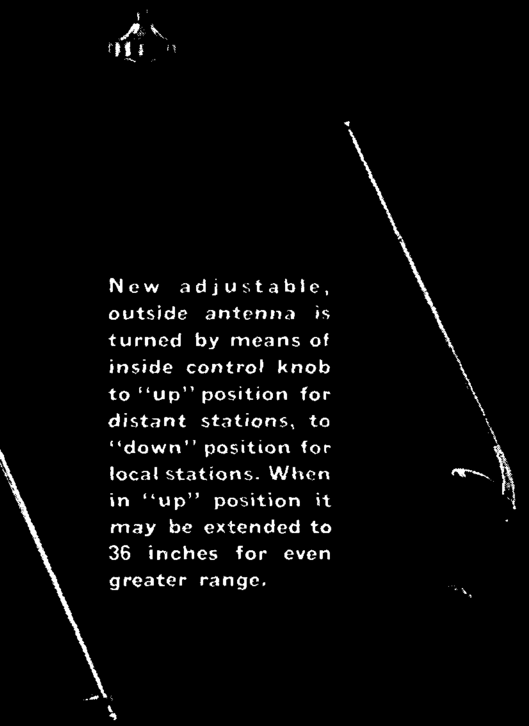
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau



Large, illuminated non-glare dial is easy to read. Harmonizes with other instruments on panel.

Invisible ear-line speaker projects sound throughout car.

(Below) Antenna control knob within easy reach of front-seat passengers.



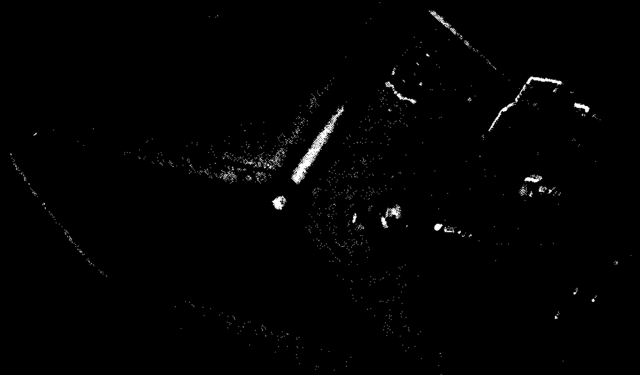
New adjustable, outside antenna is turned by means of inside control knob to "up" position for distant stations, to "down" position for local stations. When in "up" position it may be extended to 36 inches for even greater range.

THE NEW 1937 Genuine Ford Radio is the only approved radio built for your Ford V-8. In building it, radio engineers have worked side by side with Ford engineers. They have matched and balanced the radio chassis, circuit, lead-in, antenna and speaker with Ford V-8 construction. They have built a quality radio that is a worthy accessory to a quality car.

The new Ford Radio is powerful. Wherever you drive you can tune in—and enjoy—distant stations as well as local broadcasts. Greater volume, better tone values, improved selectivity—these are the results of improvements in design and construction. A new outside antenna that may be adjusted from the driver's seat provides clear reception for distant stations.

Ask any Ford dealer to show you this radio. It will convince you that to get the best in radio you should get the radio that's built for your Ford V-8 . . . a Genuine Ford Radio.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN



Compact 6-tube chassis fits behind instrument panel out of the way. The tone of the radio may be adjusted by means of the conveniently located tone control knob.

GENUINE FORD RADIO

IT PAID HIM $65 extra
not TO SAY "Grease"

Here is some simple arithmetic.

You pay at most 50¢ more for Marfak chassis lubrication.

For that you get a *quieter* car, easier steering, less wear and tear.

And in addition you can get $50 to $100 *more* for your car when you trade it in.

Suppose you run your car 50,000 miles. At 50¢ per 1,000 miles you've only paid $25 for the extra value Marfak gives you. If your car brings $65 more, *that's $40 profit!*

Read what car dealers have to say about the bigger trade-in allowance they are willing to make on a car that has had proper chassis lubrication:

1. *"Our appraiser looks* first *at spring shackles, steering knuckles, and other points of lubrication. If they have been properly oiled and greased, reconditioning expenses will be low."*
2. *"The owner will benefit by $65 or more by proper lubrication."*
3. *"Proper lubrication, in my mind, adds from $75 to $100 to the value of a used car."*

Go to your Texaco Dealer. Say to him, "Marfak my car." And ask him about the extra services he offers you.

Don't say "Grease it"

Let us
MARFAK
your car

to become the hero of the World Series, gave the appearance of a high-school football star, walking about briskly and with purpose.

Selkirk is the strong man of the club, being an ex-wrestler, but he looks like an artist. On tour he wears trousers of one color and a coat of another and affects a flowing black tie which looks suspiciously like the old-fashioned Windsor ties which used to characterize Bohemian figures in the world of art and letters. Selkirk is the All-America contradiction. He is a tough guy who walks with a mincing step, looks like a sissy and is called "Twinkle-Toes."

Don't Get Too Friendly

The happenings on a road tour are very important to the players. Here are some of the most interesting: Doc Painter, the trainer, feeds the men salt pills during the hot weather because what they lose when they perspire heavily is salt; there is a tub of soft drinks on ice in the dressing room and the players sign for them on a sheet of paper on the wall and settle up at the end of each series; the visiting team buys the balls it uses in batting practice from the home club, settling up by check before leaving town; the players use on an average of two pairs of shoes a year, $16.50 a pair, and pay for them themselves; bats are furnished by the club; the Yanks are a poker-playing club (very little bridge last year); drinking is a lost art except for a little beer.

It was noticeable that the players and sports writers did very little mixing on tour. They traveled on the same trains, stayed at the same hotels and saw each other at meals, but the writers stuck to themselves and the players ganged up together. This seems to refute the statement by Jimmy Powers of the Daily News that the writers idolized the players.

"It's better if we keep apart," said Rud Rennie of the New York Herald-Tribune. "If you get to know a player pretty well, he thinks you're his friend (which you may be) and he can't understand why you write something unfavorable about him. He has his job and you have yours and you try to point that out but when things are once put on a personal plane, it isn't easy for either side. A writer is thinking of his public and the player is thinking of himself, of his job, of his future. I don't blame him but I know that a good sports writer has to be as objective about his work as a good dramatic reviewer. It's better to keep it all on a strictly business basis."

For a time there was a theory that too much reading or movie-going would hurt the batting eye. Rogers Hornsby used to keep strictly away from the flicker shows in his active playing days, but that prejudice has almost died out.

"It doesn't hurt them," said Joe McCarthy in his flat way. "That's old stuff. It's better than sitting around worrying about themselves."

But a great many of them still sit around and don't worry about worrying. Lefty Grove is at least runner-up for any lobby contest. Armed with a black cigar about a foot long, Old Mose makes periodical sorties through the lobby to exchange quips with the natives, and in truth he might be considered a lobby prowler rather than a sitter. But he is undoubtedly lobby conscious and has lots of competition.

The hotel employees get hardened to the presence of the great and learn their stories by rote. The girl at the telegraph desk in Detroit summed up the traveling ballplayers.

"They're all right," she said, "but the gags get a little stale."

Castle Key

Continued from page 23

thinking: "You can't have her. Ever. Hear that? Ever. All right; start from there, then. Get it in your head and start from there. The sun still keeps on shining, doesn't it? Beer still tastes good. You're still Bill Keith, and healthy and you've got a long fat life to live. All right: stop mooing for the moon and live it then."

"Come on, Bill."

"Here we go," Bill said.

A lot of times he thought up things like that to tell himself. Sometimes they did some good for quite a little while.

When it got dark enough they built a driftwood fire, just for looks, and finished up the sandwiches and things. Far down the beach the lights began but most of the hotels and clubs and houses were still closed. A month from now the beach would be a jam; but now they had it to themselves and it was still and quiet and a made-to-order ending for a good day.

"This has been a good day, June," Bill said.

"We always have fun, Bill."

"Yes."

"Tomorrow Greg will be here."

"Yes."

She told him slowly: "I'm—I'm scared about it, Bill."

"Nuts. Sing Miami Moon."

"I am, though. Honestly. He's had a bad time, Bill. And now, when he finds out—"

"He has to know," Bill said.

"You didn't tell him anything? Just wired him to come?"

"That's all. And not to let George Crane know. Then he phoned me back and told me he had just received this wire from George Crane to come down: that the loan was all fixed up. And so I told him not to answer it and come on down and I'd explain."

"Bill, it's that wire scares me; that man wiring him to come. That lie about a loan. He couldn't have a loan fixed up, Bill, could he?"

"No. You couldn't raise a cent the way things are."

"There isn't any doubt, Bill?"

"No. It's been a steal from nearly the beginning, June, I guess. I went to every bank. To every contractor they'd ever dealt with. There have been no new construction contracts for the past two months. There've been no bills paid either, for at least that long. There's no one working on the job at all. About a hundred thousand dollars has been paid out here. Not more. And Greg has put in nearly three times that. And Perry Crane has pocketed the difference; or he's dropped it in the market. That's more likely."

"NOT—not Rita's father, too, Bill?"

"I don't know. I don't believe so. No, it's Perry. Everything. The whole thing. Rita, too."

"His brother must have known. He must have come here knowing"

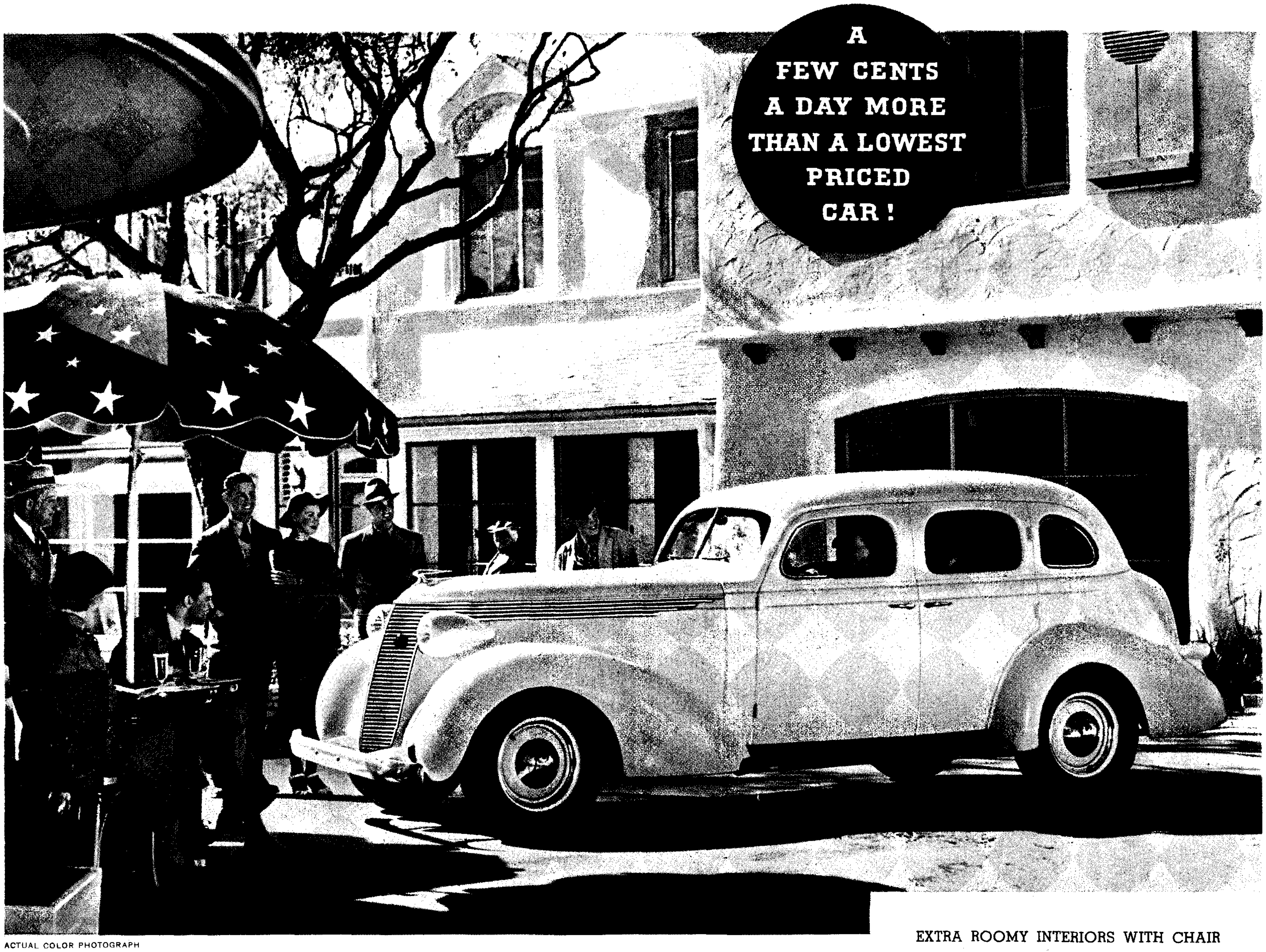
"If he didn't, he found out all right."

"And now he's wired Greg to come, to come here, knowing Greg will find out, too. But why, Bill? Why?"

"Don't ask me. Probably they know he'll have to find out sometime."

"No. It's more than that, Bill. Why that wire making Greg think that everything was all right? It's—it's something more and—frightening. The whole thing.

This spotlight style PUTS STUDEBAKER FIRST ON EVERY LIST OF CARS TO SEE!


A FEW CENTS A DAY MORE THAN A LOWEST PRICED CAR!

ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

OUT IN FRONT IN GAS AND OIL SAVING, TOO

ECONOMY THAT EQUALS AND BETTERS THAT OF LOWEST PRICED CARS... *You get sensational gas and oil savings in a 1937 Studebaker. No lowest priced car, let alone a car of Studebaker size and power, will do better. Studebaker is the first car with the double thrift of the amazingly economical new Fram oil cleaner and the optional gas-saving automatic overdrive.*

PUT Studebaker first on the list of cars you're going to see . . . and you'll find Studebaker finishing first as the car you're going to buy. America has well named it 1937's spotlight car!

First in tasteful, sophisticated smartness, the exciting new 1937 Studebaker also leads in comfort, safety, thrilling performance . . . and especially in low operating cost!

Its sensational Fram oil cleaner and automatic overdrive give it gas and oil economy that would be remarkable in a lowest priced car.

You never need to slam the doors of a Studebaker. The exclusive and revolutionary Studebaker rattle-proof rotary latches take hold tightly at a slight pressure and stay securely closed. An uncanny new dual range steering gear halves the turning effort of parking. The air-curved steel-reinforced-by-steel body has a paint finish twelve coats deep.

Drive an exciting new Studebaker Dictator or President. Prices begin just a little above those of lowest priced cars and the Studebaker C. I. T. budget plan assures you low cost time payments. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

EXTRA ROOMY INTERIORS WITH CHAIR HEIGHT SEATS AND SMART HELEN DRYDEN STYLING

★

WORLD'S FIRST CAR WITH DUAL ECONOMY OF FRAM OIL CLEANER AND GAS-SAVING AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE

★

EXCEPTIONALLY ROOMY LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS

★

WORLD'S ONLY CAR WITH REVOLUTIONARY NEW RATTLE-PROOF ROTARY DOOR LATCHES

Exciting 1937 Studebakers

Ride a bike
and enjoy Chesterfields
They Satisfy
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
When smokers find out the
good things Chesterfields give them
.. nothing else will do

Copyright 1937, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Bill. That lonesome, creepy place. That pitiful old man out there, old Pettigrew. But he was scarey, too, Bill. Pitiful and yet—"

"He's just a harmless nut. They all know old man Pettigrew."

"But it was the things he said. About —about Greg, Bill."

"Oh, that. He's off, I tell you; that's all."

"Anybody would be. All those years, alone there, thinking, being bitter, all alone. I think he must have been without hope, Bill; entirely. And then they came along with all the new talk and the money and enthusiasm and the plans and—"

"You mean Perry came."

"Yes. And they really started. Maybe he could not believe it till they really started; but they did. And he could see it starting over, starting to be like what he had dreamed about and hadn't any hope for all those years. And then they stopped, Bill. When they'd got him to believe again, they stopped. It's—it's so pitiful."

"Yes; that part." Bill got up and got another piece of driftwood and the fire blazed up brightly.

"Yes," he said. "I guess that finally cracked him up. It's pitiful, all right. I see that, June. But it's not our fault. Not Greg's either."

"But that's what he thinks. How could he think that, Bill?"

"All he thinks is that the man who started putting up the money stopped. That's all he knows."

"No. He's been told things. Lies. He thinks this is—is personal, Bill; planned against him."

Bill said: "Look here, June: what difference what he thinks? He's off. He's been off since the boom that busted him. He thought the whole thing was a plot against him then. He went nuts. It's a persecution complex. Now it's worse, that's all; but we can't help it."

"But he thinks it's Greg, Bill. You'd see if you'd heard him. He—he made those crazy threats."

"Oh, good lord, June. Is that why you're frightened? That old man?"

"You didn't hear him, Bill. I would have run, except my knees got weak. No, honestly."

"They ought to shoot me."

"It was worse than if he'd yelled. He held my sleeve and put his face up close to mine as if he—he was telling me a secret. How he had this secret enemy who had pursued him all these years but now he'd found out who. He kept on saying it, Bill, in that awful confidential whisper—Adams, Adams."

Bill moved close and put his arm around her. He said: "Look now, June. That was a lousy thing to go through; lousy; but that's all. It's over now and here you are. You can't just let it get you down. He's just a nutty old man and he didn't hurt you."

"It's not me, Bill."

"It's not anybody. He's a poor old nut, that's all."

"But why Greg, Bill? Why does he think his enemy is Greg? Oh, don't you see? The poor old thing believes what he's been told, that's all. It's that man, Bill; it's Perry's brother. He's been down here four days; he's been out there almost all the time. They've been in town together, too. What that poor old man believes is—is what Perry's brother has been telling him. Why has he done that, Bill? Why?"

BILL didn't answer. He'd begun to ask himself that question, too, and couldn't answer. Yesterday he'd just missed running into them—to old Pettigrew and George Crane—in the Hotel Delaney taproom. He had ducked, in time, and when he came back to the bar, when they had gone, the bartender was smiling. When Bill ordered up another beer, the bartender had said: "You see that old man; just went out?"

"Yes."

"Used to be a millionaire. Now he's a nut. So me, I'll just keep tending bar, thanks. Have one on the house."

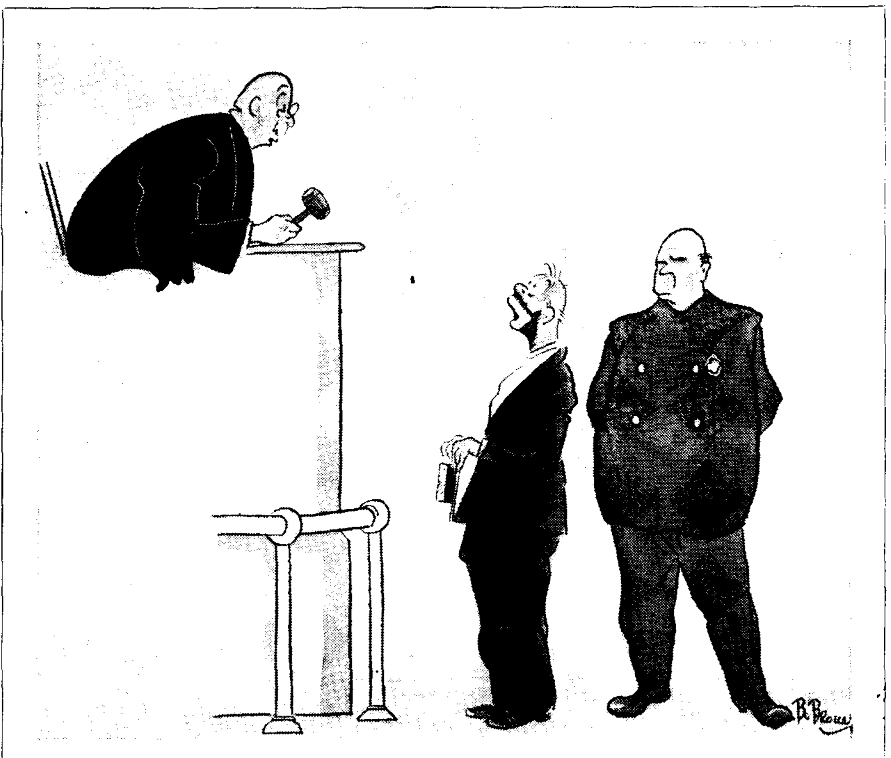
"You see me grinning."

"Everybody was a millionaire around here in the first boom. Owned a nineteen-story office building then myself. At least I had an option on a lot. And blueprints. Boy, the blueprints!"

"Well, here's at you. Happy days!"

"They was at that. But this old rooster really had it and it made him goofus. Look; he makes me lean across the bar just now and whispers that he'd found out who planned the whole boom; just to bust him. I says: 'That's good, Pop, go after him'; and then he whispers some name; Adams. Goofus, all right."

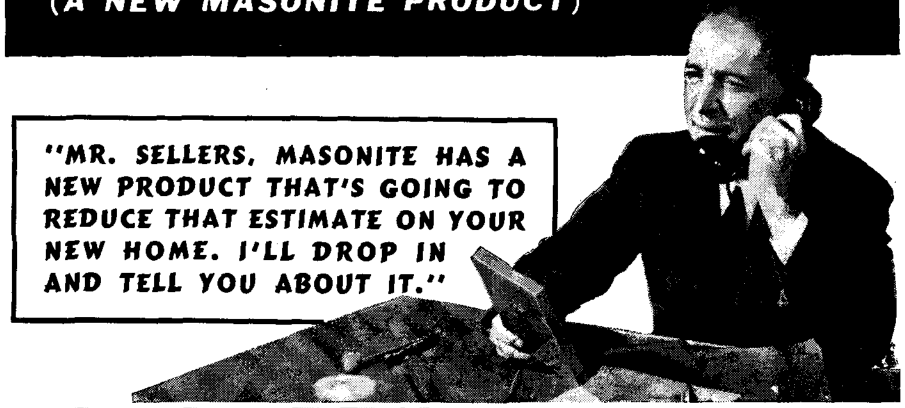
Bill had had another beer and left; but he had thought about it; he was thinking of it now and June was right. This cracked old character believed that it was Greg because George Crane had told him so. But why? Why bother lying to that poor old man? What difference did it make to George Crane what



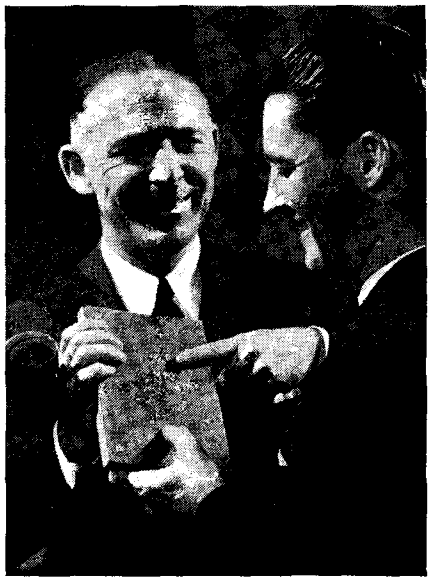
"Make me stand in a corner. I hate that!"

ED BROWN

INTRODUCING!
MASONITE INSULATION SHEATHING BOARD
(A NEW MASONITE PRODUCT)



"MR. SELLERS, MASONITE HAS A NEW PRODUCT THAT'S GOING TO REDUCE THAT ESTIMATE ON YOUR NEW HOME. I'LL DROP IN AND TELL YOU ABOUT IT."



ARCHITECT: "Here's the new material—MASONITE INSULATION SHEATHING BOARD. 25/32 of an inch thick. You see, it's thicker than their former insulation and 50% stronger. That adds 50% more strength to every wall. And 50% more insulation value. Now, you'll notice that both sides are smooth, so we can use either one, or both, for exposed surfaces. And we can varnish them or paint them any color we like."

MR. SELLERS: "That sounds fine, but how will this new board save us any money?"

ARCHITECT: "First, it's just the right thickness to use with standard door and window frames. Second, it's going to give us extra strength and extra insulation that, otherwise, we'd have to pay a lot for. Third, in some rooms we can eliminate any further wall and ceiling treatment. And fourth, it's going to cost less to install."

MR. SELLERS: "Just what we want! Let's have MASONITE INSULATION SHEATHING BOARD on every wall."

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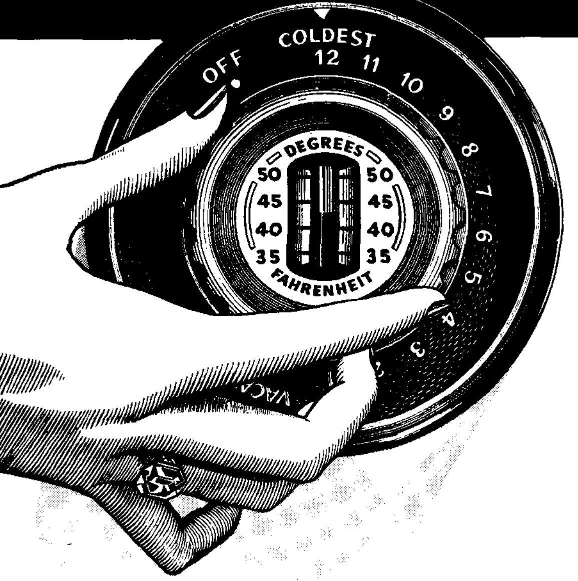

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ON THE LEONARD REDISCO PLAN

old Pettigrew thought? Why had George Crane come down here, knowing what he'd find? Why had he sent for Greg? You went around in circles and the whole thing, from the very start, boiled down into a why? why? why?

June said: "When he sees Greg—when Greg goes out there—I'm afraid he'll try to—to do something, Bill."

"That's crazy, June, as crazy as the old man. What in Pete's name could he do to Greg? Be reasonable, honey. This is pretty mixed up, all right, but we've got to stay a little reasonable."

"It's the first time in my life, Bill, I have ever been afraid."

"I'll be there with him. If the old man grabs a rock, I'll trip him. Oh, the devil, honey; honestly, that part is nuts. The thing I dread is telling Greg the situation—that his money's lost. He'll want to go right out there."

"Yes."

"We want a chance to tell him all we know before he does; before he sees George Crane; before George Crane can know he's down here." Bill paused and said: "I know he'll wire when to meet him at the airport. If he makes it in the morning, and I think he will, we'll rent a fishing boat and tell him we have planned a day out in the Gulf Stream. Then we'll have him out there and can talk. It's going to be tough to tell him, June."

THE little fire had died down to embers. Imperceptibly the soft dark night had crept in closer till they were a part of it. The ocean sounded louder, nearer, in the dark, and it was time for them to go.

June said: "There is always something sad about a dying fire, Bill. It's—it's been yours, and good, and then you're finished with it and you go away and let it die. I always hate to."

"Shall I build it up?"

She said: "Oh, Bill, what are we doing in a mess like this? Decent people. People like us, Bill?"

"I don't know. God knows."

"I think about it and—and think about my mother and my father and—and Hugh and when we—we were kids and safe and how we thought it all would be. And now it's this, Bill. Now it's this."

Bill kept quiet but he found her hand and leaned a little toward her, so their shoulders touched.

She said: "It's not because I can't—can't stand things. Is it, Bill? I—I can stand things; trouble or—or being poor, or even death, Bill. Anything that's honest and—and natural and we can face. But this is something we don't know about; that oughtn't to—to happen to us, Bill. To decent people. And there's something sly and complicated and—and horrible in back of it. Oh, Bill, I'm not just silly; don't you see? The people who've done this to us could do—do anything. And I'm afraid."

Bill said: "A crazy man; a shyster lawyer. George Crane won't even know he's down here; Greg won't even have to go to Castle Key. That's silly, honey, honestly."

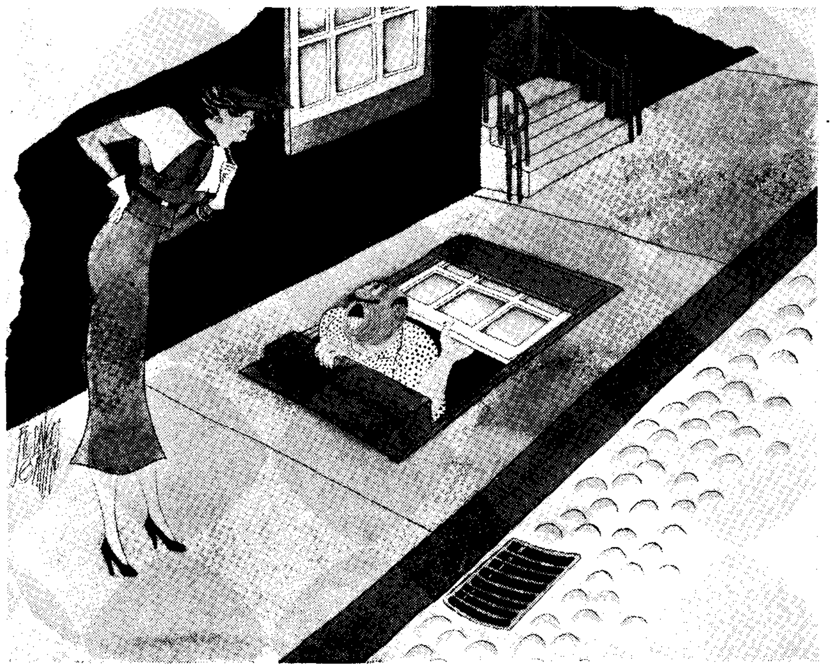
He hung on to her hand and after a while her fingers, within his, stopped trembling, but he knew that she was still afraid.

She said, at last: "I'm glad I've got you, Bill."

"Two hundred pounds of meat," Bill said. "I guess that's all."

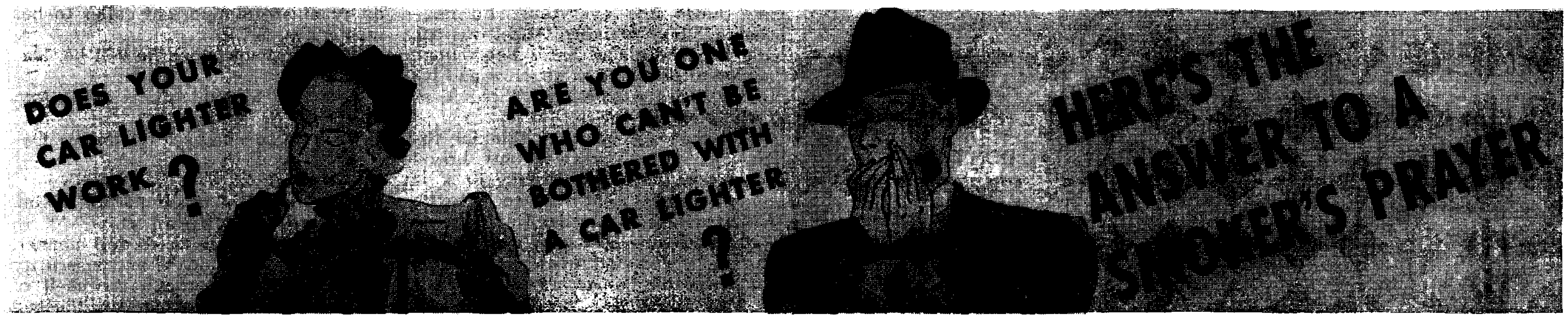
YOU come back to a place you've lived in, even just a little while ago, and think that you should find it changed. You think your leaving should have made a difference. But it hadn't. Turning in the drive, between the old trees, coming to the house, it looked the same as it had looked three years ago when she had seen it first and just as it had looked, last week, when it had still been hers—if it had ever been. The thought came queerly clear to Rita, now, that that had been their trouble from the first; that trying to make his house hers, and all it meant and stood for, hers, had been too much for her, had all been hopeless from the first. The house itself had quietly resented her, from the beginning; it had endured too long unchanged, had been too intimately Greg's, his family's, to transfer its allegiance or to let her make it hers. The things she'd tried to do, redecorations, curtains, furniture, had only seemed incongruous; too new, too bright; intrusive; and the house itself, the spirit of the house, remained unchanged. Her own room, even. She had made that hers, but always, when she entered, she had had the feeling that she'd left the house, that she was crossing a frontier to conquered territory; alien and added.

She thought now, near to tears: "And that was what I was; just added; added to the things that he already had, that I had never shared, could never share, could never make my own, or ours, or anything but his. His house, the house where he'd been born; his childhood and his ghosts; the servants who had raised him and the friends he'd had for all his life and all their recollections and their times and private jokes and ways of do-



"Yes, I live here! What of it?"

RODNEY DE SARRO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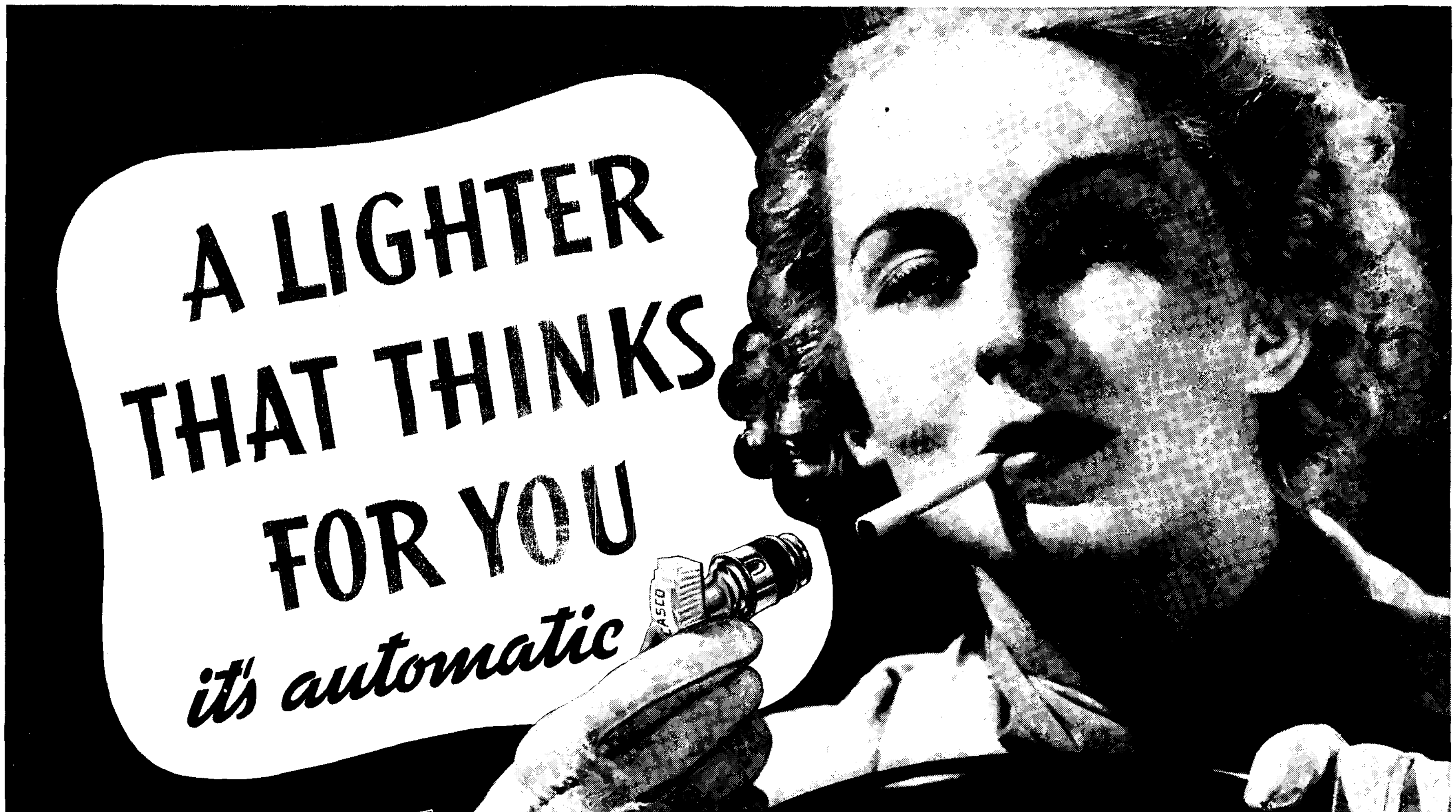
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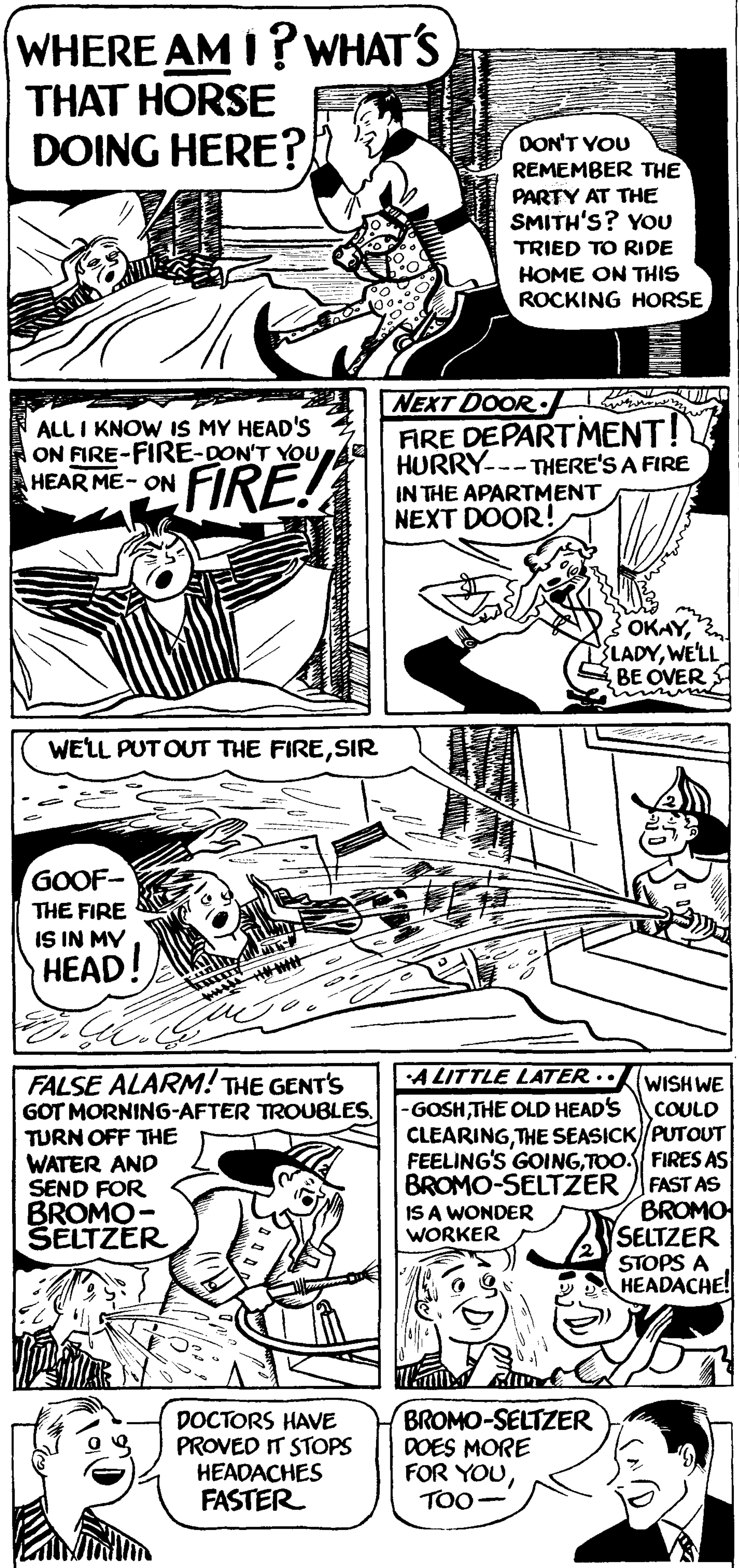
WHERE AM I ? WHAT'S THAT HORSE DOING HERE?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE PARTY AT THE SMITH'S? YOU TRIED TO RIDE HOME ON THIS ROCKING HORSE
ALL I KNOW IS MY HEAD'S ON FIRE-FIRE-DON'T YOU HEAR ME-ON FIRE!
NEXT DOOR.
FIRE DEPARTMENT! HURRY---THERE'S A FIRE IN THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR!
OKAY, LADY, WE'LL BE OVER
WE'LL PUT OUT THE FIRE, SIR
GOOF-THE FIRE IS IN MY HEAD!
FALSE ALARM! THE GENT'S GOT MORNING-AFTER TROUBLES. TURN OFF THE WATER AND SEND FOR BROMO-SELTZER
·A LITTLE LATER··
-GOSH, THE OLD HEAD'S CLEARING, THE SEASICK FEELING'S GOING, TOO. BROMO-SELTZER IS A WONDER WORKER
WISH WE COULD PUT OUT FIRES AS FAST AS BROMO-SELTZER STOPS A HEADACHE!
DOCTORS HAVE PROVED IT STOPS HEADACHES FASTER
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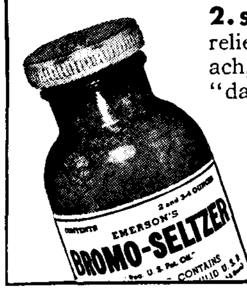

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

ing things and everything I'd never shared." She thought: "And I was only added on, to all of that." She thought now, and the tears came, slow and bitter: "Added Attraction. Three Years Only. Rita Wells."

But that was not fair; thinking that was not fair. That was only how it seemed to her, now, looking back. It hadn't seemed that way to Greg; he hadn't meant to be that way. He had had this house he loved, and servants that he loved and friends and things and ways that he had always loved, and he had brought her there with pride to share them. She knew that, for they had loved each other, they had had times, moments, they would never have again, nor either of them ever have again, no matter what, no matter who. Perhaps it had been her fault that she couldn't share as he had meant her to. She didn't know. She couldn't tell, with honesty. You came to this, to now, by way of long days, slowly; happenings and thoughts, emotions and intentions till the past formed such a tangled skein that no one could, with honesty, unravel it to place a blame. It did not matter, now. They had had something and they'd lost it. Now it was too late. Now there was June. Now there was—Perry.

But all these melancholy thoughts were lies; were sentimental lies to torture her. It hadn't been that way at all. It hadn't been her failure or this house or Perry Crane. It had been June and always had been June, as everybody knew, as Perry told her everybody knew, for all that time. She must believe that; must! For her to go on, there must be no doubt. She must believe that all that time, those moments, all were horrible and false; that all these memories that crept in, threatening to destroy her bitterness, were horrible and false. She had to know, to know, to hear him say it; that was why she'd come, to hear him say it: "Yes, I loved her all the time. Yes, everything was from the first." She had to hear the words, so there would never be this doubt, so she could cut the past out clean and cauterize the memories and make of these three years an armor for her bitterness. She thought: "He'll tell me. It can make no difference to him now."

IT SEEMED strange to ring this bell. She stood there breathless with the strangeness, with the courage that it took. Then Delia stood there in the doorway.

"Hello, Delia. Is—is Mr. Adams home?"

"No'mm, he ain't home."

The wide starched woman stood there, not repelling her, not insolent; but only politely and indifferently answering the query of an unimportant caller to her master's house.

"Do you know when he will be, Delia?"

"No'mm. Mistah Adams didn't say, 'mm."

"Will he be—be back for dinner, Delia?"

"No'mm."

Rita said: "It's—it's important, Delia. I must see him. It's—important."

Something in her words and manner, something of her doubt and insecurity and need broke through the shell of Delia's long, polite antagonism; touched her big warm heart. This former mistress she and Rusty had correctly tolerated for so long was now another woman, an unhappy, troubled woman. Delia told her: "Mistah Greg gone out of town, Mis' Adams. Don't know when he come back. He flown South."

"South? Not to—to Miami, Delia?"

"Yes'm." Touched, she had forgotten for a moment that she had been carefully instructed not to tell where he had gone. But it could do no harm to tell Mis' Adams. Surely that could do no harm. She said: "He flown off yistiddy."

"Th-thank you, Delia."

"Yes'm."

RITA got back in her car. She thought: "Miami. He's there now. He may have found out now, about—my father." She thought: "And Perry lied. He said that he had been with Greg last night." She had phoned Perry and he'd told her Greg was just about to make the settlement that she deserved, the settlement Greg's falseness justified; that in a few days she would have the money that was rightly hers; could use it so her father's speculations with the funds of Castle Key would never be discovered. And he'd lied and she must find out why. She must not think; she must try not to fear, until she found out why. She didn't stop to phone; she drove at once to Perry Crane's.

She saw at once that he had been drinking. It was not yet noon and he'd been drinking heavily. His eyes looked sagged and pouchy and he was not freshly shaved and when he tried to put his arms around her, in the hall, his breath was heavy and distasteful and there was a small unpleasant struggle for a moment.

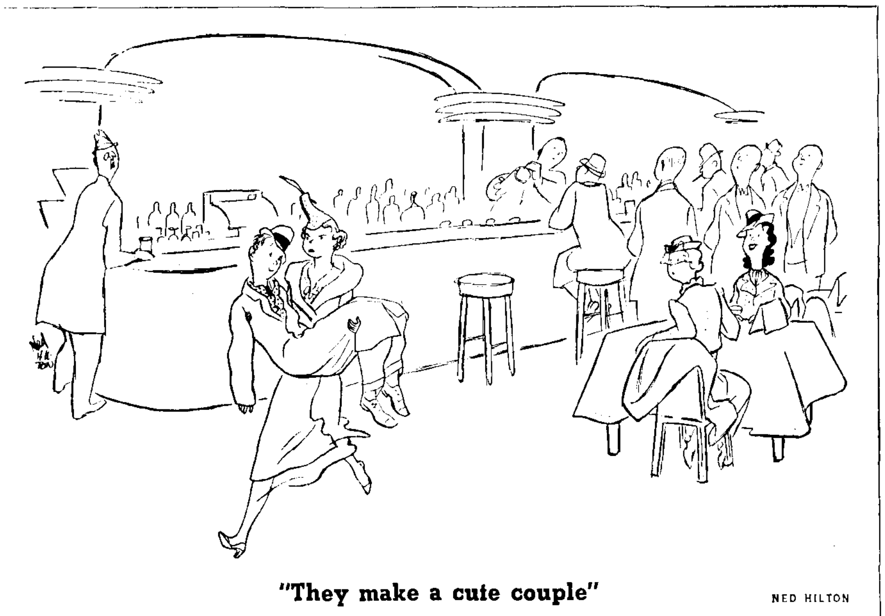
She said: "Perry. Please."

She walked on past him to the living room. The shades were still drawn and the air was close and soiled and as he came toward her again he was a stranger; strange and almost frightening.

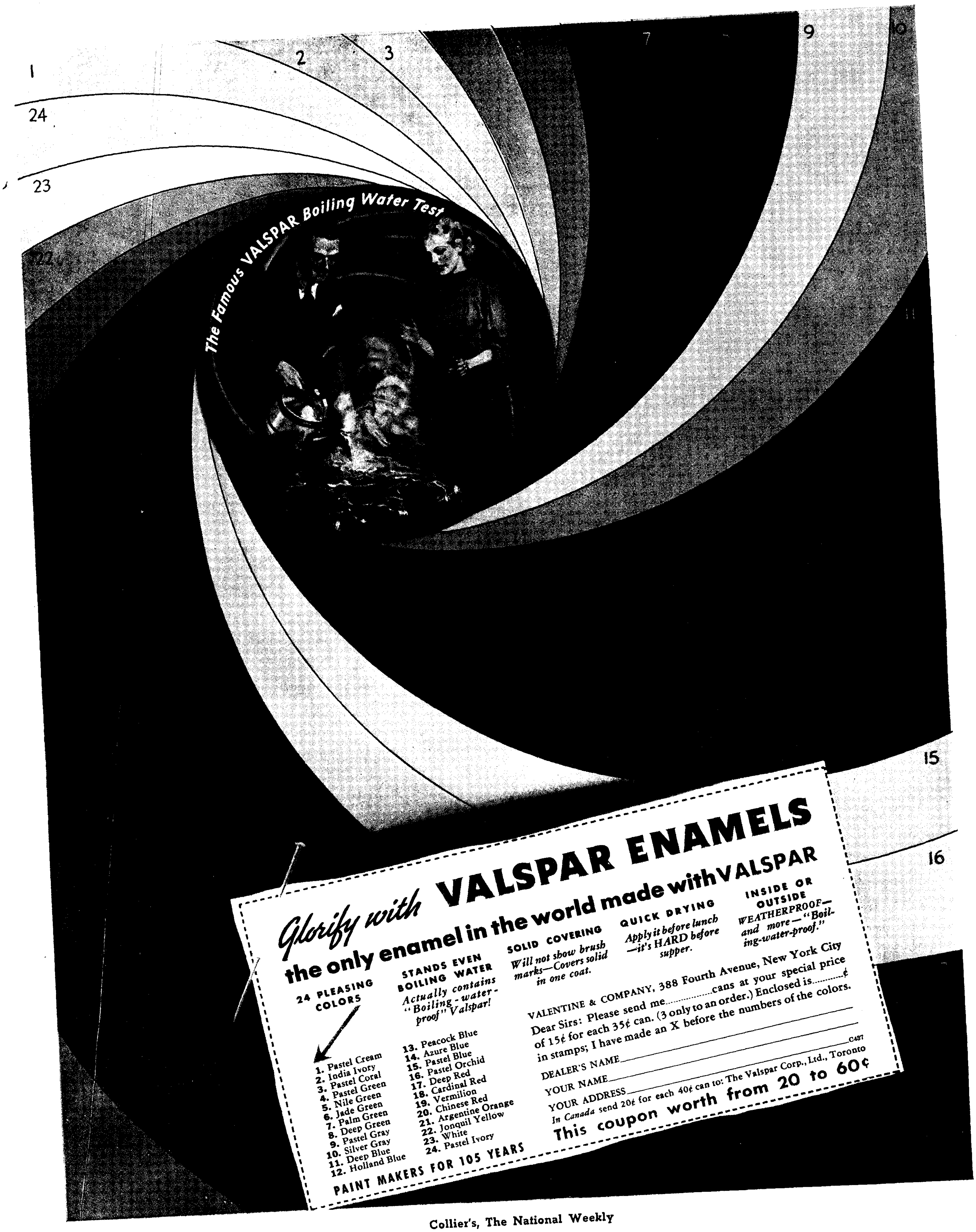
She said again: "No. Please."

"Why come here, then?"

This man, this stranger, could walk confidently toward her, soiled, unshaven, and say a thing like that, use words like



"They make a cute couple"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SERVING MANUFACTURERS DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH [illegible] that; clandestine, horrible, humiliating words like that.

He said: "So I suppose I'm drunk, disgusting!"

She told him, steadily: "You said you were with Greg last night."

"Greg? What's he got to do with things; with anything? It's us, now, honey, you and me, and I'm not built for all this arm's-length business. What's the sense of it? We love each other, don't we?"

"Greg is in Miami, Perry."

"In Miami!"

"You—you said you'd been with him last night. You said—"

"When did he leave? How do you know?"

"Oh, Perry! He left yesterday. He flew. He—he must be there now. By—by now he must have found out."

"Found out?" He was staring at her strangely, from a flushed, contorted face.

She said: "Why did you lie to me? Why did you tell me everything was all—all right? You told me Greg would never know—would never need to know; that you could put the money back and Father—Father—"

SUDDENLY he laughed, a queer, unmirthful, sneering laugh. He said: "Oh, yes; your father."

Rita stared at him. She said: "You told me Greg would be—be merciless if he found out. You told me—"

She could see him try to gain control, his fingers trembling as he lit a cigarette. His eyes did not meet hers. He said: "Of course. Your father, honey. I'm—a little bit upset, I guess. But it will be all right. Don't worry, honey; it will be all right."

"How can it be? If all you've told me is—is true. If Greg feels as you s-s-say he does; when he finds out—oh, Perry, I—I trusted you."

"You've got to trust me now. It's all right. Everything will be all right. My brother's down there. He'll—he'll see Greg. He will—fix it up."

His voice had risen to an odd, incomprehensible excitement. He walked toward her again. He said: "I love you, Rita. That's—that's all that matters now. To either of us, now, no matter what. You hear? No matter what."

His arms were reaching for her and his face, again, was close to hers; this stranger, with his strange, excited incoherent words; this stranger whom she'd trusted, who had lied to her; who—

Then she may have screamed. She did not know. She only felt an unendurable and desperate culmination of it all; of all this desperate, tragic week when she had learned of Greg and June—from Perry; learned her father was a thief—from Perry; learned— She turned and fled.

She had nowhere to go; no one to go to; not even, now, her father. When he'd told her he was going to Minneapolis on a business trip she had been glad, for it would give her time to think of him again as only weak, as he had always been; with, underneath his dignity of manner, only weakness and a muddled optimism. It would give her time to think of what he'd done as not dishonest, not for him; but only something rather pitiful. But now she would have clung to him. She drove on slowly, trying to bring order to her frightened, helpless thoughts. She thought: "I must do something to save him."

Thinking of this now as imminent, her father going to the penitentiary; her husband grim, pursuing and vindictive, none of it seemed real. This whole week, all she'd done, all she'd believed, all her emotions seemed unreal, theatric, unbelievable and cheap. As cheap as Perry's love had seemed just now, as soiled and cheap and unbelievable. She thought with strange and frightened clarity: "I must see Greg. I must see Greg."

"He says this way is shorter"

STEPHEN RONAY

She found that she was driving faster, faster; that subconsciously she had decided on a destination. Turning on the shore road, toward the airport, toward Miami, every minute seemed to count.

THE operator said: "I'll call you back." It might be minutes, hours; it might be all day, if George were not in the hotel. All day. To Perry, now, the thought was unendurable. He could not wait. His nerves were jerking, jangling, now. It might be all day, all night. Going to the phone and telling them to try again, to try again. The placid, trained, infuriating voice: "I'm sorry but they cannot locate him. I'm sorry, but I'll call you back." Tomorrow he might still be trying; going to the phone and telling them to try again, to try again, until he screamed into it, jerked it from the wall and threw it through a window, yelling.

Perry made himself another drink. He was completely sober, now. He drank it but he knew it would have no effect, that hundreds of them would have no effect.

It might be too late even now. Greg's leaving for Miami suddenly, without a word, must mean that he had discovered something or suspected something and meant to go to Castle Key alone, to see it for himself, alone. And if he'd done that, now it was too late.

The thought that phoning George was dangerous, suddenly and for the first time, struck him. Dangerous. If George did something, something desperate and crazy, they would trace his every movement, trace his phone calls, trace this urgent call. It might have happened now. They might be coming for him now, to question him, to link him up with something horrible. There might be, any minute now, a knock upon the door; this minute or the next or any minute of the terrible, interminable day that stretched ahead.

What had he said to Rita? Anything? What had he said to anybody? Anything? There would be questions, questions, but they couldn't prove it. Prove it? He was innocent. He said aloud: "I'm innocent." His own voice startled him. He gulped his drink down, shaking. He was innocent. They could not blame him for the actions of a crazy brother. For a moment he was shaken by a wild desire to go to the phone again, to call up the police, to say: "Find George Crane in Miami. Find him, oh, God, find him, lock him up, before it is too late!"

HE PICKED the empty glass up, gulping at it. Then the phone rang.

George's voice came clear and thin and calm: "Hello. Hello." And Perry made a desperate effort for control.

He said: "George, this is Perry."

"Yes?"

For a thousand miles along that wire, there were ears. Perry said: "How's everything?"

"Why, fine. The weather, did you mean? Why, fine." The voice was high, amused.

Perry said: "I hear a friend of ours is in Miami. He left yesterday to fly down. He's there now, I think."

"You don't mean Mr. Adams? Fine. I had already wired him to come."

"You knew it then? He told you?"

"No," George laughed. He said: "I guess he meant it for a nice surprise."

"But, George—"

"A nice surprise," George said again. "Well, well. I'll tell our old friend Mr. Pettigrew and we will look him up at once. I've planned a nice reception."

Along that wire for a thousand miles there might be ears; yet George could talk like this.

"George—George—"

George laughed again. He said: "Well, thanks for calling, Perry."

(To be continued next week)

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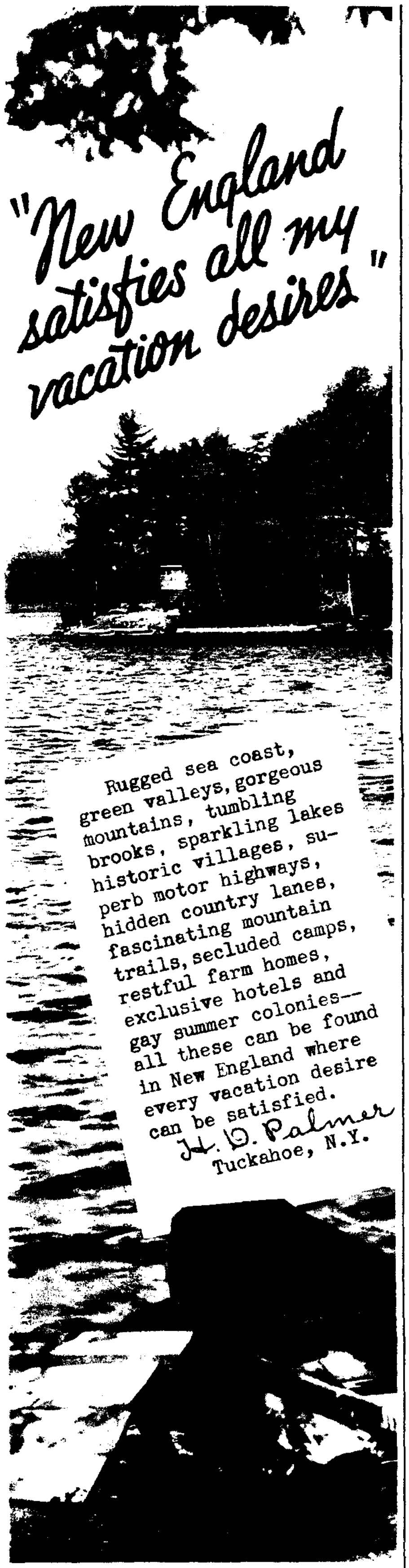

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Room to Live

Continued from page 11

is in two movable walls, one separating the dining room from the kitchen, the other cutting it off from the living room. For dog-wagon meals, the wall to the kitchen is folded back out of sight, making the dining room part of the kitchen and yet a place uncluttered by pots and pans, giving the woman of the house, at this moment mother and wife and cook and waitress all in one, perfect access both to the oatmeal simmering on the stove and the child sitting down to eat it at the table.

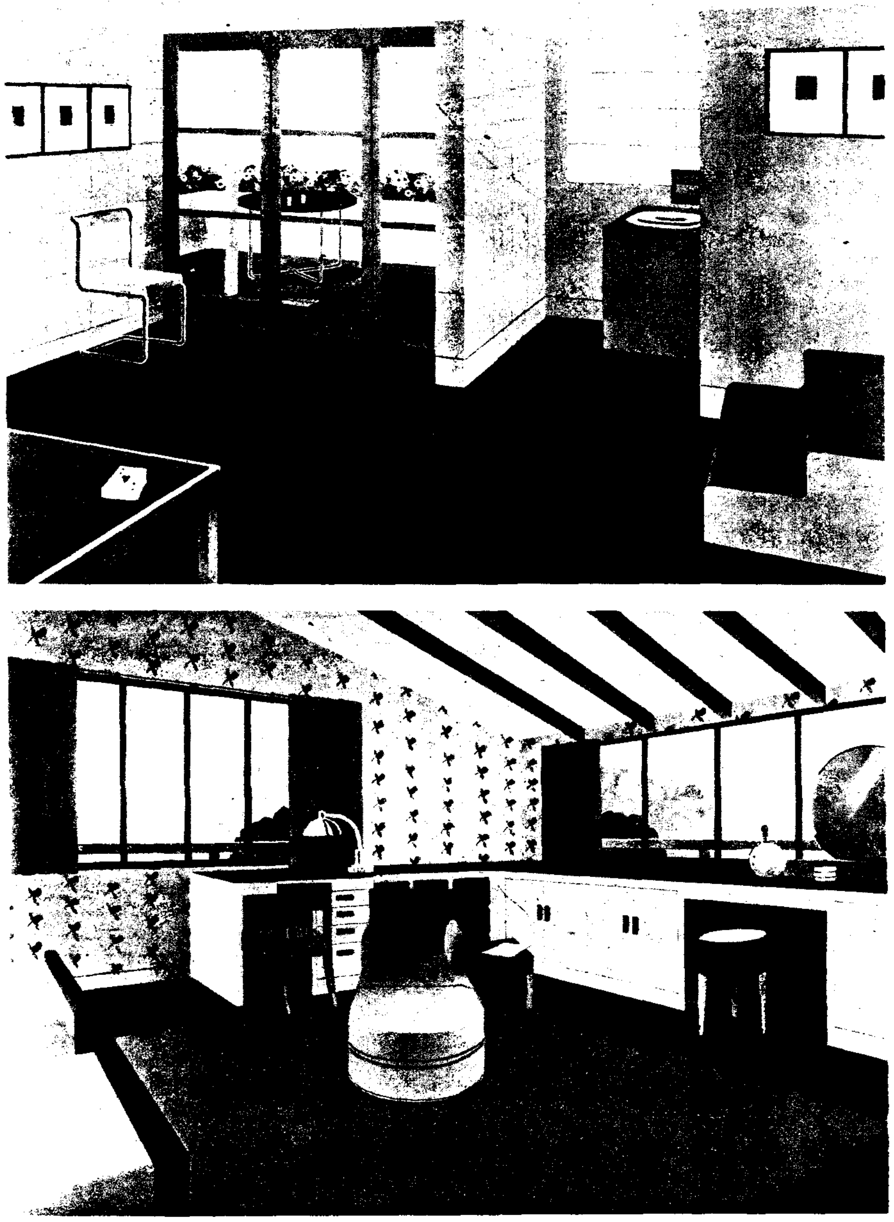
Polite meals see a completely enclosed dining room, intimate and quiet, with the part-time helper carrying on beyond the kitchen wall. While for the occasion the living-room wall disappears, the dining table stretches out into that enlarged space, giving an impressive sweep of twenty-eight feet to the eyes of the diners, yet not disturbing the living-room furniture. Incidentally, that space holds two bridge tables comfortably, for bridge luncheons. Dinner over, the wall is in place again, the maid at work out of sight, and the living room in perfect order for the guests relaxedly inhaling their brandy.

Everybody Accounted For

So much for parental occasions. Now daughter, aged sixteen and very much the lady, is entertaining her friends at a buffet supper. Living room, dining room, outdoor terrace are full of young people eating, dancing, having fun. Is younger brother, now at the rowdy age, going to burst in on this dressed-up party in his sweater with the grease spots and bring the blush of shame to sensitive sixteen-year-old daughter's cheeks? Not here. Younger brother and his gang are having their own fun in the playroom. Mother, of course, is on deck in the kitchen. Dad, after a hard day at the office, is glad to retire to the peace of the bedroom upstairs, a restful place with books and a comfortable chair.

But life is not just one party after another. This family has worked hard at the job of spreading income to include all sorts of things in its normal daily round. Outdoors calls them to the golf links, the ski hills. One member of the family is a camera enthusiast, another is taking a fling at tap dancing or amateur dramatics, or likes to build furniture. And all of them believe they have the right to a certain amount of privacy, for just being by themselves. Storage space alone might be a matter of acute anguish for a housewife who has to put everything away from baby carriages to badminton sets. In Collier's house the matter is thus handsomely dealt with: besides the usual closet for outdoor clothing in the entrance hall there are two more closets. One of these may be appropriated for kitchen and cleaning implements. The other stands ready to receive all the accessories for indoor and outdoor sports. Now out to the garage, which in this plan holds one car (by extending the roof at no very great expense you can make it hold two). It also contains a storage space two and one-half feet wide and nineteen and one-half feet deep.

Play space must be divided between recreation and hobbies. While the children are young the daylighted playroom and its terrace may be theirs by day—its accessibility from the kitchen gives it the best kind of supervision, the inconspicuous kind. Large toys kept here in built-in cupboards can be got at without dragging them through the house. An important part of a child's training is putting his toys away.



The sunny playroom, above, looking out toward the terrace, glass-bricked laundry at right. Below, master bedroom showing how convenient cupboards might be built in under windows

As the children grow older play develops into serious hobbies. Here again the playroom comes in, for pursuits which are not actually messy, while for workbench and lathe, or chemical laboratory, a part of the storage space in the garage may be diverted. The camera enthusiast may have the laundry for his darkroom.

There is the half-flight down. Now walk half a flight up from the first floor and you come upon two rooms. They are small rooms, ten by eight and one-half feet, but they can contain all the needs of young persons, especially the primary need of privacy. The fact that the parents' bedroom is a few steps farther up, actually on another level, gives both parents and children a sense of separation. For the typical family for whom the house was designed, a dressing table is built into the bay window of one room, and a desk similarly set into the other. These rooms, halfway between living and sleeping quarters, can do double-duty, as bedroom-sitting room, as guest-room study. The bath is on this landing equally accessible from upstairs or down—an important consideration in a one-bath house. And the generous linen closet is just opposite the bath.

Up four more steps and we are in the master bedroom. The twin beds are comfortably contained in one end of the room, with enough space to move around them but none to waste. Under the windows at the other end of the room are suggested built-in cupboards, bookshelves, desk, chest of drawers, dressing table—the essential utility furniture of the room—leaving open floor space for chaise longue, easy chair, sewing table. The large dressing alcove further extends the useful area of the room (here a second bath may be installed if desired) and the balcony takes the room right out of doors where madame can sun the bedding in the morning.

The Outdoors Comes Indoors

In our tour of the house we've barely glanced into the living room, that one room which in the average small house is expected to contain practically all the family's activities but eating and sleeping (and, in many cases, eating too).

Oddly enough, here's the chimney right in the middle of the house—because our penny-respecting forefathers were right, after all, when they declared this the simplest form of construction. But now our fireplace is luxury, decoration. We group a sofa and comfortable chairs around it for winter coziness. At those big glass-window doors across the room we make our summer living room, with an entire wall opened to the outdoors. Step through these doors to the terrace, screened by a hedge from the service path and our neighbor's property. Downstairs terrace number three, on the other side of the house, also opens glass doors into the living room, and a third wall is all windows. In fact, when the architects set four terraces, no less, about this small house, with nothing but a weather division—glass—between indoors and outdoors, they envisioned a family taking to the air with the greatest of ease.

One vitalizing idea has governed the planning of this house, an idea which has practically amounted to a passion—to use space for all it's worth. This is not only a crassly utilitarian idea; it's an esthetic one as well. Space is really beautiful. We have known this ever since the first vacationist hied him to the seashore or the mountains to feast his eyes and relax his mind. But it is only recently that we have begun to fight for space in the more modest houses.

The built-in idea, concentrating essential furniture in the walls and thereby enlarging the area of the room, is a development of the campaign for space. With the desk and dressing table in the bay windows of the children's bedrooms actually part of the construction of the house, the rooms seem—and really are—considerably larger than if those were movable pieces. By taking advantage of the wall under the master bedroom windows for building-in essential pieces we make this a spacious sitting room as well. A word here for those dressing closets in the alcove, where a compact arrangement of drawers, shoe shelves, hat shelves would add immeasurably to the comfort of living.

In the living room the bookshelves sketched in over the davenport are the merest beginning for an ingenious builder-inner. The fireplace corner suggests a built-in fireplace seat to make that snug "winter sitting room" still snugger. A window seat under the dining-room window might invite you to enjoy that room at other times besides mealtimes. The dining-room chairs may be of that modern design which folds down into a window seat. Carrying out furniture, to fit the house and the needs of those who live in it, can keep that workbench in the garage pretty busy. The designer Gilbert Rohde has made plans for eight slick pieces to be produced by home craftsmen, setting a new high in furniture design for amateurs.

And while we're campaigning for space, let's remember it in our decorations too. Let's not obscure the broad window expanses which open the house to the spaciousness of the outdoors, but hang them with simple curtains which can be drawn back. Simple lines in window draperies make the room seem larger. So do simple lines in furniture, and not too much design in upholstery fabrics and rugs.

And now a word about exposures, what architects call the orientation of the house. Of course orientation depends on the part of the world in which you are building; each climate has its own requirements. Above the Mason and Dixon line in these United States the minimum requirement is south or just off south for the walls containing the most windows. Collier's house is so designed that if you face the dining room ten degrees to the west of due south, you will have the coolest house in summer and the warmest in winter, and all the rooms will get some sun during the day. The architects have arranged their plans so that they can be used in reverse, making it possible to orientate the house adequately on almost any kind of lot.

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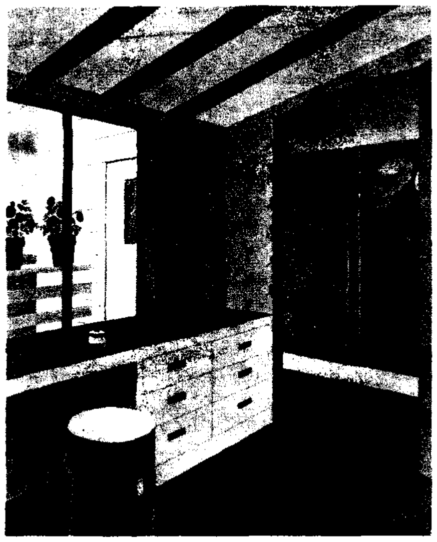
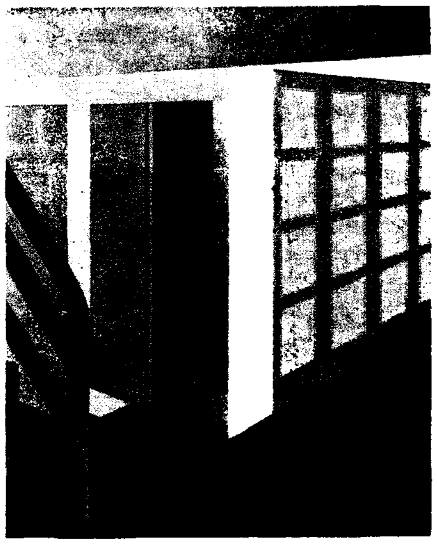
Right, one of the small bedrooms, bright with daylight from the big bay window under which is the convenient built-in desk. Below, a corner of the master bedroom showing how the large dressing alcove may be lined with compact fitted closets. Through the window, a glimpse of the very private balcony. Below, right, the entrance hall with its ample closet for sports and games accessories, and a corner of the living room





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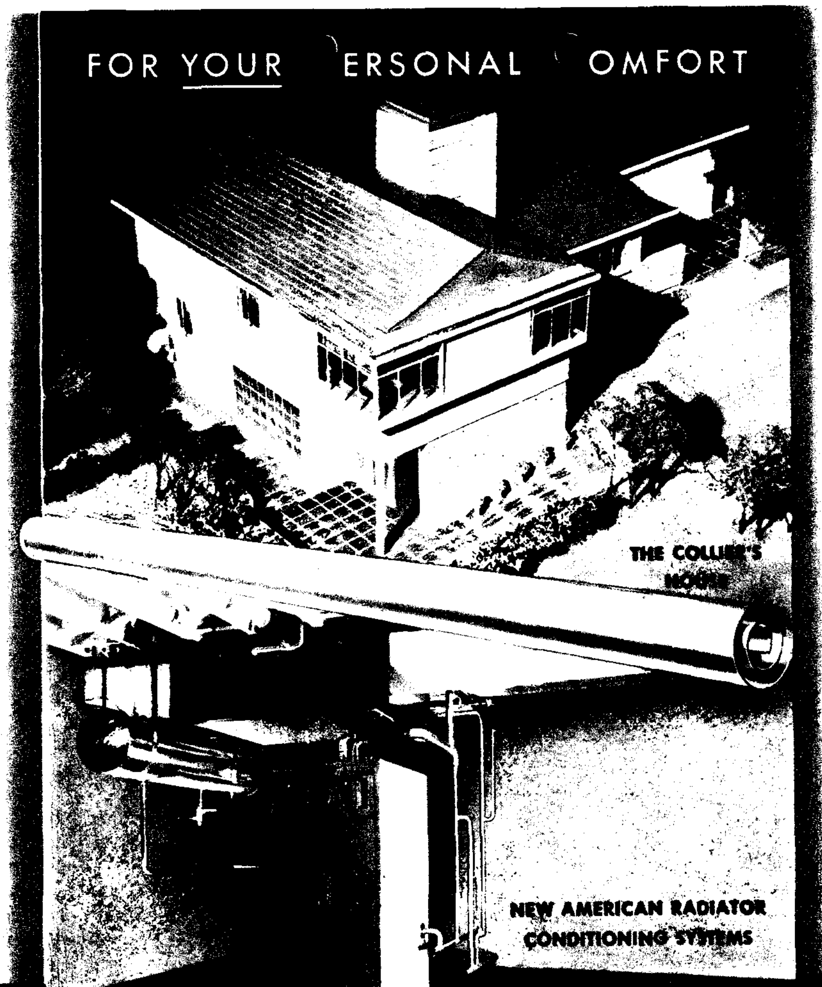
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Lucky PENNY

BY RICHARD CONNELL

YOUNG Mrs. Bruce hummed happily as she began to make a cake in the neatest of all the two hundred kitchens in the new Bronxonia Apartments. Tom had just left, wiping egg and lipstick from his face as he sped toward the subway and his job way downtown.

"Now, dearest," she had said, "no presents."

"But, darling," Tom had protested, "it's our first anniversary."

"Remember the budget."

"Blast the budget."

"Well, if you must get something, it must be practical," she conceded. "Some little thing for the house. Promise?"

Tom promised. "Gosh, I wish I were rich!" he said. "I'd smother you with diamonds."

"Until then, kisses will do," she said.

He took the hint. "I guess I'm the most fortunate fellow alive to have an angel like you," he said. "What are you going to do today, Sue?"

"Oh, I've heaps of things to do around the house. One is to get a specially nice dinner—"

"Look," he said, with sudden gravity, "don't let any strange men come in here."

"When did the green-eyed monster bite you?" asked Sue.

"It's not jealousy," stated Tom. "But the police haven't caught that prowler yet and—"

"You think of the darnedest things to worry about," put in Sue. "That's your only vice, Tom—worry. Why, no sensible burglar would bother with folks like us. What could he steal? My pig bank? Those revolting bronze book ends your Aunt Cora gave us?"

"He's not sensible; he's mad," returned Tom. "And he's something a lot worse than a burglar. It isn't money he's after."

"Out of a city with four million women why should he pick on me?" asked Sue, lightly.

"Because you're the prettiest."

"Oh, finish your coffee and run along. I'm not scared," Sue said.

At the door they paused for a penultimate embrace.

"I really should have one of those safety chains put on this door," observed Tom.

"It's too lovely a day to be morbid," said Sue.

"Just the same, I have an odd feeling—ominous I guess you'd call it—that something bad is going to happen today," Tom said. "Last night as I came in a black cat crossed my path—"

"Is that any way for the future president of a big insurance company to talk?" said Sue. "It was just that kitten from next door. Kittens don't count. Oh, look, Tom, have you a new penny?"

He searched his pocket. "Only secondhand ones," he told her.

"It must be bright and new," said Sue.

"Why?"

"For the cake. Oh, dear, I meant to surprise you. You see I'm making us a chocolate cake—and I'm going to put a penny in it, and that means money to the one who gets it—or, anyway, good luck."

"Gosh, it's way past eight!" said Tom. "Goodby, my own dear little love."

He gave her a last, hard kiss and was off.

SUE was trying to shake a new penny out of the pig bank when her front-door bell rang.

"Who is it?" she called through the closed door.

"Man to fix your door," replied a voice, a rasping bass.

"Did my husband send you?"

"Sure."

She opened the door and a man entered, a big, shabby man, who looked like a punch-drunk heavyweight, and smelled of stale beer.

"I'm puttin' a chain on the door, see," he said. "Dames ain't safe in this burg nowadays. 'Specially cute babes like you."

He took from a frowsy coat a hammer, screw driver and a length of chain.

"Excuse me," Sue said, "do you happen to have a bright new penny? I'll give you an old one for it."

He favored her with a snaggle-toothed leer.

"I ain't got nothin' smaller than a ten-grand note," he said.

He followed her into the living room.

"Hadn't you better get to work?" said Sue. "You must be awfully busy these days."

He regarded her trim figure with small, bloodshot eyes.

"I got lots of time for this job," he said throatily. "Lots of time."

He shambled to the door and began, in a leisurely way, to tinker with it.

"I'll be in the kitchen," Sue said. "When you finish, show me how it works."

Sue brought in the cake with its single candle glowing brightly

She was about to put the cake in the oven, when she stopped. She had no new penny, and Tom was such a kid about such things. She slipped out of the rear service door so as not to disturb the man at his work. At the grocery store they had pennies galore, but not a single new one. She tried the drugstore without success. So, her little chin set with determination, she marched six blocks to a branch bank and there completed the financial transaction of swapping one aged cent for a shiny, newborn one. She was out for nearly an hour. When she got back to her apartment there was a chain on the front door and the workman had gone.

AT SIX-THIRTY she was watching from the window. She saw her Tom come whistling down the street, and she ran out into the spring twilight to meet him. He had a little package in his hand.

"It's a present," he informed her.

"But, Tom—"

"Oh, I kept my promise. It's practical," he said. "And I'm famished. I'll give it to you after dinner."

They had finished the tomato soup and the veal cutlet, and Sue brought in the anniversary cake with its single candle glowing brightly. She cut the cake and Tom ate with appreciative smacks.

"They caught that killer," he told Sue. "The evening papers are full of it. He got into an apartment in this section of town and attacked a woman; but a cop heard her screams and knocked the brute cold. And let this be a warning to you, Sue. He got in by pretending he was a workman—"

He uttered a yelp of pain.

"Oh, Tom," cried Sue. "What's the matter?"

"I got that lucky penny," he said, "and it broke a tooth."

"My poor darling, I'm so sorry."

"Well, didn't I tell you something dire was due to happen today?" said Tom. "But, anyhow, it was a wonderful cake. You may open your present now."

Sue opened the package and sat staring at its contents, her eyes very big, her face gone pale.

"I know it's not very romantic," said Tom. "But it might come in mighty handy some day. You know what it is, don't you?"

"Why, yes," faltered Sue. "It's a chain for the door."

"Correct," said Tom. "I'll put it on right away."

He went to the front door.

"Hey, what's this?" he exclaimed. "There's a chain here already."

Sue didn't say anything.

Tom came to her and took her in his arms.

"Well, you thoughtful little lamb!" he whispered. "You knew I was worried, so you had it put on to please me. Gosh, honey, I'm lucky to have you!"

"Yes," said Sue, "I guess you are."

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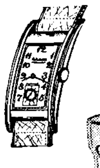

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High Test

Continued from page 18

Tom, being very much a seaman, looked at her sort of pityingly at first. After that, when she kept right up the south side of the channel, under the clean white bows of the cutter, too close for comfort, he thought she was showing off, coming in so close, and it made him mad. Worried him, too. Oh, not on her account. He thought of the white paint on the cutter's side, and what it would look like if this old tramp should happen to scrape along it.

So he ran up the ladder to the bridge and grabbed the megaphone, and stepped out on the starboard wing and hollered.

"Get over there!" he yelled. "Over, you sap, where you belong!"

But the boat came closer, and then Tom saw that it was fighting current, which was running crazy that afternoon, pushing this little hooker almost up against the clean side of the Traverse.

There was an old man with whiskers at the wheel, and beside him . . . Tom looked again. Yes, that was a woman, in oilskins and sou'wester. Hell of a place for a woman. Her face was turned up at him, smiling, and he could see her white teeth.

Tom didn't smile. The boat was only the length of a pike pole off when the rudder seemed to catch hold of the current, and she veered away.

"Keep to the channel!" Tom roared, and the girl turned around and glanced up at him again.

"Charming manners," she called.

EARL KIRKOFF, the junior grade on deck watch, happened to come up behind Tom just then, laughing quietly.

"Quite a girl, Mr. Vesey," he said.

Tom swore.

"Her boat," Kirkoff said. "Just heard this morning she'd bought it to use next summer, hauling gasoline."

"Won't stay afloat that long," Tom answered. He didn't say anything else, just pretended not to listen while Kirkoff explained. Betty Paige owned a dozen gasoline filling stations, in South Haven, and Michigan City, and Whitehall, and Frankfort and Manistee. Boat stations, understand, down on the docks, for fueling yachts and pleasure craft and fish tugs and the like.

"She's making plenty of money," little Kirkoff said. "Nice girl, too."

Tom growled, "Yeh?" and went below and forgot her. For suddenly he had a great many other things to remember. Jeb Peters came tearing down to the cutter the next Sunday afternoon with a fistful of special orders calling him to Washington, to sit on an inquiry.

"Take over at once, Mr. Vesey," Peters said. "She's your ship. Good luck." He added, grinning, "Look out for the lily pond."

And that same night a call crackled in to the wireless house. Traffic had opened a month early on the lakes, because for some reason the ice had broken up in the Straits of Mackinac. Owners were taking a chance, which is a foolish thing to do in late March.

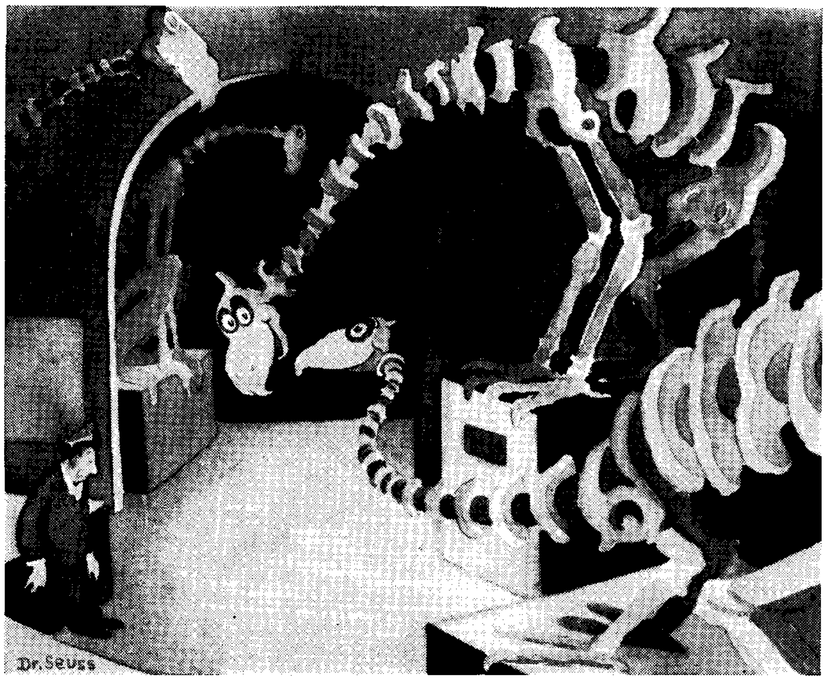
AT SUNDOWN that night the wind backed around on itself and began to holler out of the northwest. A lot of wind. Full gale to storm. And at ten o'clock the Tanker Burfiend piled up on St. Martin's reef. It was just forty minutes later the Traverse got the call.

At nine o'clock in the morning Tom sighted the tanker, up on the reef with a broken back. The Burfiend was a big ship, and her tanks were filled with an even million gallons of high-test gasoline. The wind had dropped off half when Tom brought the cutter around a quarter mile to windward of the wreck. He didn't dare get too close and didn't dare get into the lee, either, for there was a slick of gasoline an inch deep on the water, where it had leaked through a broken seam. A single spark would do plenty, there.

The crew was still aboard. Tom saw them hanging to the ice on the engine-room housing, and on the wings of the bridge.

"Take four volunteers and try to lower a boat, Mr. Kirkoff," Tom said, cool as you'd want. "Use your head. Keep away from the slick. And don't let your boat touch her side. Friction makes sparks."

Little Kirkoff said, "Very good, sir," and called for volunteers and went. The first trip took forty minutes. The second one took an hour. By that time, the sta-



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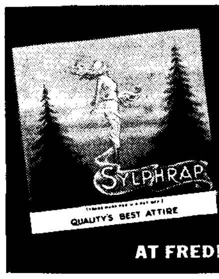

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tion lifeboats from Beaver Island and Charlevoix had managed to get there, rocking their way through ice and fighting the seas. They took off a load each and brought them to the cutter.

There were thirty-two in the crew of the Burfiend. Twenty-seven of them were still alive; five had frozen and been washed overboard. The twenty-seven needed doctors and beds. So Tom turned around and headed to the nearest port, which was Charlevoix. When he finally got there, and it wasn't so easy, he put the survivors ashore and reported by radio to division headquarters in Chicago.

The Burfiend was a complete wreck, he explained. She'd never get off St. Martin's reef, with her back broken in two that way, and pushed so high on the rocks. But only one of her ten compartments had sprung; there still was a cargo of nine hundred thousand gallons of high-test gas aboard. Enough to blow up all Lake Michigan, with Huron thrown in. She was close to the steamship lanes, too.

"Suggest I shell her with six-pounders to release gasoline," he finished.

But Chicago headquarters disagreed. It explained that the wreck-tug Favorite was on the way to St. Martin's reef, called by the owners. Tom was to return there at once with the cutter and patrol adjacent waters and offer aid.

Tom grunted, and took his ship back to the open lake. When he got to the reef, the Favorite was already there, standing by in deep water, looking helpless, and also a boat from the inspection service, carrying agents of the owners and the underwriters' men. At last the agents came aboard the cutter and explained.

They'd written the wreck over to the underwriters, and the underwriters would try to sell the gasoline.

"Sell it?" Tom asked. "Sell palm-leaf fans to the Eskimos?"

"They've got a bid already," the agents claimed.

"Bid?" Tom repeated. "How would anybody expect to get the gas off that barge, anyhow?"

"Pump it off," the agents answered, "into small boats."

Tom snorted. Then he looked serious and said, "It can't be done. Why, it'd blow up anything that started a pump there. Nine hundred thousand gallons—nobody but a crazy man would try it. Motor backfire, one electric spark, friction—anything would touch it off!"

THAT night the Favorite pulled away, showing good sense, and at midnight Tom got orders to return to North Haven. The crew chopped ice off the decks all the way, and ran steamlines to melt the upper workings. And the day Tom got back, he saw Betty Paige again.

The quartermaster standing harbor watch came down from the pilothouse to the wardroom where Tom was playing cribbage with the chief engineer.

"Lady to see you, sir," he reported, after knocking and clearing his throat. "Miss Paige. Wants to see the commanding officer."

"What the hell?" Tom answered, remembering. He rubbed his hand across his chin, then said, "Well, send her in."

He put on his uniform jacket, and the quartermaster opened the screen door to the passageway, and Tom saw her standing there.

He didn't say a word for a minute, just stood blinking at her. He wasn't prepared for how she looked. She had on furs today instead of oilskins, and she was young, you see, and feminine. And pretty. And, what's more, she was smiling at him, and looking a little bit surprised herself, probably at the way *he* looked.

"So it's you," she said. "I didn't realize that you were the commanding officer. I believe we almost met once before."

Tom, ignoring that, asked, "What can I do for you?"

She sat down, and said plainly, "I'm here to ask your help. I came to talk about a salvage job. I've bought the cargo of the Tanker Burfiend."

"I see," Tom said. "You've bought nine hundred thousand gallons of high test. What you plan to do with it?"

She had little hands, but they looked capable.

"I'm going to pump it out," she said. "What I came here for was to ask whether your boat might give me a hand."

"Not in a million years," he answered easily. "I wouldn't get within five miles of you when you start pumping."

SHE looked around the comfortable wardroom and shot back. "I wouldn't expect you to. I know how particular you are. Don't want anyone near you. It's before I start pumping that you can help. I've been talking to some tugboat men. They say they couldn't budge the wreck. But that you might, with your towing engine. If we could pull the Burfiend over to the edge of the reef—say move it twenty feet—it would mean easier pumping."

"Oh," Tom said.

His quietness misled her and she asked, "Don't you see?"

"Perfectly," he nodded. "But we're not in the salvage business. And, unfortunately, under the regulations we can't give free towing service. Have you paid for that gas?"

She shook her head and half a smile crinkled around the corners of her eyes, but if Tom saw it he didn't let on. "I'm not that dumb," she said. "I'll pay for it as I get it. I've put tanks aboard my boat. They'll hold nine thousand gallons."

"Oh, your boat," he said, and the tone of his voice made the second engineer look up. An unpleasant tone, you see. Sort of superior. "I remember your boat."

Betty Paige got up right away, starting to leave, and Tom stood, too.

"Thank you," she said.

But he stepped between her and the door, as if he thought of barring the way.

"Forget that cargo of gas," he ordered, suddenly fierce. "Why, you'll blow yourself up!"

"Nice of you to warn me," she said coldly, passing in front of him and taking the door handle.

"Are you going to try it?" he asked, as if he honestly were astonished. "Are you going to send a boat up?"

"I'm going up myself. I'll manage to get along."

He said, "Very well. Don't say I didn't warn you. Go ahead, and risk your fool neck if you want. I don't care."

But when she pulled the door open, he followed her into the corridor. "Please," he began. "Miss Paige—" You'd have thought he'd known her all his life the way he changed his tactics. His voice had a soft funny something in it that nobody around that cutter ever had heard before. But hers didn't. She was just as mad as ever. She said something nobody understood.

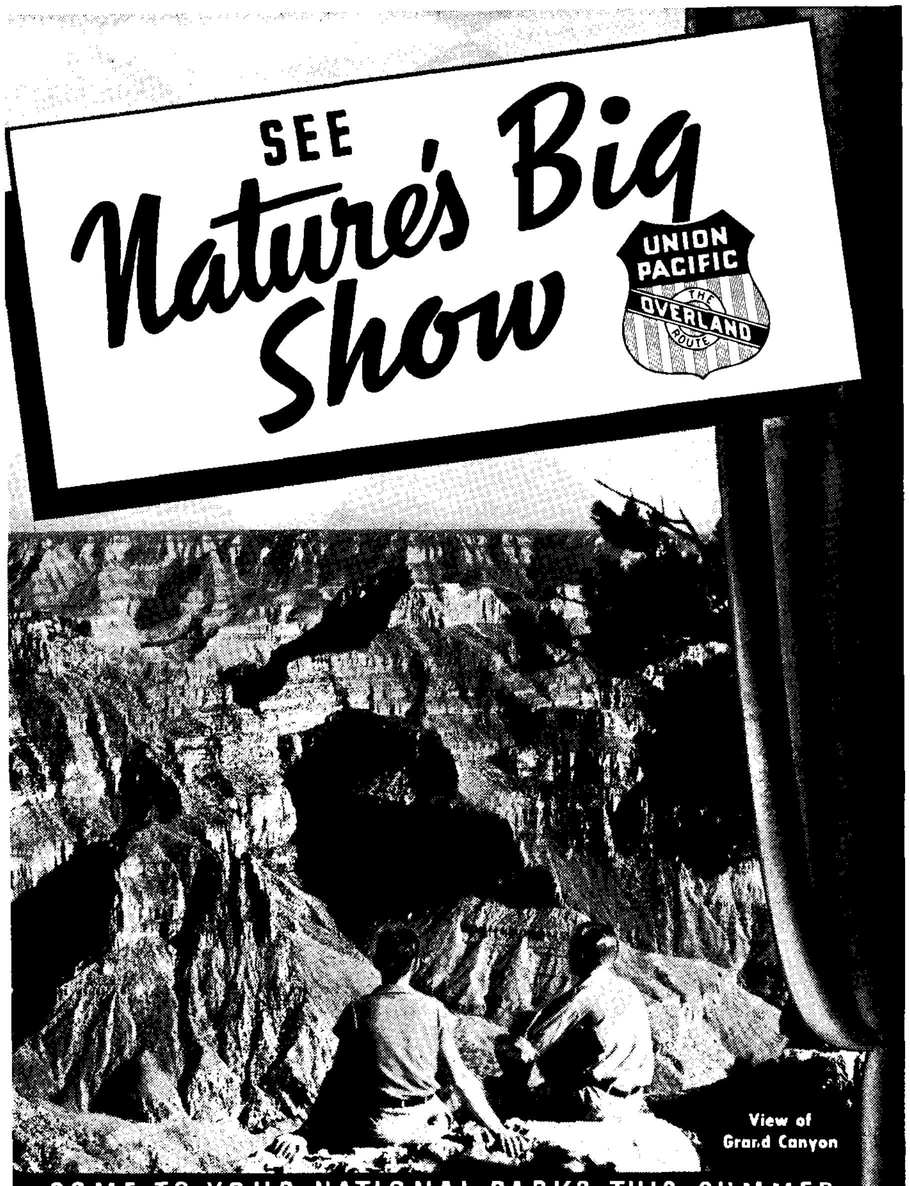
"Don't be an idiot!" he told her.

She was starting up the brass-bound treads of the companionway. Over her shoulder she commented, "It's nice spring weather we're having," and let herself out to the deck.

The next morning Tom saw her boat go through the channel, outward bound.

A spunky man doesn't like to have a spunky girl treat him the way Betty did. Sparks always fly when they meet.

It was a week, though, before he did make up his mind. Then he sent a message to headquarters in Chicago. He



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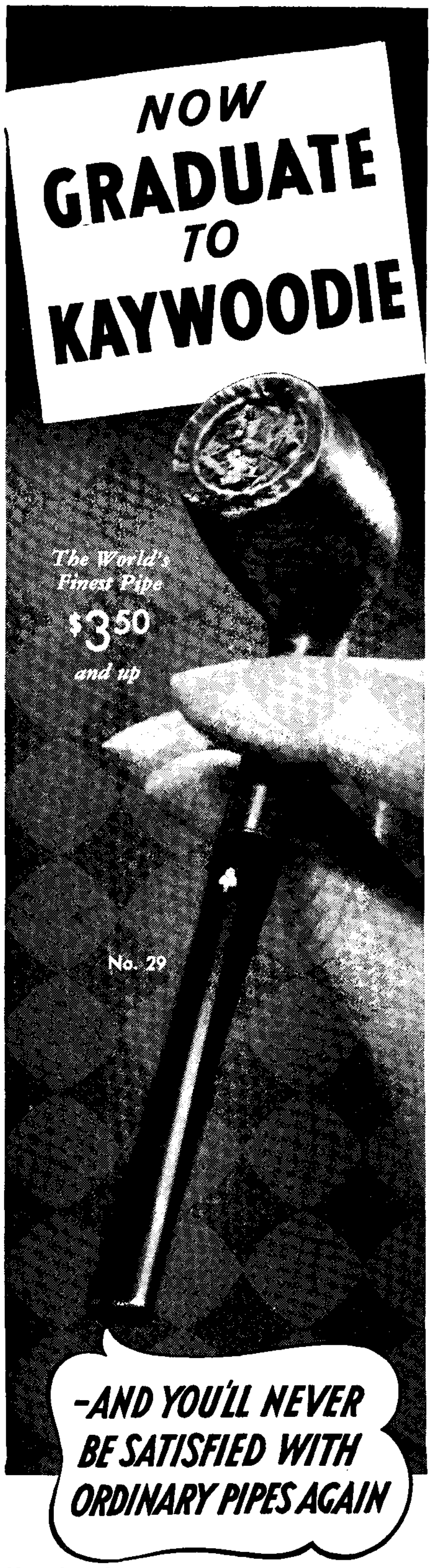

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wrote it three times and tore it up before he had it to suit him. Then he showed it to little Kirkoff.

"It's my duty," he explained, and added with sort of a challenge, "or don't you think so?"

"Well, pumping out that gas so near the steamship lanes is a menace to navigation, all right," Kirkoff agreed.

"And the law distinctly tells us to prevent such things," Tom Vesey argued.

Kirkoff didn't even smile. He thought he saw what was going on in Tom's mind. Betty Paige had come off best in both their meetings; that was what bothered Tom. If it had been a man pumping the gas out of the broken Burfiend, Tom wouldn't have fretted so about it. Or some other kind of girl without Betty's tongue. That's what little Kirkoff thought was the reason, anyway.

Of course Tom had a good case. Good enough, anyway, that Chicago told him to go ahead in the matter of the gasoline, but to use judgment. He went, right away.

There was plenty of slush ice in the Manitou channel, with just enough open water to let the seas roll between the floes. Tom stayed in his quarters, working on reports, all the way up the coast, saying nothing to anyone and looking mad and worried every time he stuck his head out.

THE cutter was just off Lighthouse Point, on a line with South Fox Island, when he went up to the bridge where Kirkoff was standing the four-to-eight watch.

"We should get pretty well up to St. Martin's reef before dark," he said slowly, seeming to be hunting for words. "When we do—well, I think—"

"The gal may have gone into Charlevoix to deliver a load of gas," Kirkoff pointed out. "She probably goes back every night with a cargo and comes out in the morning."

"Right enough," Tom said, grabbing the idea. "I don't want to bring this ship too close to the Burfiend. If the young lady's in Charlevoix, we'll go back there. I'll talk to her there. Make her see sense."

"Not her," Kirkoff said.

"She can't be all fool!"

"All nerve," Kirkoff corrected. "Too bad, sort of, to stop her. It seems—"

"What?" Tom snapped. "What does it seem?"

"Well, she's sort of spunky. And if she does put this over, she'll make a nice profit, Mr. Vesey. If she doesn't, well—it's her own funeral." He paused. "What's that?" he cried suddenly, peering forward through the glass. "There a little east of due north?"

Tom jammed the binoculars against his eyes. He stared for a long minute at the narrow column of blue smoke rising high above the horizon. And while he looked there was a dull reddish flash at the bottom of the column. He swung around with his hand reaching for the general alarm bell.

They say the Traverse can only do fifteen knots. Well, they don't know. Tom put her up across the lake half again that fast, through slush ice and a field of twelve-inch honeycomb and through open water. It was thirty minutes before he could see the wreck on St. Martin's reef, but he knew without seeing what had happened there.

He still had another hour to go when darkness came down. But the wreck guided him. It was a single tall torch, burning fiercely, red and yellow, purple and green, and the high cloud above it was like a bent pink funnel in the sky.

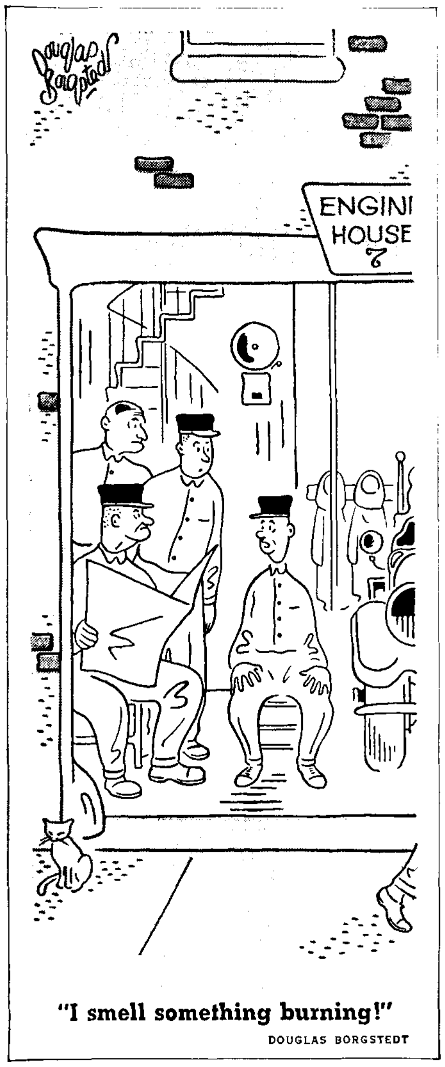
As he got nearer, without slowing down a single revolution of the shaft, he saw the whole story, plain as if it were written in a book.

Betty Paige's little hooker lay close to the stern of the tanker. That is, what was left of her did. Her whole deck was gone, tipped up over the higher deck of the Burfiend, and her little smokestack was tossed up there beside the larger smokestack of the tanker, sort of leaning against it. She didn't have any bridge or deckhouse any more either. All she had was fire. She was like a little gravy bowl full of burning grease that already had spattered up to start fire on the other ship.

THERE were ten compartments on the Burfiend, see? One of them had drained empty the night she broke her back. Drained and spread out on the water, but didn't catch fire. But now it was another story. A second tank, away aft toward the engine room, had got stove in when the little hooker blew. And was it burning? Mister, was it! Even against the wind, the boys on the cutter could feel it at a quarter-mile.

Kirkoff shouted, "Close enough, sir?"

Tom didn't answer, only stared ahead through his binoculars. He dropped them suddenly.



"I smell something burning!"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

"Run to edge of reef. All the way. Don't slow down yet. Run right up, then reverse. She'll need a boat."

The quartermaster said, "A boat—to *that,* sir?"

"Shut up," Tom answered.

"If there's anyone alive," Kirkoff began, hesitating, as if he were experimenting with his voice as well as his nerve. "If there's anyone alive, I'll get a boat crew—but nobody *can* be alive, sir."

"WHO asked you to get a boat crew?" Tom yelled at him. "I'm taking a boat. The girl's up there. On the Burfiend. I saw her! By the pilothouse. Swing to port a little. Right up to the bow!"

Just then the third tank on the Burfiend let go. It seemed to throw blazing gasoline over a quarter-mile of lake, and the slick, floating on top, caught fire, of course, and made flashes of blue and yellow flame, quicker than lightning, back and forth, back and forth.

"Slow," Tom said, and Kirkoff moved the handle of the engine-room telegraph. "Stop. Keep her off the reef. Reverse. Full speed astern."

He was down the bridge ladder and running along the deck. The bosun and the carpenter's mate and three of the crew were swinging a boat out on the davits already, all looking scared. Tom didn't ask for volunteers. Didn't have to. This was the coast guard, see? The three men tumbled in with him.

Kirkoff saw him at one of the oars. Then he didn't see him. Fire was shooting across the water, cutting off sight. Then he saw him once more, close up under the bow of the flaming tanker.

Kirkoff had brought the Traverse to a stop and her turbine was turning the shaft over slowly, in reverse, holding her off the edge of the reef. And suddenly he saw the girl. Everybody saw her. Just as Tom's boat eased up to the side of the Burfiend, she ran out of the protection of the pilothouse. She'd been watching, too, you see. She ran out, pulling somebody after her. A man.

Tom stood up in his boat. The girl dropped the man over, and somehow Tom caught him in his arms.

The shock caused the lifeboat to rock with a quick, crazy motion that nearly threw them all out. Tom let the man down into the bottom, and his arms went up again. And the girl jumped. Tom caught her, deftly enough, considering the rocking motion of the boat, and carried her aft.

The lifeboat crew started to row. They were two thirds of the way back to the ship when the next tank let go. The pilothouse crumbled, as if it were made of wet paper. Paper soaked in gasoline.

And then Tom had the two aboard us. No, there wasn't anybody else. Hadn't been, any day. Just this old man with whiskers and the girl. She hadn't even asked anybody else to try the job. Two lives were enough to risk, and, besides, she figured, two could be more careful than three.

TOM sent the old man down to sick bay for the pharmacist mate to take care of. Betty Paige he brought to the wardroom.

"Sit in that chair," he told her. "Sit there and don't move." He sent the mess boy to the sick bay for a shot of whisky and gave it to her, and when she started to thank him, he told her to shut up. "And stay where you are this time till I send for you," he added, and stamped back to deck.

The cutter had high-tailed out of the burning slick by this time. Tom set a course, in a three-mile circle, around the blazing wreck. He had to stand by. That's regulations. It was morning before the last of the tanks let go and the Traverse could start back for port.

Tom went down to the wardroom then. He hoped the girl was asleep, but she wasn't. She said, "I've been waiting several hours."

"Oh," he snapped, "isn't that too bad!"

She'd had on one of those wool ski suits under her oilskins. It still covered her from head to foot, only there was a hole as big as a baseball burned in one knee. And when Tom came in, she was powdering her nose, which made him madder than ever, of course.

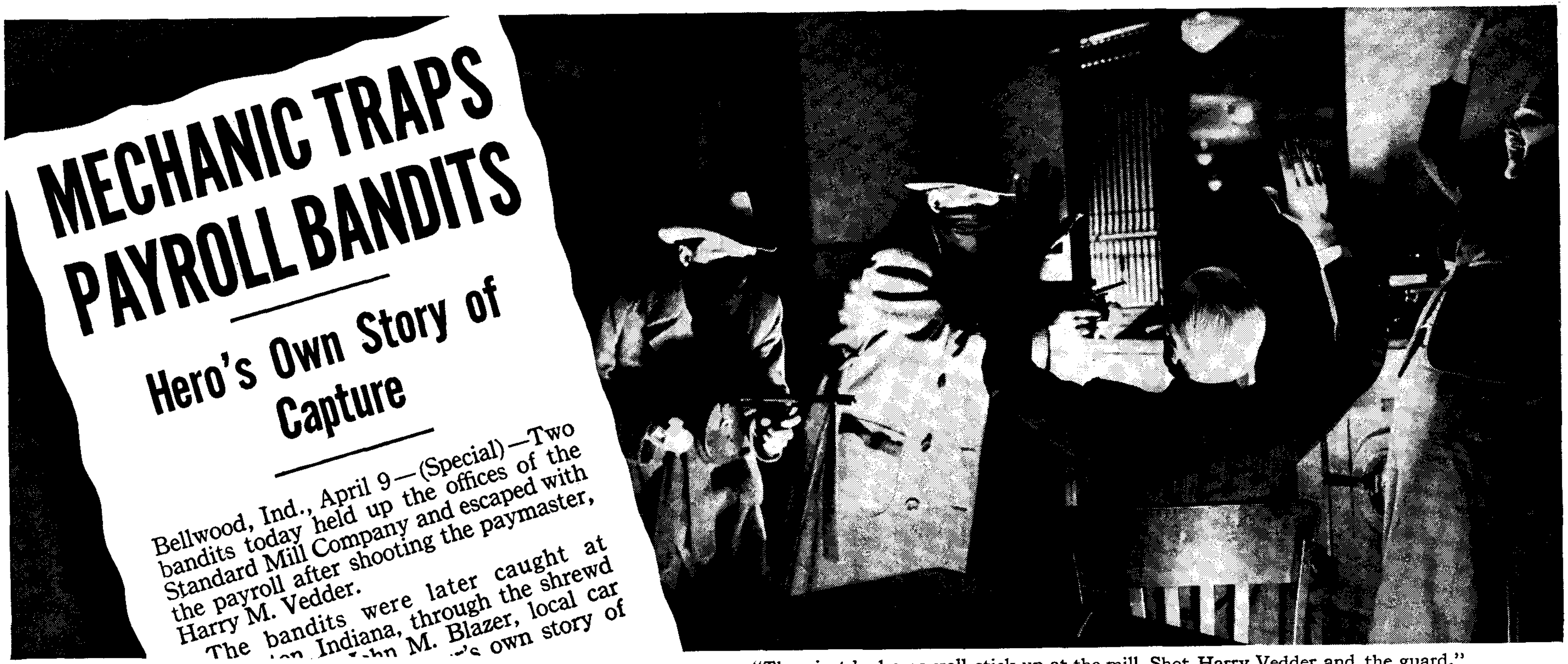
"I've something to tell you," she said. "You'd no right to come up here tonight. You shouldn't—"

"No right?" he stormed. "What do you mean, no right?"

"If you wouldn't interrupt so impolitely, I'd tell you," she snapped back. "You had no right to risk your ship, that's why. Afraid one minute somebody'll scratch some paint on it, and the next minute rushing into a fire—"

"If you'd taken my advice—"

"I don't intend to. I never will take your advice. Never!"



MECHANIC TRAPS PAYROLL BANDITS

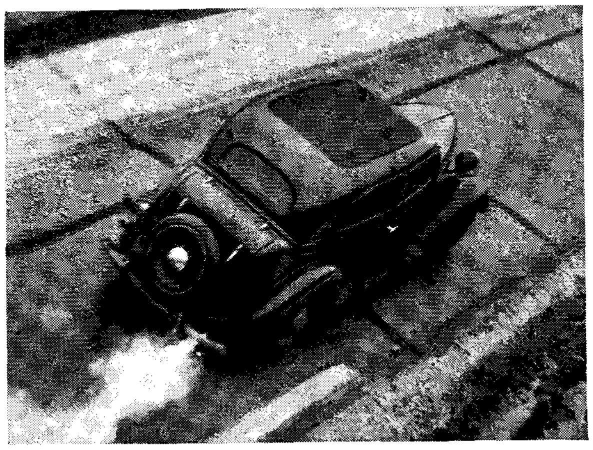
Hero's Own Story of Capture

Bellwood, Ind., April 9—(Special)—Two bandits today held up the offices of the Standard Mill Company and escaped with the payroll after shooting the paymaster, Harry M. Vedder.

The bandits were later caught at
on, Indiana, through the shrewd
hn M. Blazer, local car
's own story of

"They just had a payroll stick-up at the mill. Shot Harry Vedder and the guard." Sam Jordan yelled the news across the street to me right after it happened

5 minutes later, Eddie Gray phoned that his car had been stolen . . . You see, I was going to overhaul it and put new Perfect Circle X-90 Piston Rings in it today . . . Well, I just put two and two together



Eddie's car is only a year old . . . just the kind bandits would pick for a getaway. But Eddie'd put 35,000 fast miles on it . . . and man! He couldn't go over 100 miles without pulling into a filling station for oil

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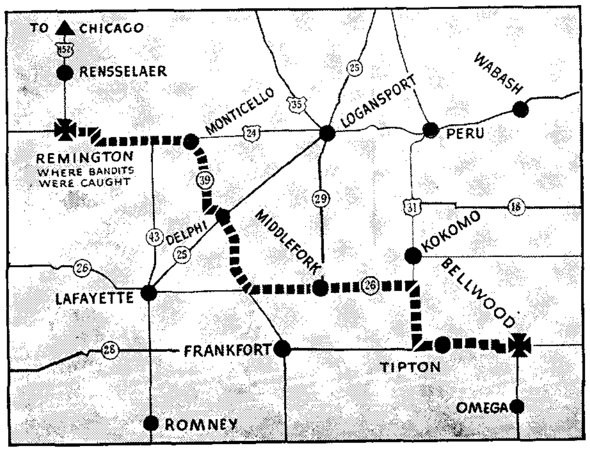
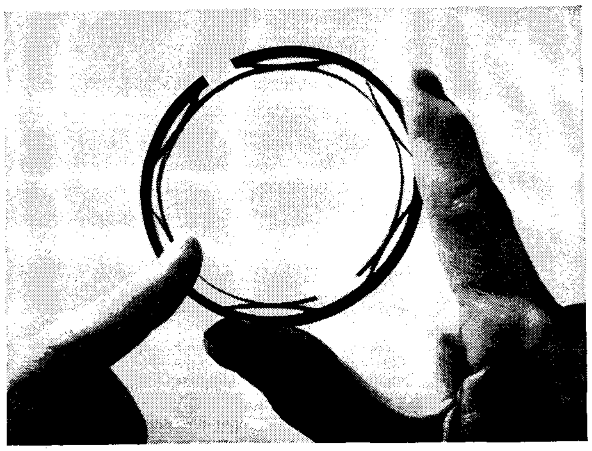


Mister, am I lucky? If I had put new X-90 Piston Rings in Eddie's car yesterday, those bandits could have gone two thousand miles without adding a single quart of oil. Here, I'll show you why . . . Look at this X-90 Ring . . .



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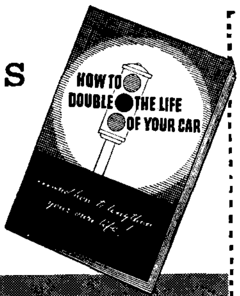

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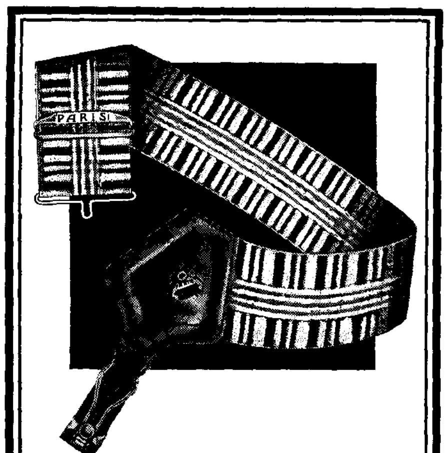

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"Oh," he answered. "We'll see about that."

The chief engineer slipped through to the galley for coffee, and he heard them arguing. When the watches changed again, Mr. Kirkoff found them still at it, and neither of them weakening.

Nobody knows how much of the next ten hours they kept at it. But Tom didn't appear on deck till it was time to take the cutter into the breakwater at North Haven. As soon as the old man with whiskers had been carried ashore and all messages cleared to Chicago, he disappeared again, and when he came back next time Betty Paige was beside him.

She still was not allowing him to give her a hand but for a change they were not arguing. He even went to the gangplank with her.

"The gasoline business is no place for a girl like you!" Kirkoff heard him holler. "You ought to—"

"What?" she wanted to know.

"Stay ashore and take care of somebody's house."

That struck her funny.

"Oh, be a housemaid?" she asked. "Well, it *wouldn't* hurt *you* to come ashore now and then, either."

"Me? Ashore? What would *I*—" But the idea suddenly hit him and he began to laugh.

"It was you that mentioned a house," she reminded him. "It didn't appeal to me either, particularly."

He stopped laughing and looked at her with a surprised expression.

"Why, listen," he said. "Well, I'll be damned! So that's what ails you, too? You'd rather be afloat?"

"Part of the time, at least," she said.

HE LOOKED at her for a couple of minutes. Hard. But not hostile. Just an understanding look. Then he turned around toward the bridge.

"Mr. Kirkoff," he hollered, "I'm going ashore. Don't know how long I'll be gone."

So he and Betty Paige walked up the stone steps together toward the street. Their faces both were dirty, stained with smoke. But they didn't pay any attention to that. Just to each other.

Ashes of Empire

Continued from page 15

younger to Manchukuo for the same reason stunted, workless Britons will not exchange their grimy slums for the fresh air and sunshine of Cape Colony, or the free, good life of Canada or Australia or Rhodesia. It is the reason why Germans would not emigrate to the old colonies; why—as Mussolini will discover—his excess Italians will not go to Abyssinia. Among the peasants and coolies all over the world, there is a dim, vague terror of the faraway and the unknown.

Dreams that Faded Away

The militarists' dream of huge territories, won by the sword, held by the gun, populated by millions of "surplus" Japanese, has faded. Faded, too, is the dream that the new lands and their people would provide unlimited raw materials, mass markets.

First, Japanese working people were squeezed for the money to finance the empire venture; their sons were taken away to fight and die. The empire won, the people who paid and gave their sons will have none of it. And the subject people of the new territories, exploited by Mitsuis and Mitsubishis and other Japanese capitalists, now become fierce economic competitors of the very people who have paid and offered their lives in return for a promise of prosperity.

Japanese are patriotic—but Japanese money is no more patriotic than money anywhere else. When Japanese industrialists found they could make more profits by employing Chinese labor in Manchukuo or Formosan labor in the islands or Polynesian labor in the South Seas, they merely exported their factories and cleaned up.

This year, in the face of failure of the empire-building scheme to help anyone except a few monopolistic Japanese firms, the army and navy are clamping the shackles still more firmly on the Satos and the rest of them.

Today, when Hanako Sato goes to buy her rice she gets a little less for her yen. When Taro Sato pays the rent, his landlord gets a little more, saying so-sorry, but taxes have gone up again. And if Taro and Hanako and Shizuko and Saburo wonder about these things, that is all they may do. If they complain, openly, they will soon have a visit from the policeman in the little kiosk on the corner and be hustled down to the Thought Control Bureau.

The winning of her empire has cost Japan that which she most covets—the friendship of foreign nations. Her politicians and militarists used to complain bitterly that their country hadn't a friend in the world.

But this year they have changed their attitude. They say now that Japan doesn't care; that "we don't have to explain our policies."

If it is true that Japan hasn't a friend on earth, it is equally true that she need not have one active enemy. No one wants to attack her. If tomorrow she would stop her aggression and irritation against China and Russia, both those nations would be tickled to death to ignore her and attend to the engrossing job of cleaning up their own internal muddles.

Looking at the thing realistically, Japan could dispense tomorrow with two thirds of her military and naval forces and still be quite safe from attack. But if she did that she would have to abandon a forty-year policy of territorial expansion abroad and industrial speeding up at home. She can't do that, because throwing the machine in reverse would wreck it. Slowing it down would be almost as bad.

This year, Taro Sato's workday must be stretched a little. Shizuko's flying fingers must flash a little faster at the making of toy dogs. Ten, instead of twelve workers will have to tend the thousand spindles that spin all day before Hanako. The web of printed rayon that flows through Saburo's hands will move still more swiftly.

Other white ash-boxes will be piled beside Jiro's in the Buddhist temple. Others—Watanabes and Fujitas and Yamagatas and Nogis—will join the tortured Kenji behind his prison walls. For now, more than ever, it is forbidden to question the eternal rightness of feeding more and more human beings to the fires of empire.

What the end will be no one knows, least of all the forty million Japanese who sweat and work and live on a little rice so that the empire may expand crazily and futilely. They live and hope, blindly, that things may be better. If not for them, then for their children. Some such thought must have been in the minds of Taro and Shizuko Sato when they named their first-born Emiko.

Emiko means Joyful Smile.

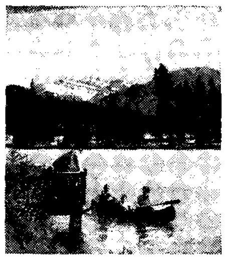
Vacation Bound?

GOLF

FISHING

RIDING

SWIMMING



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Lay off the Worms

Continued from page 20

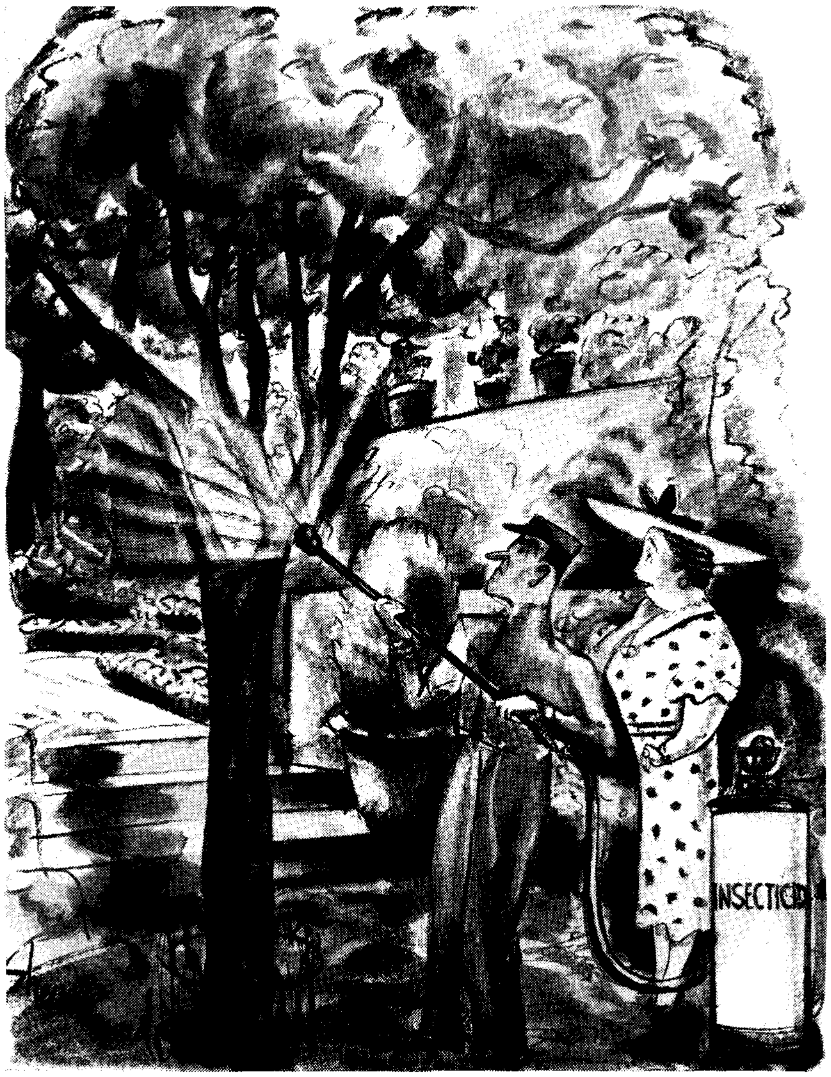
of the game if he has had the lights and liver scared out of him by having someone wade into his parlor. I'd rather have one hundred yards of stream, with six fish in it, to myself, than have six hundred yards with sixty fish being hammered by six fishermen. The considerate fly fisherman can wade along quietly, keeping out of the parts of water in which trout are lying and, aside from putting down the fish temporarily by careless casting, will leave the water in good condition for the man who follows him.

Spinner for a Day

While he is fishing this piece of water, he will have a lot more to think about than the worm fisherman, whose one problem is how to get his worm—the same old worm—in front of a trout. If the fish won't rise to a Cahill, there are dozens of other patterns that can be tried. If they won't take a dry fly, perhaps they will come for a wet fly or nymph. What natural insect is on the water, and what artificial best imitates it? How can the fly be presented to the fish so that the leader won't scare it? How can the surface current be outwitted so that it won't set up a drag on the fly, which should float over or drift past the trout in just as natural a manner as the natural fly or nymph would do? Yes, the fly fisherman can spend a lot of time on his limited stretch of stream, and be contentedly occupied with scores of interesting problems which the trout, his feeding habits and the stream itself will provide.

The natural flies upon which trout feed are of course a matter of considerable interest to the fly fisherman, whose job it is to offer the fish an artificial representation of them. These insects are a fascinating study in themselves. The May flies, of which there are a number of varieties, lay their eggs on the surface of the stream. The eggs sink to the bottom and hatch out into tiny larvae. These live under the stones or in the silt on the bottom, and as they grow, shed their skins a number of times. In this form, which lasts from one to three years, they are known as nymphs, and are of great interest to the angler because three quarters of the trout food is composed of these submerged forms of the trout-stream insects. Comes a day in the spring when some mysterious urge starts these nymphs to the surface to hatch out into winged flies. As they reach the surface their nymphal skin splits, and their wings are freed. They float along for a few minutes until they are dry enough to fly and then take off. In this stage of their development they are known as duns, and how the trout relish them! The dry-fly fisherman is imitating these duns when he floats his fly on the surface, over a fish.

The wet-fly fisherman, drifting his feathered artificial beneath the surface, is imitating the nymph. The duns soon come to rest on a leaf or a stone, and their skins start to split. I have watched a dun slowly pull itself out of its skin in about fifteen minutes. When it emerges, it is a beautiful, transparent, gauzy creature known as a spinner. Toward evening the males and females take



"Oh, dear! I've never been so humiliated in my life!"

B. SHERMUND

I HAVEN'T SLEPT SO WELL IN MONTHS!

A good night's sleep is essential to energy the next day. It is necessary to health, vigor—happiness. Are you getting a good night's sleep every night?

If you have trouble getting to sleep at night, why not try this method thousands use?

THERE IS NOTHING so refreshing as a good night's sleep. Yet how many of us are getting it, night after night? How many of us are able to face our fellows every day with the confidence and energy which a good night's sleep brings?

Too few, unfortunately. Too many of us toss and turn half the night, and wake up next morning showing the result in our actions, and in our faces.

Yet there are thousands of people who *are* getting a good night's sleep every night, simply by taking Ovaltine.

What Ovaltine is

Ovaltine is a Swiss food-drink, originated abroad and now made in this country. You make a drink out of it by simply putting 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls in a cupful of hot milk. It is delicious. The way it promotes sound slumber is explained in this way:—

1. It tends to draw blood from the brain to the stomach. This helps to relax and compose the mind for sleep.

2. It gives the stomach a light digestive job to do, and this often helps relieve that hollow, restless feeling which keeps so many people awake.

The result seems to be a lessening of that feeling of inner tenseness which so often interferes with sleeping. Ovaltine not only promotes quicker sleep—it also gives a better *quality* of sleep, thousands say. It helps them wake up feeling much more refreshed and *rested.*

That is because Ovaltine is not a narcotic. It is a *food*—not a drug at all. A food that promotes the perfectly *natural* kind of sleep.

So, why go on, night after night, suffering from sleeplessness, when a *good* night's sleep may be within your grasp? Try Ovaltine—make yourself an Ovaltine "nightcap" tonight.

See if you don't fall asleep more quickly. See if you don't wake up—next morning—feeling better. See if the experience of thousands of others won't prove to be *your* experience, too!

Get a can of Ovaltine at any grocery or drug store.

"My husband works in the Detroit Edison Company," **writes Mrs. Harold J. Golden of Monroe, Michigan.** ***"He was in a very nervous condition and couldn't sleep nights. He would get up in the morning cranky and cross with the children. They couldn't understand why he wouldn't play with them. I read about Ovaltine and decided to try it, and I am thankful I did. He goes to bed now and*** **sleeps, *and gets up in the morning with a smile."***

JUST HEAT SOME MILK in a saucepan. Don't heat the milk to the boiling point.

POUR THE HOT MILK out into a cup—*before* you add any Ovaltine to it . . .

THEN ADD 3 TO 4 TEASPOONFULS of Ovaltine to the milk. It dissolves very easily.

SWEETEN TO TASTE. Drink it just before going to bed. It is a delicious drink!

OVALTINE

***promotes sound, natural* SLEEP**

Copr. 1937, The Wander Co.

The same
5¢
buys
34% Stronger Points
Sealed-in Smoothness
35 miles of line
When you ask for
EAGLE
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EAGLE "CHEMI-SEALED" MIKADO 174

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75¢ a month (at age 30) FOR THIS $1,000.00 WHOLE LIFE POLICY! ONLY

WE HAVE NO AGENTS
LOW RATES
MEN AND WOMEN—ALL AGES

You share the savings we make by eliminating commissions, branch office expenses, and high overhead charges. Low initial rates—reduced still further by TWO DIVIDENDS: a *guaranteed* 9½% dividend, and an additional contingent dividend as earned. You get $1,000.00 of insurance for only $1.75 a month (age 30). Other ages in proportion.

9½% Guaranteed Dividends

$43,000,000.00 PAID OUT

Postal offers you the lifetime protection of real Old Line, Legal Reserve Life Insurance with cash and loan values and all standard provisions *guaranteed* in the policy. This strong, 31-year-old company operating under the rigid New York State Insurance laws has paid out over $43,000,000.00 to policy holders and their beneficiaries.

GET THE FACTS!

Find out how Postal can lower the cost of insuring your life. Send the coupon for the facts—it places you under NO OBLIGATION. You'll want to know about the BUY-DIRECT-AND-SAVE Plan, anyway.

Clip and mail coupon now.

Postal Life Insurance Company
511 Fifth Avenue, Dept. W-272, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me, without obligation, facts about your low-cost $1,000 WHOLE-LIFE Policy at my age.

Name..............................
Street..............................
City....................State..........
Date of Birth........Occupation.........

Send above Coupon NOW

wing over the stream, and mating takes place. The spinner only lives about twenty-four hours, and when it has procreated it falls exhausted to the surface of the stream and dies. To tie artificial imitations of the various species of nymphs, duns and spinners is an absorbing occupation for the fly fisherman during the winter months.

During the past quarter of a century I have spent as much time on trout streams as most men, and it has been my observation that a skillfully handled fly, fished by an experienced and intelligent man, will account for more trout than a worm fished by an equally good bait fisherman, throughout the season. I have seen the day in the Catskills when the hills were still covered with snow in early April, and the water was so cold that the trout lay on the bottom in a semidormant condition, when the man who chucked a gob of nightwalkers on the bottom of a deep pool would catch more and bigger fish than the fly fisherman.

Quality, Not Quantity, Fishing

Some years ago at DeBruce, New York, I saw a large tray of trout running from ten to eighteen inches—a magnificent catch—which were taken on nightwalkers from the bottom of a deep pool. This pool was usually the best on the Willowemoc above Livingston Manor. I fished there many times during that spring, and never saw another decent trout taken from the pool that season. If the water had been restricted to fly fishing only—as it now is in that particular place, which has been closed to the public—there would have been reasonably good fishing in that pool for a number of men all through the season.

I have no objection to any man catching all the fish the law allows, if he is able to—that's his business. But I believe it is a fact that the fly fisherman finds so many absorbing problems in his form of sport that he more and inclines to place less emphasis on the number of trout he kills, and more and more importance on his ability to catch the trout. I see scores of fish under ten inches put back in the stream each spring by men who had their fun in catching them, and who are interested in taking home only the big ones.

Why can't the worm fisherman adopt the same attitude? He can, but it won't bear the same fruitful results, because so many of the smaller fish he catches can't be returned to water unharmed. When a trout takes an artificial fly in his mouth, it requires only an instant for him to realize his mistake and spit it out. But when he takes a worm his one idea is to see how fast he can swallow it, and the hook may be anywhere from his lip to his stomach by the time he is in the landing net.

Now don't get me wrong about this matter. I have no moral or ethical objections to worm fishing—none whatever. I don't say that the man who fishes with a worm is no sportsman—not a bit of it. I don't say that there is no skill involved in successful worm fishing—far from it. I do point out, however, that with the ever-increasing crowding of our trout streams the best way to get the most fun out of the game is to fish with a fly.

It is my earnest hope that in time many of our trout streams, or parts of them, will be restricted to fly fishing only—not because I have any desire to see the worm fisherman gypped out of his sport, but because I know that at the rate fishermen are increasing it is only a matter of time when the only trout fishing worth the trouble will be on privately controlled waters. And these are increasing rapidly each year.

In Europe there isn't a foot of public trout fishing. The streams and the fish in *them are all privately owned.* If we want to continue our system of open fishing for everyone, we have simply got to devise every possible means of getting our fun out of very limited stretches of water, which we leave in good condition for the man who follows us. We have got to develop a real sense of stream courtesy and practice it—a willingness to let the other fellow enjoy his fishing, too. If we don't, he will gather together a few of his friends and rent or buy the stream right out from under our noses, and in time we will do our fishing in canals, lakes and the ocean—none of which is ideal trout water.

In the East we have seen the last of trout fishing for large, wild fish—except in certain waters in Maine where there are still very large square-tail natives to be found. Maine, by the way, has been more foresighted in regard to the preservation of fish and game than any other state in the Union. At Kennebago stream, for instance, which is one of the places where trout of four pounds and up can still be caught, one is allowed to kill but two fish a day; all others have to be returned, unharmed, to the water. This means no bait fishing, of course.

Such famous rivers as the Battenkill, the Beaverkill, the Ausable, to mention but three, used to contain a real supply of big brown trout, fish that would go two and three and even four pounds. But each year fewer of these are caught, because they just aren't present in any considerable numbers. These streams are all stocked annually, but the catch of fish is so great these days that very few of the stocked fish live long enough to become "big 'uns." Under very favorable conditions brown trout will grow about four inches their first year. The following spring they would be about seven inches long. A four-year-old would run from ten to sixteen inches, depending on the available food and other conditions. A fourteen-inch brown trout should weigh about a pound. So you can see that if a stream is stocked with fish from six to ten inches and is then fished to death by a horde of anglers, there is a very good reason for the absence of two- and three-pounders.

Wild Trout Are Smarter

To give some idea of the magnitude of the stocking operations carried on by some of the states, let me quote the figures of New Jersey for the year 1935. A total of 653,000 trout were liberated in the streams, of which 20,200 were over twelve inches in length. In 1934 Connecticut liberated 165,238 adult trout, weighing 45,115 pounds. In 1933 the same state liberated 214,637 adult trout weighing 45,750 pounds. In New Jersey, in 1935, 546,000 of the trout liberated were over the legal limit in size. From my experience and observations when fishing some of the New Jersey waters late in the season, I should say that *somewhere around ninety per cent of* the fish liberated had been caught during the open season. In view of the fact that the catch for 1934, reported by sportsmen when taking out new licenses the following year, was 440,504 trout, my guess is probably a pretty good one. It is obvious from these figures that wild trout in a state like New Jersey are a thing of the past.

All the varieties of trout found in the United States can be artificially raised in hatcheries—thank fortune! In the East the native trout is the square-tail brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*). The brown trout (*Salmo fario*) has been introduced from Europe, and to my mind is about the best of the lot, as it is a very free surface feeder. The rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) has been brought from the Pacific coast and is thriving in a number of Eastern streams today. It is a wonderful fighter

You can't smell your own head—
HAVE YOU
"RANCID HAIR"?

NATURALLY your hair collects dirt. Naturally its excess oil and acid perspiration turn "sour"—offend.

Play safe. Give your hair regular and scientific cleansing with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. It washes away dandruff, dirt, and offensive, rancid odors. Contains nothing oily, greasy, gummy or sticky. It can't seal in the offending impurities. It removes them—quickly—thoroughly. For hair health and cleanliness—for finer appearance, insist on Pinaud's—the *original* Eau de Quinine.

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LOOK OUT ANTI-FREEZE-
HERE I COME!

NOW'S THE TIME TO CLEAN OUT YOUR RADIATOR

PUT your car in shape for summer driving, right now. Remove anti-freeze and clean out all the rust and sediment that are clogging your radiator. You can do it yourself for ten cents—in a few minutes. Just get a can of Sani-Flush.

Pour a little in the radiator (directions are on the can). Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Then refill with clean water. Sani-Flush removes lime and scale from the cooling system. Opens the circulation of water. Insures an efficient flow through the cooling system. Sani-Flush cannot injure aluminum cylinder heads or motor fittings. Most bathrooms have Sani-Flush for cleaning toilets. Sold at grocery, drug, hardware, or five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN
Safe NOT CAUSTIC

and jumps continually when on the line. These three varieties are now found right across the country in varying numbers. In the Rockies the native trout are the cutthroat (*Salmo clarkii*) and the rainbow; while in the Sierra Nevadas in California is found the golden trout (*Salmo roosevelti*). There are a number of variations of these species, such as the steelhead (*Salmo rivularis*), the Tahoe trout (*Salmo henshawi*), and the Dolly Varden trout (*Salvelinus parkei*) which isn't a trout at all, but a char, as is its cousin, the Eastern brook trout or square-tail.

There is no doubt in my mind that stocked fish are easier to catch the first season they are released than are wild trout of similar size. I fished a private stretch of Brodhead's Creek in Pennsylvania, with a friend last spring, and after a very leisurely day's fishing we kept eight trout that weighed something over eleven pounds—all fish that had been put out early in the season. The biggest wild trout either of us caught went about ten inches. That there are some large wild trout in that water I know to be a fact, because on a later date I caught some of them, and saw others which I didn't catch. But on the day I speak of, the only big fish which rose were the stocked fish. In that section they are known as "mullet" which indicates how the local anglers look upon them in comparison to wild fish.

Spreading the Pleasures

I believe that stocked fish are about the equal of wild fish after they have been in the stream for a year. The problem is how to protect these hatchery-raised trout for at least a year, so that they will become "acclimatized" to the stream and as difficult to catch as their brethren. I suggest that if all fish of nine inches or more were tagged with the year of their release, and it were made illegal to kill any fish caught with the date of the current year on their tag, it would not be long before a fair stock of large fish could be built up. But as long as people are fishing primarily for food rather than sport, this would be a difficult law to enforce.

Another possible solution, but one of considerable difficulty in practical accomplishment, would be to stock certain waters heavily and not permit any fishing in them until the following year. Perhaps a certain percentage of trout water in each state could be set aside each year for this purpose.

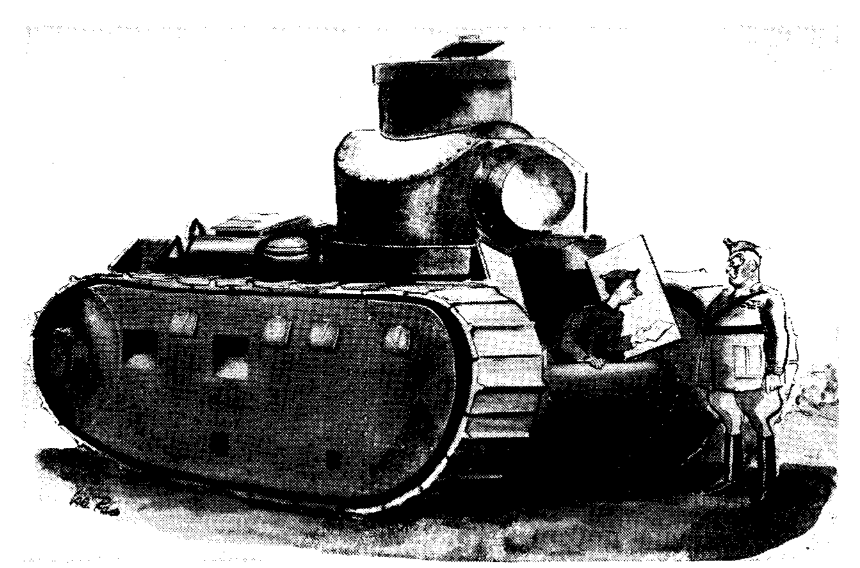
Do I sound overpessimistic? Well, I don't really think I am, because I have seen such a vast change take place in fishing conditions during the past twenty years. We have tried to meet this change with splendid hatcheries, stream improvement and reduced bag limits. I think there are actually more fish in the water on April first than there were twenty years ago. But I know that the even greater number of anglers on approximately the same miles of stream do not get as good fishing. I say "approximately" the same miles of stream, because stream improvement *may* have kept up with and exceeded stream ruination through pollution and other causes.

It is my firm belief that one more important and practical step that can be taken *now*, to help conserve what we have and to spread the pleasures of trout fishing over the greatest number of anglers, is to use the artificial fly instead of bait. This is not merely a theory. Wherever fly fishing only has been enforced, a marked improvement in fishing has resulted. It may be said that there are some small brooks which cannot be fished practically with a fly. My answer is that such small brooks would be better unfished, as the state of Connecticut has shown.

Others will say that fly fishing is too difficult. My answer is that anyone who won't take the trouble to learn how to use a fly ought to take up some other sport. I taught my son in one season to be a successful fly fisherman, and I can teach any grown man in less time—particularly if he has been a bait fisherman and knows something about trout. Casting can be learned in half an hour; not the polished casting of an expert, but casting that will catch fish. The outfit need not be expensive: my first rod, with which I fished for many years, cost $5. And if I know anything about fishermen, and I think I do, they do not balk at spending some money for their sport.

But strangely enough it is difficult to get many of them to spend any money for improving their sport. If it is suggested that by increasing the cost of a state fishing license by the price of four drinks the fishing can be greatly improved, there is a loud roar from a vast multitude of highly indignant "sportsmen." When they have become hoarse with their roaring, they then spread the amount of the increase over a bar in thirty minutes, soothing their irritated throats—and complaining about the rotten fishing.

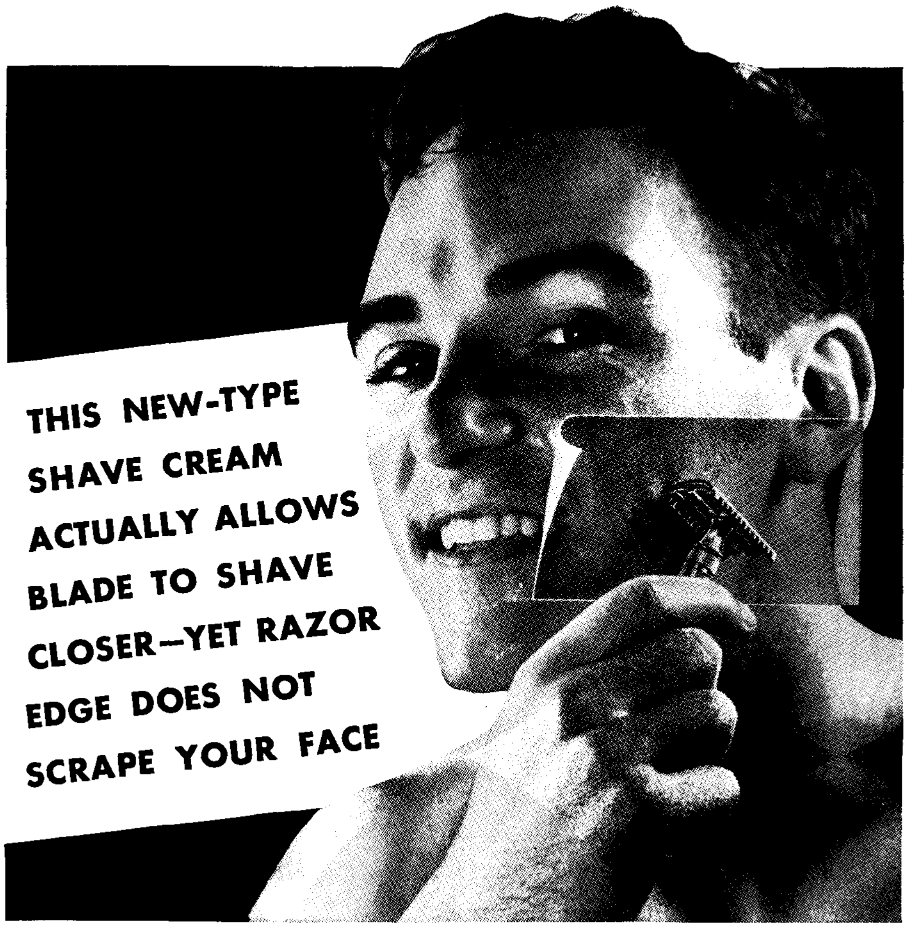
However, if all the bait fishermen in the country could have the same experience as my friend of whom I told at the beginning of this article, they wouldn't feel any sense of injustice in being asked to give up bait fishing for fly fishing. And once they had done this, they would —one and all—find out that when it comes to *fun*, let alone improved fishing, fly fishing is just about the grandest sport in the world.



"Could you square a ticket for passing a red light, Colonel?"

CARL ROSE

Forms a film that keeps razor off your skin


THIS NEW-TYPE SHAVE CREAM ACTUALLY ALLOWS BLADE TO SHAVE CLOSER—YET RAZOR EDGE DOES NOT SCRAPE YOUR FACE

SAY GOOD-BY TO NICKS, raw spots, razor burns, ingrown hairs. These common shaving nuisances are caused by your blade's sharp edge catching and tearing the scaly outer skin on your face.

A new-type shaving cream has now been developed that helps prevent shaving irritation.

It's called Glider. You spread it on with your fingers. Never use a brush.

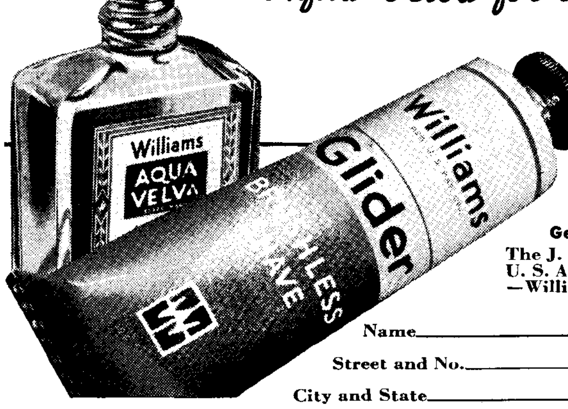
Glider coats your face with a thin protective film. Over this film glides your razor—smoothly, swiftly. With its lubricating action Glider allows faster strokes, yet keeps the sharp edge of your blade from scraping the tender skin surface.

Off come the most stubborn whiskers right at the base. You get a clean, close, all-day shave.

Try Glider today. It leaves your face feeling soft and fresh—not greasy or sticky. And it won't clog your razor. On sale at toilet-goods counters everywhere.

No brush needed
Not greasy
Won't clog razor

Aqua Velva for after shaving



Williams famous after-shaving preparation—closes skin pores—fights off pimples, sore spots—gives your face that clean, cool, "air-conditioned" feeling.

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Generous introductory tube of Glider

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. Please send me a free tube of Glider—Williams new "No-Brush" Shave Cream.

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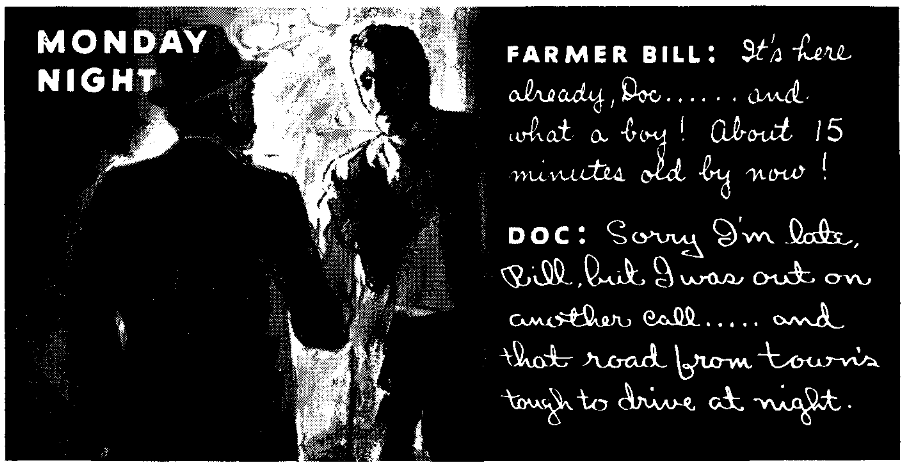
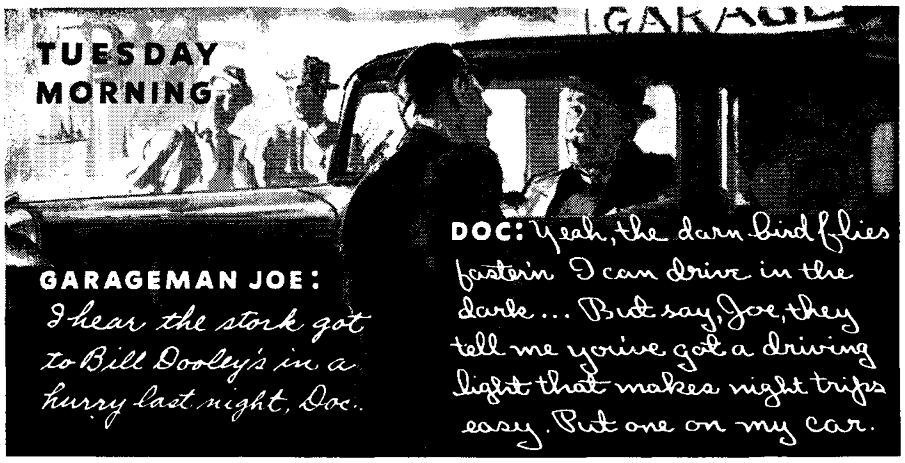
Doc Jones Clips Wings
OF SPEEDY STORK



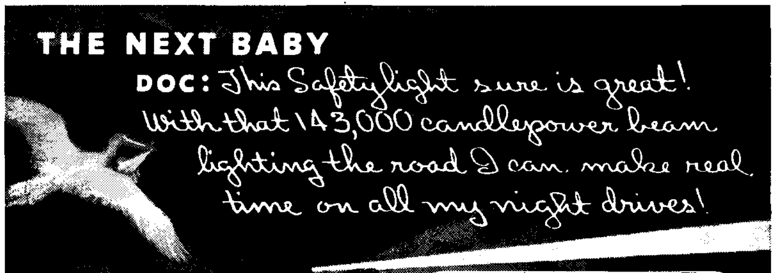
FARMER BILL: It's here already, Doc...... and what a boy! About 15 minutes old by now!

DOC: Sorry I'm late, Bill, but I was out on another call..... and that road from town's tough to drive at night.



GARAGEMAN JOE: I hear the stork got to Bill Dooley's in a hurry last night, Doc..

DOC: Yeah, the darn bird flies faster'n I can drive in the dark... But say, Joe, they tell me you've got a driving light that makes night trips easy. Put one on my car.



DOC: This Safetylight sure is great! With that 143,000 candlepower beam lighting the road I can make real time on all my night drives!

Afraid of Night-Driving? Forget it!
YOU CAN ALWAYS SEE WITH SAFETYLIGHT

● **AN AMAZING LIGHT**—Safetylight develops 143,000 candlepower . . . lights road ¼ mile ahead . . . makes night driving as easy as in daytime . . . prevents blinding from oncoming glare . . . turns in any direction.

Approved by leading car manufacturers and sold by their dealers . . . Price ($16) can be included in new-car finance plan. *Get a Safetylight and be safe.*

UNITY MANUFACTURING COMPANY • CHICAGO

Safetylight

WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL DRIVING LIGHT

Tomorrow will be Fair

Continued from page 10

Ellen's father, was worried. "This is the real thing," he said. "This is civil war. You better tell that nice boy friend of yours to turn his bicycle around and go back before it's too late."

"They realize that, already," Ellen said. "They've shipped the bicycles back, and his friend is going tomorrow."

"Young Lawrence is staying on?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I guess he finds Madrid interesting," Ellen said, a little too artlessly.

Her father chuckled: "I see."

"He's coming for dinner tonight, Father," Ellen went on hurriedly. "Is that all right? He has only a tweed suit and his bicycle clothes, so don't dress."

"I'll be glad to see him again," Hood said. But that afternoon he had a telephone call from the American Motors assembly plant in Granada, saying that there was trouble in the shop: a foreman had been shot, and the workers were restless.

"I'll have to go down there," he said somberly, as he and Ellen and Larry had a Martini before dinner. "The personnel is breaking up in all of our offices. I need Americans! Someone out of politics to keep the wheels turning. The Spaniards have gone crazy. If I go to Granada tomorrow, the Madrid office will probably move to a café and talk politics all day."

"Would you give me a job, sir?" Larry asked suddenly. "I have to get one in the fall, anyway, and I might as well start now. I know I haven't had any experience, but I can work hard—and I know Spanish. I could at least be on hand all the time."

The momentary surprise on John Hood's face turned to interest. "I think that is a possibility," he said slowly. "We'll sleep on it overnight. Come to see me in the office tomorrow morning."

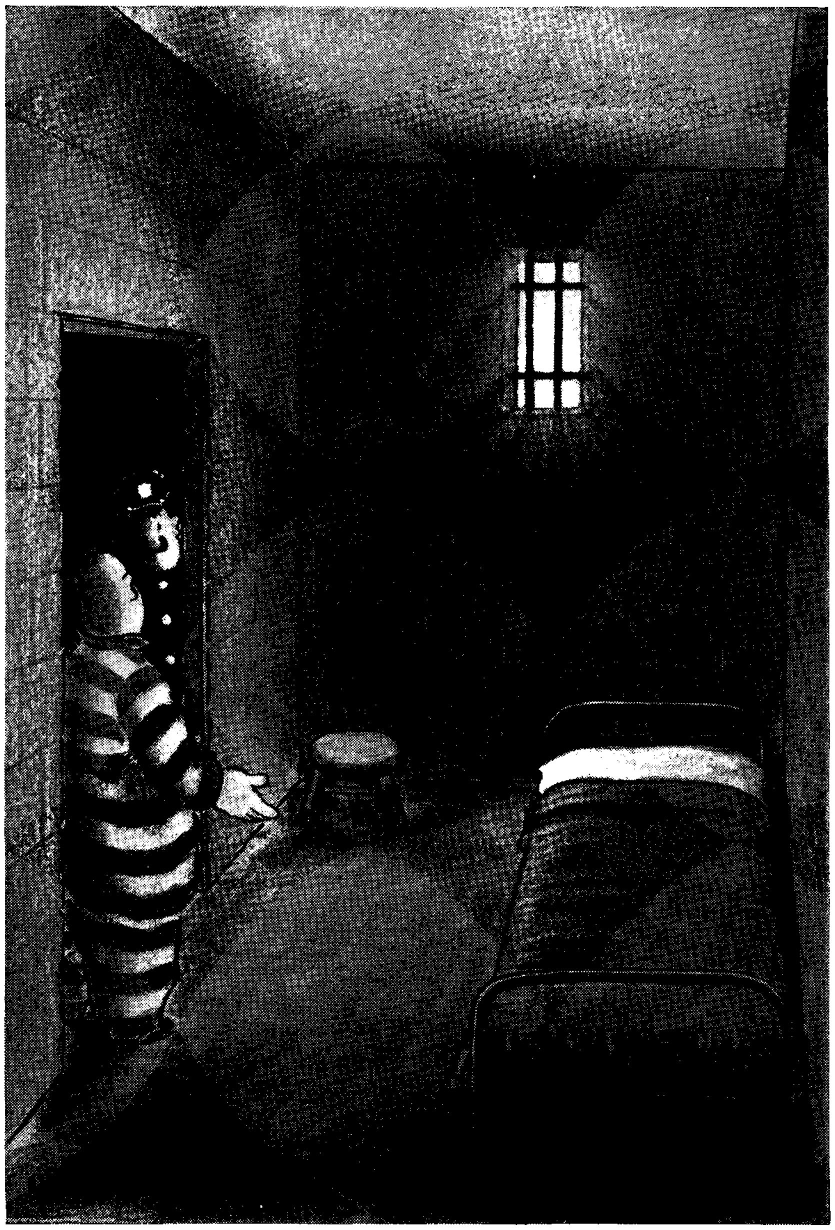
LARRY had glanced at Ellen to note how she received this suggestion, but she had her eyes fixed on her lap.

He was hired the next morning, and John Hood stayed in Madrid over the week end to instruct him in his duties. When Hood started for Granada on Monday, he felt definitely reassured by Larry's presence.

"I'll look out for Ellen," Larry said with as much solemnity as if he were swearing allegiance to the crown.

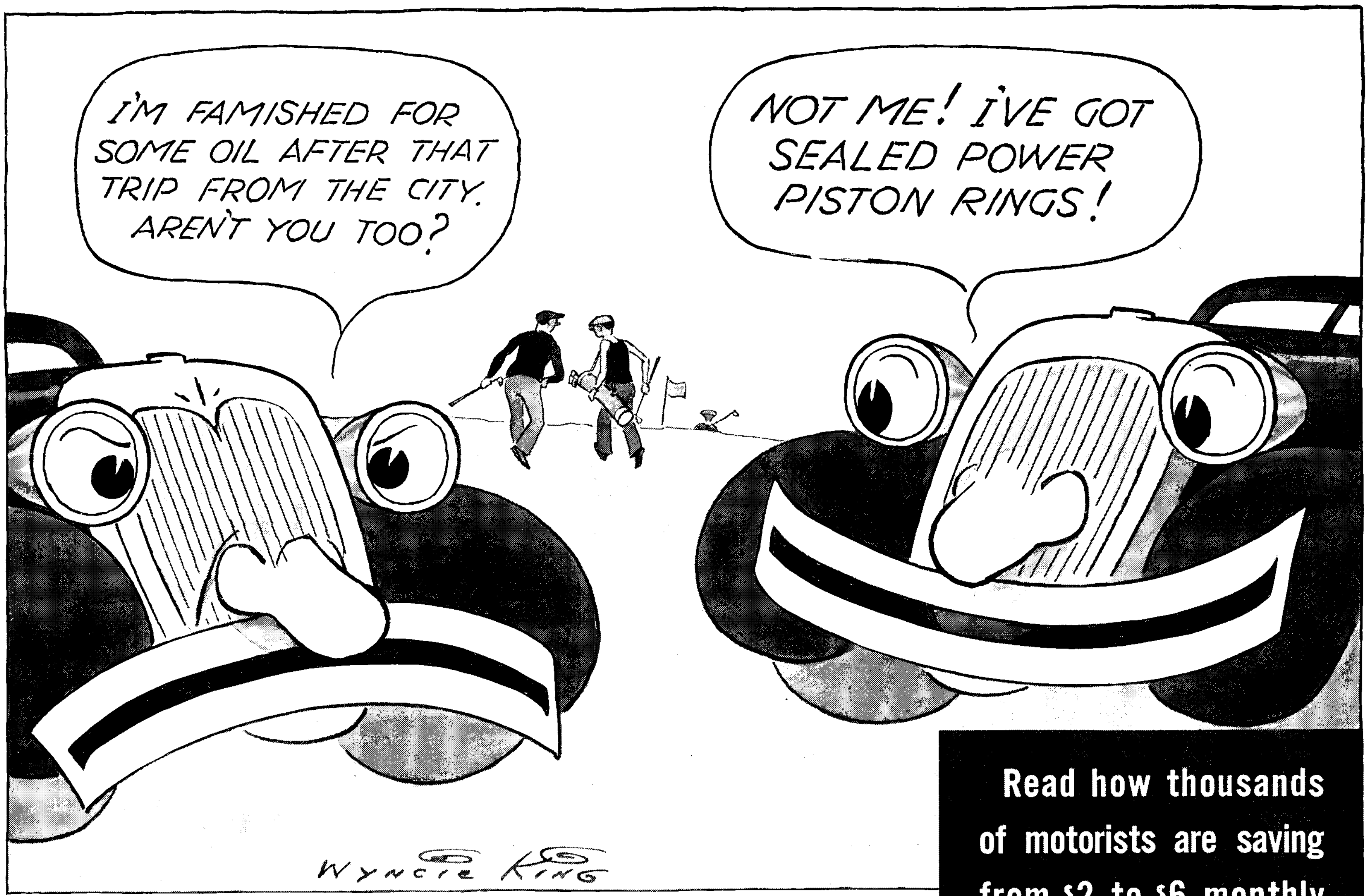
He worked so hard that he did not see Ellen for the next few days. In his free hours he talked to as many Spaniards as possible, trying to find out what was likely to happen in Madrid. Ellen stopped at the office one day, leaving the office force agape with admiration as she passed, very smart and cool in a white linen suit. "I was wondering if you could have dinner with me Saturday night," he asked her.

That was tomorrow. Ellen's Saturdays



"Do you mind if I change things around a bit?"

JAY IRVING


I'M FAMISHED FOR SOME OIL AFTER THAT TRIP FROM THE CITY. AREN'T YOU TOO?
NOT ME! I'VE GOT SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS!
WYNCIE KING

Read how thousands of motorists are saving from $2 to $6 monthly on oil since installing these amazing SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Is your car's appetite for oil *"between meals"* keeping you broke?

STOP paying, paying, paying for oil! Yes—end your car's "between meal" oil appetite by doing what thousands of motorists have already done: install Sealed Power Piston Rings and *save from two to six dollars monthly on oil alone!*

You can do it—yes, and win back new car pep, power, performance too! In fact, motorists everywhere report "drain to drain" oil mileage since installing Sealed Power Piston Rings in cars formerly using as high as 12 or 13 quarts of oil between changes!

These great rings were designed by the same Sealed Power engineers who created the rings for the 1937 Buick, Cord, Hudson, Oldsmobile, Nash LaFayette, Pontiac, Terraplane, Willys and other famous cars. They feature a remarkable inner spring which expands the outer ring so that it conforms to the distorted shape of the cylinder wall. Thus, gas is kept *in* the combustion chamber. Oil is kept *out!* Power is securely *sealed!* Sensational savings in oil and gas result!

But—let us warn you! Sealed Power Rings cannot do the impossible. If new valve guides, new bearings or new Sealed Power Lo-Ex Pistons are needed, Sealed Power Rings alone cannot restore 100% oil economy. Your Sealed Power ace mechanic will tell you what your car needs.

Meanwhile, write for our valuable new booklet, *"New Low Cost Way to Save Oil and Gas and Increase Pep!"* It's free! And you'll like it!

SEALED POWER CORPORATION
Department 174 Muskegon, Michigan
Canadian Factory at Walkerville, Ontario

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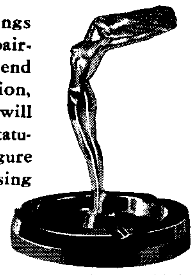

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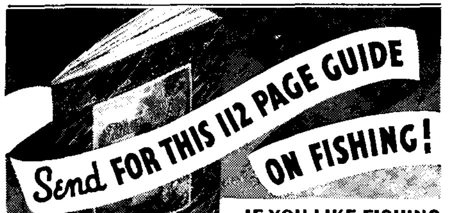
A-3

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills



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SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE

were usually engaged some time in advance.

"I'm going to a dinner party given by Paul Bellini at La Corrida."

"How about Sunday?"

"I'm spending the day with Miguel Breda."

"That's too much."

"Do you think so?"

"He'll probably ask you to marry him."

"Oh, he has."

"What did you say?"

"I said I would think it over."

Larry looked so crestfallen that Ellen softened. "Would you like to go with me to the Bellini dinner if I could arrange it?"

"Yes. I'll even buy some clothes. It isn't Bellini, and it isn't the dinner, but it's you."

"I'll explain that to Signor Bellini," Ellen remarked demurely.

IN THE interval before the party Larry heard something about his host that made him reluctant to go. But since Ellen had made such efforts on his behalf, he kept his peace and was rewarded by an invitation to have a nightcap in the moonlight of the Hood *terraza* afterward.

She had an engagement the next day with Barrera, the dressmaker, and as she left her house, which was in a quiet section near most of Madrid's embassies and legations, she could hear a faint pop-popping in the distance; but it made no impression on her mind. She was parking her car just off the Plaza del Toro when she heard shouts, the advancing roar of a motor, and the rattle of gunfire. She had seen street fighting when Primo de Rivera went out of the dictatorship in 1930, and she did not stop to look now, but ran with bent head into Barrera's shop and almost into the arms of the fat, sad-eyed figure of Luis Barrera, who had dressed most of the great ladies of King Alfonso's régime and did not care much for the change in administration.

"Your servant, señorita," Luis gasped. "I close the shutters." He rushed past her toward the front and at that moment the noise of the car swept upon them—a central roar surrounded by sharp explosions — and Ellen had a confused glimpse of a careening sedan with broken windows and youths with red berets (the hat of the Monarchists) and the spitting snouts of rifles. A momentary silence followed in the wake of the uproar. A door opened in the rear of the shop, and a man ran out with a revolver in his hand. It was Miguel, and he was followed by Bellini.

"It is nothing, Your Excellency," Barrera said. "One car of Rocquetes."

"They are too soon," Miguel replied harshly. He shoved his gun into his hip pocket and turned to Ellen with an embarrassed smile. "I am sorry, Elena," he said. "These days we are excited."

"So it seems," Ellen answered, catching her breath. She looked at them and managed to say jestingly: "Well, are you two advising Señor Barrera on women's fashions?"

Miguel could not reply, but Bellini, correct and imperturbable, bowed and said: "I cannot speak for Señor Breda, whom I know so slightly, but as for me I came to buy for you the most beautiful shawl in Spain." He nodded at Barrera, and that gentleman disappeared into the room in the rear, and reappeared resourcefully with a shawl of heavy white silk, starred and rosetted with gorgeous designs.

"It is, indeed, beautiful," Ellen said. "And if I were an Italian lady, what would you think if I accepted it?"

"That night I would be profoundly happy," Bellini stated gravely.

Ellen laughed. "I see. But it should be saved then for someone who would appreciate its full significance."

She described the conversation to Larry when he was having tea at her house. He was not amused by Bellini's remark.

"He doesn't mean anything by it," Ellen said. "It's just his way."

"He means it when he can get away with it."

"Well, after all, Miguel was there."

"Does that make it all right to make suggestive remarks? I don't think you ought to see Bellini any more, anyway."

"Oh, really!"

"He and Breda are suspected of working together against the government."

"Perhaps you think I shouldn't see Mr. Breda, either?"

"I don't think you should."

"I see," Ellen commented coldly.

"I've been curious about the two of them ever since that night when they pretended not to know each other and you introduced them. Lately I've got some information from pretty reliable sources. This meeting in Barrera's shop is another link in the chain. Barrera, of course, is a Royalist."

"Perhaps you would have me get my dresses from some other dressmaker."

"I don't care where you get your dresses," Larry went on doggedly. "I'm trying to tell you something you ought to know. They say that Miguel Breda is a leader of a secret Carlist group in Madrid—the Rocquetes. Paul Bellini is a Fascist agent supplying him with money and also acting as an agent in Franco's information service. That's why they pretend not to know each other. But the government is probably watching them now, and I don't think you should be seen with them."

"I don't know where you go for your gossip," Ellen said. "But I do not choose my friends for their political connections."

"Well, I think you'll have to begin doing that."

"I don't 'have to' do any such thing."

"I'm even sorry we went to Bellini's party."

"Oh, you are?" exclaimed Ellen. "That's funny. I had the impression you were begging for an invitation."

"You're the one who's being childish now."

Ellen rose. "You've succumbed to Madrid's scandal-mongering pretty quickly." Her voice was mildly inquiring: "You are not, by any chance, jealous of Mr. Breda, are you?"

"Jealous!" cried Larry hotly. "What would I be jealous about?"

Ellen was jolted, but only for a moment. "Oh, I just thought you might be jealous of his success," she said coolly. He stared at her, wondering in anguish if the statement meant what it might mean. They both felt suddenly miserable. She turned and left him, to go upstairs, without saying goodby.

THAT night street fighting broke out in the western section of the city, several thousand soldiers were added to the already large garrison, and the bridges over the Manzanares River were barricaded. Ellen, sitting with Anita before the radio, got more and more nervous as the disjointed and absurdly contradictory reports came in. She tried to call her father in Granada, but she could not make the connection. Really worried, she called the American Embassy, but the wire was busy for an hour. Pride forbade her to call Larry; and finally she telephoned Bellini. His calm, superior voice was reassuring: he would see what he could find out through the Italian Embassy. He called back later to say that Granada had been bombed, but it was reported that the Americans would be evacuated by train, probably to the coast, and then to Tangiers. He would call her again in the morning; but she should stay off the streets.

"Come for lunch, then, tomorrow," she urged, and he said he would. She

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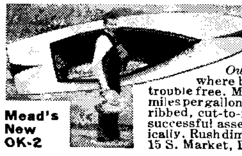

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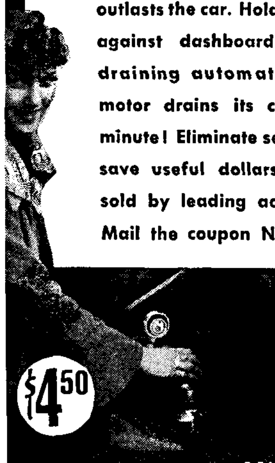

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slept uneasily, waking now and then to hear the faint popping of gunfire.

Larry telephoned in the morning. "I'm sorry to bother you," he said stiffly. "But I thought you would like to know about your father." He told her what she had already learned from Bellini.

"Thank you," Ellen said. "I heard something about that. If you hear anything more, I would appreciate it if you would let me know."

"I was wondering if I could ask myself for lunch."

"Paul Bellini's coming for lunch," Ellen said.

"Oh." The silence hung heavily on the air. Ellen wanted to say something. She wanted to say: "Larry, darling, if you'll come to lunch, I'll tell Bellini not to come." But she didn't say anything. She waited for him to make some small remark to which she could respond.

"Well, all right," Larry said slowly. "Goodby."

SHE walked distractedly upstairs. She would call him back. No, she wouldn't call him back. She clenched her little teeth, grimly determined to be gay. Bellini would admire her.

Bellini arrived punctually at one. He looked the complete negation of any revolution — urbane and smiling, immaculately clad in a short black coat and gray-striped trousers. "You make me feel that everywhere law and order are triumphant," Ellen told him brightly.

"We cannot save the world," Bellini replied with his little smile, "but we can, at least, do it the honor of dressing for its funeral."

He had little additional information about her father. "The bombing report was false," he said, "but the city is in danger. I may have more information in the afternoon."

They had finished lunch and were having coffee in the living room when they heard a droning in the sky some distance away. Ellen looked questioningly at Bellini, who was fitting a cigarette into an ivory holder. She opened the long Spanish windows leading to the tiled porch, and the noise leaped forward. Bellini went outside with her. In the northeast they could see a flock of tiny black T-shapes against the sky, approaching them rapidly.

"What planes are they?" Ellen asked. "Why should there be so many?"

Bellini watched them intently without answering, until their structure and markings were hazily visible. "Ah, Capronis," he said, and took a slow, satisfied inhalation from his cigarette. "The bombing begins, Elena. Those airplanes belong to Franco's forces. They are attacking Madrid."

Her heart leaped within her, and a coldness ran through her limbs. This was really war, then. This was the legendary "death from the skies." But she spoke calmly: "Should we go downstairs? Is it dangerous here?"

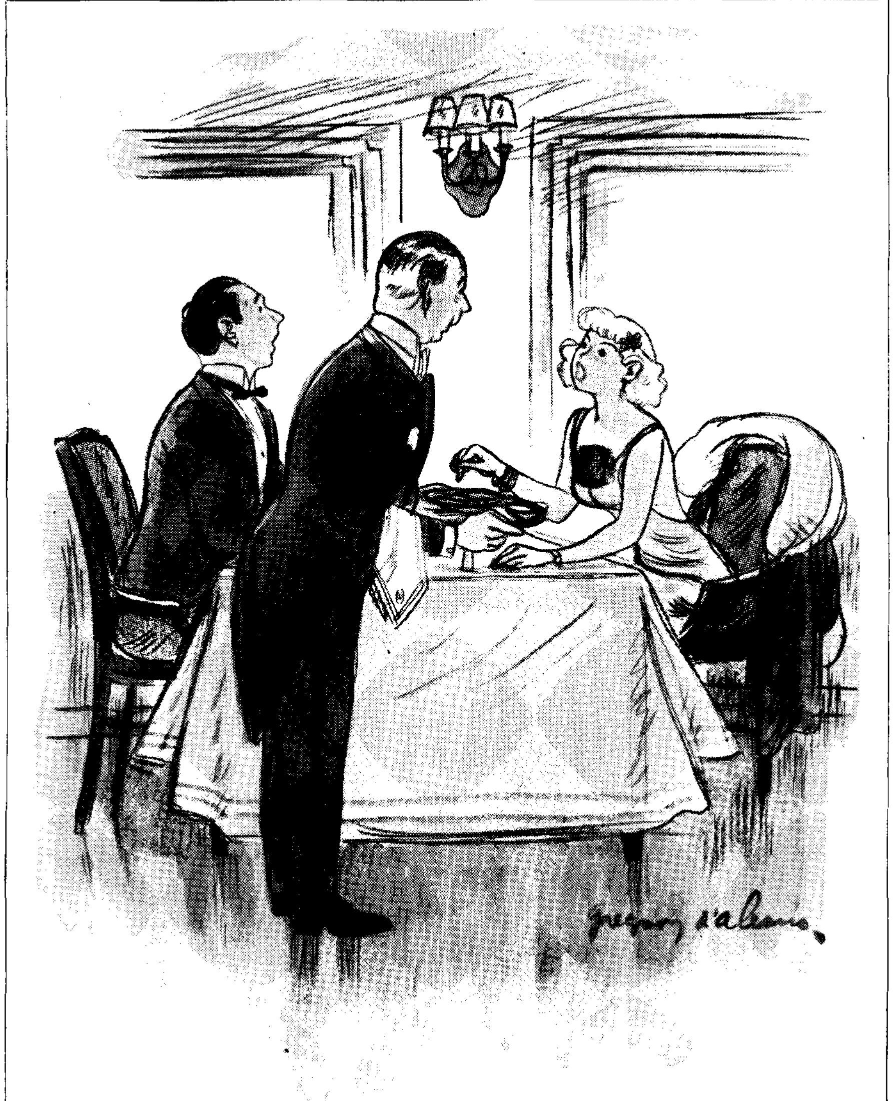
"No, they will not bomb here. They will go to the western section of the city where the government troops are."

"Well," she said, trying to smile, "if they aim for the western section, they will probably hit us."

"Not these," Bellini said. There was a note of pride in his voice. "These are Italians, and they are flying the finest military machines in the world."

She wanted to say: "I know how you know these things, because Larry told me." And she would, indeed, have asked him about it, but the planes were almost overhead, sixteen of them, and the noise of their motors was overpowering.

Then they were past, and the roar dulled—only to be shattered by a terrific burst of sound, followed by another explosion, and another, and then a series



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GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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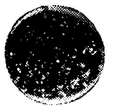

Soap Shampoo

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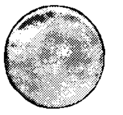

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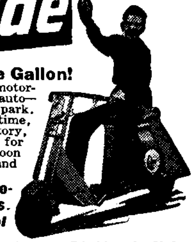

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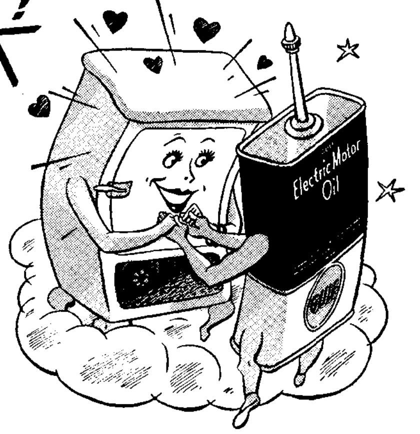

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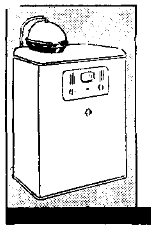

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close together that seemed to shake the land. Geysers of dust and debris rose over the city to the west, and subsided.

It was over in five minutes. The motors droned away into the distance.

Ellen had her hands to her head to shut out the pain of the noise. Bellini was standing by the plaster pillar of the porch, smoking a cigarette in the sun, apparently unreached by the sound and the fury.

"Will they come back?" Ellen asked in a small voice.

"I don't think they'll come back today. I'm sorry it has disturbed you. Let us go inside."

They could hear fire sirens and ambulance sirens shrieking in the city, and the occasional tapping of gunfire. But Bellini paid no heed. He stood at the mantel and talked to her—monocled, carefully dressed, speaking sometimes in English, or in French, or in Italian.

"Well," he murmured at last. "I knew I should pay a price for seeing you; and that is the price of leaving you. It has suddenly become necessary for me to leave Madrid for a time. And you yourself should leave for the seacoast, Ellen—Alicante or Valencia—as soon as you can. It is dangerous here. I'll send a message to you later. Which reminds me—even in this crisis I have to act as a mediary for another." He drew an envelope from his pocket. "I happened to see your friend Miguel Breda—on the street—and he asked me to give you this." He gave her the letter, stooped and kissed her hand, and was gone before she realized he was going.

The letter was scrawled hastily in pencil on a piece of scratch paper:

DARLING ELENA:

You will permit me to use that term because I am saying goodby for a time. Because of all that is happening, I have not thought it wise to see you. Believe me, it has not been easy. If all goes well, I hope to see you some day—some better day—and explain; and assure you again of my love. MIGUEL.

She put the letter away in her desk. Well, Larry was right, then, she thought. And he has had his way. They've both gone. I shan't see them any more, in these times. She felt suddenly very lonely and a little frightened. Things were happening so fast. Her father was a long distance away, and Larry was angry with her. She thought she would call him to ask about her father. That was permissible, even if they had quarreled.

HER heart became more cheerful at the prospect of hearing Larry's voice. But when she called on the telephone, a Spanish voice answered that he was not there. The señor left Madrid this morning, the man explained.

"Left Madrid?" Ellen repeated.

"Si, Señora."

"Do you know where he went?"

"No, Señora."

"When will he return?"

"I do not know, Señora, Not today. Tomorrow, perhaps."

She put the receiver down, feeling close to tears. But she had not cried for a long time, and she wasn't going to start now. A message came from Bellini in the afternoon—transmitted by someone else—saying that her father was ill with malaria in a hospital in Granada. Not serious, her informant stated, but too ill to be evacuated with the other Americans. That was all the information she had in the next twenty-four hours, and Anita told her there was too much "trouble" in the town for her to go out.

She lay awake most of the night and in the morning decided to go to the Embassy in person. There were many people milling about in the hall. Kenny, tired and worried, said he was advising all Americans to leave for Valencia where they could board an American cruiser.

"We are arranging passage by bus at the end of the week. We've reserved a place for you. Your American friend was here to tell us you would go."

"You mean Larry Kane?"

"Yes." Kenny smiled. "He almost had me swear on the Bible that I would be sure you got off all right."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, I thought you knew. He's gone with a company plane and a pilot to get your father out of Granada. We advised against it, but he was insistent, and we got him a safe conduct from here. The rest is up to him."

"Is it—is it very dangerous?"

"Well, he didn't seem to think it was dangerous enough to stop him. . . . You'll have to excuse me, Ellen. Pack up—in suitcases—and be ready to leave Friday. And stay home. Are your servants with you?"

"Yes."

"You could stay here if you like. We're pretty well filled but I could find a place for you if you don't mind being a little uncomfortable."

"No, thank you. I think I would rather stay in my own house as long as it's quiet there."

He seemed relieved at her refusal. "I think you're safe there. We've had assurances from Franco that he will not bomb that section so long as no troops are garrisoned there."

WHEN she got home, she started to pack at once, largely because she wanted to busy herself with something. It was noon, and the sun blazed upon the land. She heard the faint tinkle of a bell in the servants' quarters below and a knocking on the front door. Then Anita's urgent voice as she labored up the stairs: "Señorita! Señorita!"

"Yes," she answered, hurrying to the door.

"It is the Señor Breda."

Breda followed on the servant's heels. "Hello, Elena," he said in a low, strained voice. He entered her bedroom. "If you will pardon me," he said. In the shadow of the room, beneath his unshaven beard, his face was white and the eyes were enormous. "There is very little time," he said. "I did not expect to see you again, Elena, but I have to warn you. You must leave at once and go to the American Embassy. I have received word—in a short time, in half an hour, maybe—Franco's airplanes will bombard this quarter. But the embassies will not be touched. Promise me you will go at once, Elena."

"Yes, of course," she promised. "But you—you look so ill. Are you all right, Miguel?"

There was a ghost of a smile on his face. "Too much night life," he said, "but not of a gay kind. They hunt me hard, Elena. They take my land, my money, my title. Now I have only my head, and they want that, too."

"It must have been dangerous for you to come."

"It is too small a thing to do for you. I shall never find anything great enough to do for you." He bowed quickly and kissed her hand. "Goodby, Elena."

"Goodby, oh, goodby," Ellen cried.

He ran down the stairs silently, and she turned to the bedroom window to see him pass. On the roof of the house opposite, a man was kneeling, with a rifle slanting in a deadly line toward the street. She flung the shutter open and shouted: "Miguel, look out!"

He was just outside the front door and glanced up as she called. If he had jumped back into the doorway, he might have been saved, but he started to run, throwing up an arm against the bullet. The gun spat, and he staggered, but he pulled a revolver out of his pocket with his left hand and fired twice, still stum-

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bling forward. Another man stepped outside of a door alongside him and drove a bayonet through his body, so that the point glittered in the sun.

Crying hysterically, Ellen ran for the small revolver in her bureau drawer; but Anita snatched it from her hand, pleading: "Señorita, Señorita, they will kill us all. Señorita, for the love of God—"

Then for a minute or two the street was silent. And then the footsteps began.

ELLEN pressed her hands on the back of a chair with all her strength, and pushed herself erect, as if by sheer physical effort to force her nerves to be quiet. "Be still," she commanded Anita sharply. "Stop crying. There will be soldiers here in a minute."

She took the revolver and dropped it in a knitting bag which she held in her hand. Downstairs there were voices in argument—Pedro, the cook, protesting, and voices growling in reply. Then footsteps up the stairs, followed by Pedro's agitated cry: "No one is here but the Señorita! The Señorita is an American. No one is here but the Señorita!"

At the door of the bedroom he managed to run around the two soldiers to get in front, moving his hands up and down above his shoulders: Surely they would not enter the Señorita's bedroom!

"It is all right, Pedro," Ellen said.

But his simple nature could not compromise with this violation of the Señorita's privacy. "The Señorita is an American," he cried shrilly, pushing against a soldier with his hands.

"*Sangre de mi Madre,*" the soldier muttered. "Get out, old one." He gave Pedro a backward sweep with his arm which would have knocked the old man down if he had not clung to the arm itself. To shake him off, the soldier knocked his head back with his fist; but his comrade was more effective. He swung short with the butt of his rifle against the face, so that the cheekbone crunched and the body fell heavily against the bannister.

Anita had collapsed on the floor in terror, her head buried in her arms. Ellen faced them, erect and white. "This is an outrage," she stated clearly. "You will be punished for this. I shall inform the American Embassy. You are to leave this house at once."

Neither of the two soldiers moved. They stared at her with hard, contemptuous faces, and she saw a strange, eager gleam come into the appraising eyes of one of them. Fear slipped like a wolf along the wall of her courage, and her spirit ran desperately to close the gates.

"You have conspired with a traitor," one soldier said.

"That is not true. I am an American. I have nothing to do with your revolution."

The soldier stared at her greedily. Then he prodded Anita with the butt of his gun and said to his companion: "Take this fat woman downstairs and search the house."

The other laughed. "I'll save this room till the last, eh?"

"Yes, until the last," the other answered, grinning also.

"If you are putting me under arrest, I shall notify the Embassy," Ellen said, holding herself firm against the faintness that was creeping upon her. She took a step toward the telephone, but the soldier barred the way with his gun.

"*Un momento,*" he said. The other soldier dragged Anita to her feet, half unconscious with fear, and pulled her out on the landing. The door closed.

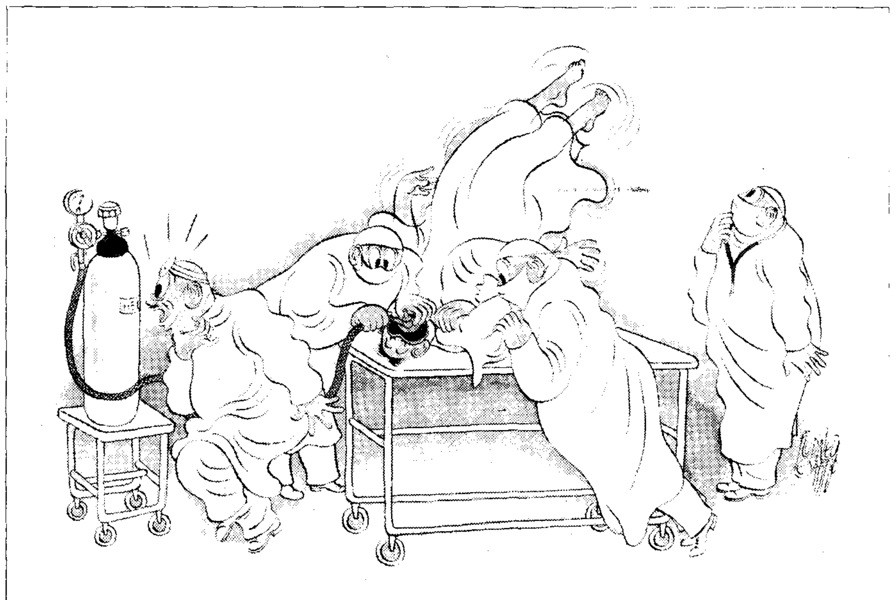
The remaining soldier came toward Ellen, his lips open and protruding. "Such pretty yellow hair," he whined.

Then the faintness cleared from Ellen's head, and she was suddenly not afraid any more. Everything was very clear—the soldier's piglike face, the sharp corners of the closed door, even a faint distant humming outside. "Do not come near me," she commanded.

"I must search you, my pretty one."

SHE had the knitting bag in her hands, and as he put his fingers on her arm, she clutched the gun and shot through the cloth. With the crack of the bullet, surprise and shock leaped upon his face: he sagged on his heels and fell over on the floor. She ran to the door and opened it. The other soldier was coming back upstairs. She fired, thinking that she had no other chance now, but she did not know whether she hit him. At that moment an explosion shook the house and roared against her ears, and she fell on one knee in the midst of a shower of falling plaster. She was stunned, and turned instinctively to crawl back into the bedroom. She was through the door on her hands and knees when another explosion split the brief frantic silence and picked her up and carried her a long, long way into darkness. . . .

Bellini wondered why Breda did not come. He stood on the side of the Burgos road, near a shepherd's hut, hands thrust in his olive trench coat. There was not much time. They should have been safely with Franco's men by now. A car, occupied only by the driver, churned the dust of the road, and Bellini stepped forward in relief. Then suddenly he drew his revolver and started to run back to the hut. Three men rose in the rear of the car and sprayed a machine gun at him; so that he was hit several times before he fell, stretching



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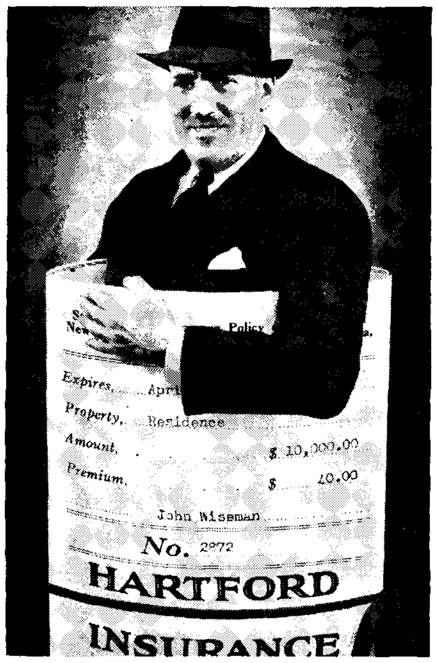

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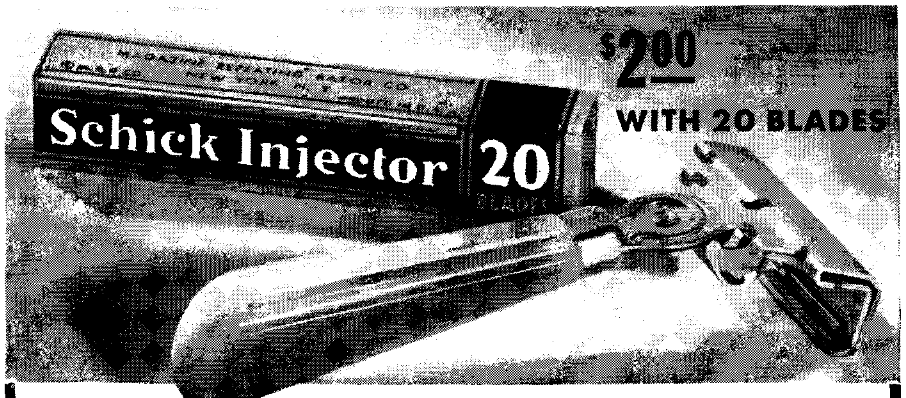

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out upon the ground with a faint contempt upon his face.

. . . John Hood woke from fever to feel them loosening the strap around his waist, pulling him from the seat; and then he remembered that he had come by airplane to some place. "Tangiers," he was told in French; and Larry's face leaned hazily over him. "Ellen," John Hood muttered. "I'm taking care of her," Larry said. John Hood nodded and sank back helplessly into the strange fires and confusion of his sickness.

The plane headed north over the straits past the gray crags of Gibraltar, and then west along the Spanish coast until Madrid lay in a straight line north three hours away. Then they mounted rapidly until they could no longer be seen from land; for at any moment on their journey the planes of either army might challenge their passage with the little messages of lead. Near Granada they descended for bearings, and he saw the white tessellated towers of the Alhambra; then up again into a gray waste of air and cloud, in which at times the plane pitched and slipped. The face of Rivero, the pilot, was grim under its helmet; only once did it turn to him to shape the word "water" against the roar of the motor. Despite the jerky motion of the plane, Larry fell asleep after a time, exhausted by the effort of the past few days.

HE WOKE with a start. Rivero was poking his arm and pointing at the sky. He saw the irregular, varicolored towers and roofs of Madrid, and then, a little to the west, a cluster of airplanes that separated like a fan as they drew close to the city. Puffs of white and gray appeared among and above the houses and sank, without a sound.

"Bombers," Rivero shouted at him.

That was the Salamanca section, Larry thought. That was near Ellen's house.

"Go on to the field," Larry told him.

The first intimation they had of being attacked was the sudden appearance of a hole in the snout of the airplane, and almost simultaneously Larry felt a hot pain in his upper arm. Rivero jerked into action at the controls, and the plane tipped so far on its left wing that the cabin window on Larry's side pointed up toward the sky, and he could see a plane close above them with a man leaning out of the cockpit on a machine gun bolted to the side. It was this tipping that saved them because it exposed the name "American Motors" painted in huge letters on the body. The military plane held its fire and contented itself with following them in to the airport. When they grounded, Larry opened the door and ran across to an army automobile in the roadway, calling to the two officers inside to take him to Madrid. They would not have taken him with them except for the blood on his arm.

"You're lucky," they told him. "The Salamanca quarter's been bombed, and we got three of them. It might have been you."

On the wild ride into the city Larry took off his coat, and one of the officers stripped the shirt sleeve from the arm and bound the bubbling wound. In the city the car pulled up near a Red Cross ambulance, and the officer told Larry to get out and shouted to the driver to take the American to the hospital.

"I'm not going there," the driver said. "I'm going out to pick up in the Salamanca quarter. Tell him to walk." But the officer drove off.

"I don't want to go to the hospital," Larry said. "I'm going with you. M-my wife is there, on the Street of the Three Crosses."

"It is not permitted," the interne replied.

"Go on, for the love of God," Larry said, and climbed in beside him.

The driver muttered and started the car. "They even shoot the Red Cross," he told him sullenly.

The siren shrieked on the streets, and the people, emerging at their doors after the bombing, stared at them with frightened eyes. After several minutes the car stopped; the road was blocked with fragments of asphalt and the tumbled debris of shattered walls. Larry jumped down. Ellen's house was only two blocks away. Two women came toward them carrying a limp boy.

"It looks as if we'd fill up here," the interne said.

Larry ran down the block and around the corner, in and out among the stone fragments, gasping for breath, fighting against the weakness that was gaining on him. This was Ellen's street. The butt end of a gun jutted at him from the pavement. It was sticking in a body. It was Miguel Breda's body. He pulled it out and stared at the dead face, and went on, looking up at Ellen's house.

A bomb had blown through the side of the house, so that there was no front entrance and only half a stairway inside. The front rooms on the three floors were exposed on one side. He could see Ellen sitting in a chair on the second floor.

He went up the broken stairs, stumbling twice to his hands. But he pulled himself straight on the landing and walked toward her. Her face was colorless and the eyes were strangely bright.

"Hello, Ellen," he said.

She got up from the chair, smiling politely. "Why, how do you do?" she said.

His heart seemed to twist inside him. "This is Larry, Ellen. Are you all right?"

"Yes," she said. "How nice. You're just in time for tea. I'll call Anita."

She moved forward, and he stayed her with his hand. "I thought we might go out to tea," he said gently. "Would you go with me to—to the Hotel Miramar?"

"Yes, of course," she said. "Very nice. I think that would be very nice. . . ."

. . . The people at the Embassy were very kind. They assured him everything would be all right. He could not remember clearly all that they did, nor the order in which it was done; because his body finally succumbed to pain, and then to great heat, so that the movement from here to there, and the noise, and the rousing to effort exhausted his mind. But there was a day when he definitely recognized sunlight on a white counterpane, and blue outside a window; and curiously no noise and no motion—not even the faint pop-popping that used to sound monotonously in his dreams. But he might be wrong about this. It would be better to approach cautiously. So he slept again and woke; and there was Ellen sitting in a chair. But she must not ask him to have tea. So he did not speak to her.

THEN he woke again. He looked at her for a long time, passing his eyes over each feature of her face. She was reading a book. She looked up and saw him; and her face was suddenly illumined with a smile. "Hello, Larry," she said.

"Hello, Ellen . . . Are you all right?"

"I'm all right now—thanks to you."

"Then we're both all right." He was silent. Then he asked: "Where are we?"

"Tangiers."

"Nice place," Larry murmured.

They did not talk any more that day. But the next day they talked a good deal. John Hood came in to see him. The world began to fit together again. But Miguel Breda was dead. "You knew?" he asked Ellen.

"Yes. He was killed because he came to warn me."

"He loved you."

"Yes."

After a time, he said: "I love you."

"I knew that, too," Ellen said, smiling through the tears she had so long denied, "but I was afraid you wouldn't tell me."

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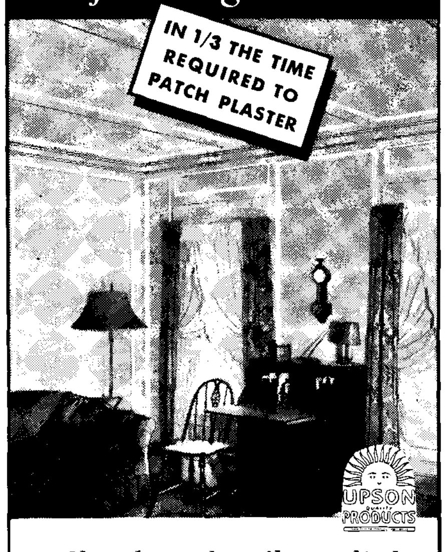

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Strange Girl

Continued from page 17

"I don't think you heard. I said *Marie* called."

"Yes, Mom, I heard." Raymond looked into the living room. Mr. Horne was asleep on the couch. "Say good night to Dad for me, Mom. I'm tired—going to sleep." He kissed her and went to his room.

His mother watched him go, quizzically. Ever since her son, a couple of years back, had begun to take girls seriously, there had been one furious attachment after another. None lasted very long, but each time there had been a definite tapering off in interest; fewer and fewer dates before the break when she began to hear the name of a new girl on his lips. Raymond had known Marie only a short while. Just the other day he had spoken admiringly of her, acted hurt when he had guessed, from an untimely smile, that she took his affairs lightly. This change was too sudden. Mrs. Horne went to wake her husband and tell him about it.

RAYMOND quietly shut the door of his room. He pulled open the top drawer of his dresser, reached into the back of it, and from behind a pile of handkerchiefs drew out a little address book, reserved for girls. He opened it to a section in the back, set aside for a special list of girls' names. Conquests. He read over the list, meditating about each one, with a conscious, crooked smile on his face. Rachel, Ann, Ruth, Dorothy—his face sobered. Dorothy was hardly a conquest—a stolen kiss or two, that was all. Some of the other names didn't belong there either. For the first time he confessed to himself that they had been written down just to swell the list—and his ego. Each of the names but the last—Marie—had a line drawn through it. Well, Marie certainly belonged there. She was easily neckable and unquestionably in love with him. Calling him up, beginning to chase after him—altogether too easy. But he felt a bit guilty about her. He drew a line through her name. Somehow that eased his conscience.

Now, Ethel. But he could not get himself to add her name to the list. Thoughtfully he put the book away and went to bed.

They were coming out of the theater after the show.

"Let's step in for a bite, Ethel," Raymond suggested.

"Good idea. I'm hungry too," she agreed.

"But just a moment," Raymond said, stepping aside with her out of the stream of human traffic. "You're not going to be silly again—in the restaurant." He found it difficult to say the words: "You know, about paying."

A FEW days before, when he had invited her to the theater, she had agreed to go only on condition that he accept from her, in advance, the price of her ticket. He had acted as though it were an insult, but she had been insistent. Now he was again upset.

"I'm going to ask for a separate check," Ethel said, "whether you think it's silly or not."

"Well, then, we don't eat!" Raymond said. He was thinking of the attitude of the waiter.

"All right, we don't eat. Let's walk," Ethel answered.

Raymond's tone had been a slightly angry one. Ethel's had been matter-of-fact. It was a concession; she was humoring him and he resented it. It reversed things, placed him in the inferior position. With other girls *he* had always done the humoring.

"Tell me," he said, sarcastically, "have you always insisted on paying your way, with other fellows?" He couldn't get himself to say "men."

"Always."

"How did they take it?"

"Both refused," Ethel said with a smile. "And I never saw them again."

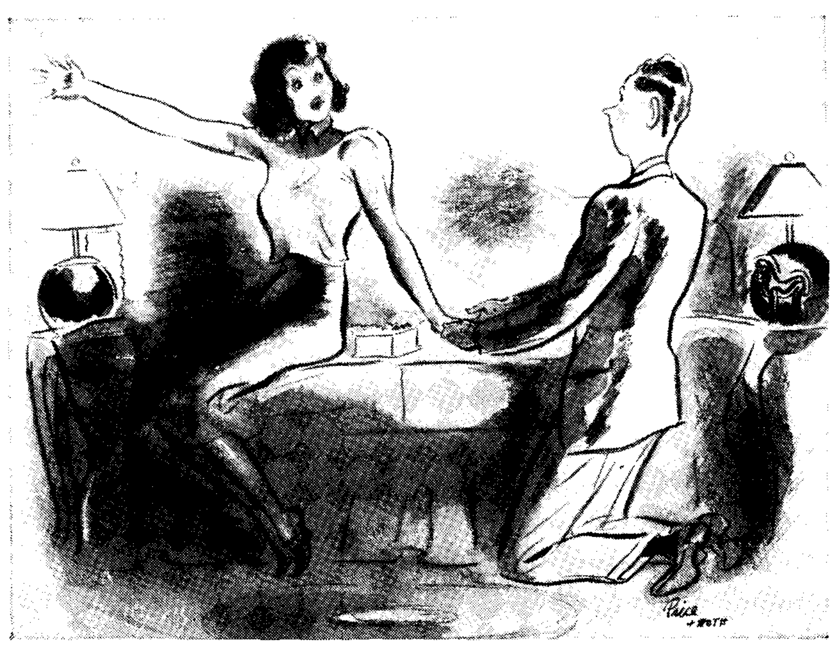
"Only two?" Raymond asked. Strange thing for a girl to admit.

"Only two. Somehow they were the only ones, before you, who ever reached the point of inviting me out."

"You mean that this is the first time you've been taken to the theater by a—fellow?" What a peculiar girl she was. He was beginning to be suspicious of her frankness. It was perhaps just a pose with which he was unfamiliar.

"The first time I found one I was willing to go out with who would be sensible about it. Of course, you haven't been *too* sensible." She smiled, mischievously.

Sensible enough, Raymond said to himself, to realize that the important thing was being with her, whatever her



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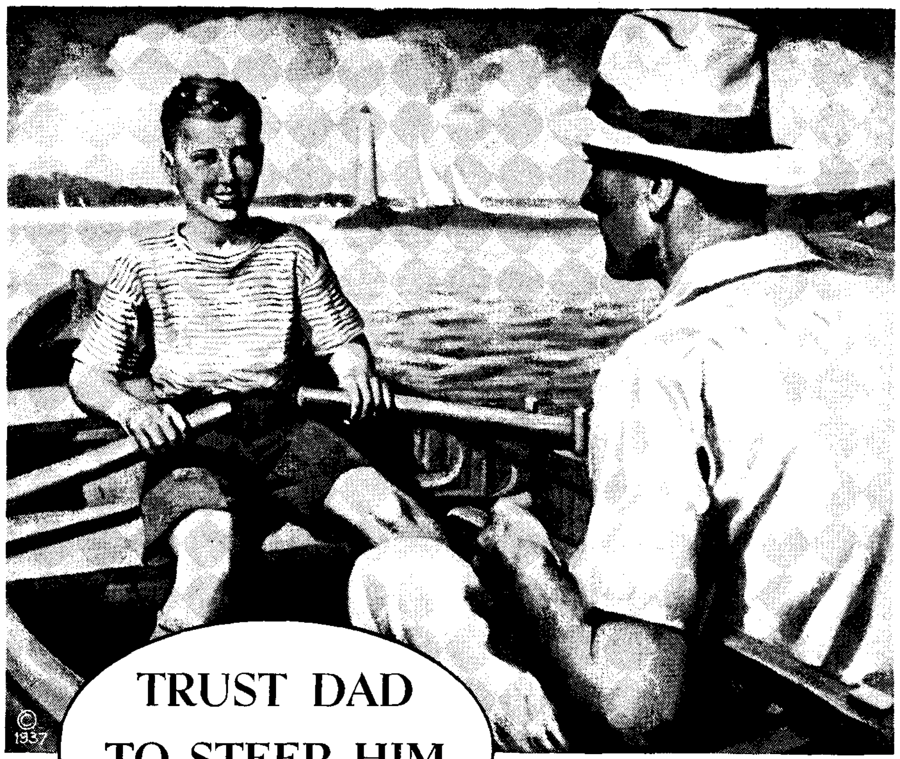

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terms. No, her frankness was not a pose; he felt that he was beginning to understand her. There wasn't a raft of guys after all. There couldn't be. She was much too discouraging, much too grown-up, much too logical and intelligent. There wasn't one out of ten of his college friends who'd stand a chance with her. He'd like to see Jerry, who was always boasting about his affairs, for example, tackle her. It was ludicrous—Jerry trying out his line on Ethel. Raymond laughed aloud. Ethel looked at him, questioningly.

"THAT laugh was a compliment to you," Raymond said. "I was just thinking how you would meet the advances of a certain friend of mine. What a slaughter! He belongs to the 'Hya-kid, you're - tellin' - me, that's - what - *you* - think' school of conversation."

"One of those—I've met a few of those," Ethel said, thoughtfully.

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I was tongue-tied. Just missed my cues, I guess," Ethel said. She looked at Raymond, perplexedly, and shrugged her shoulders.

There was something so subtly enchanting about her mannerisms, in that gesture, that Raymond had a sudden, intense impulse to throw his arms around her right then. A few moments later, when he had gained control of himself, he dared to take her arm, for the first time in the two weeks of their friendship. Did it please her, or was it that she just didn't mind, or was she unaware? He couldn't decide which.

He still hadn't decided when they reached her home. He was trying to make up his mind to kiss her. He should have done it long ago, he told himself. There had been more than one opportunity. The walk in the park, a week ago, and the evening when, coming to visit her, her parents had been away. He had been unable to take advantage of that last opportunity for the very reason that it was such a good one. Actually, he had been afraid of offending her. Yet she excited him far more than any other girl had.

In the vestibule Raymond took Ethel's hands and looked at her intently. She stared back at him, curiously. Raymond could hardly breathe; it seemed that his skin had shrunk and that his heart had swelled, filling his chest, choking him. He noticed that his hands were trembling, and suddenly he reached for her shoulders. Ethel placed her hands on his chest and kept him firmly at a distance. Her head was bent down. She didn't try to run away. It was nothing at all like the conventional show of resistance before a first embrace. There was a short, motionless struggle; then, infuriated, Raymond dropped his arms.

"I thought so—a teaser!" he angrily muttered. "One of those hot-lookers that's all ice inside. Go around making men miserable. Ought to be hidden away somewhere so you can't do any harm." Words spilled out of him, uncontrolled. "I suppose now you're going to give me a line about how I spoiled it all. Well, don't think I'm going to take it—"

He mumbled to a stop when Ethel lifted her head and he saw her wet eyes. Her face portrayed, in one subtly complex expression, fright, hopelessness, and intense, pitiable disappointment. She turned away and began to ascend the short flight of steps to the door opening on the inner hallway of the apartment.

"Ethel," Raymond whispered, instantly remorseful. "Ethel!"

He had to stop her before she opened the door—make her understand that he hadn't meant what he had said.

Her hand was already on the doorknob. Unable to speak intelligibly, he dashed up the steps after her, grasped her free hand, and, kneeling, pressed it to his lips. He was immensely grateful that after a slight tug, her hand relaxed. He interpreted it as partial forgiveness.

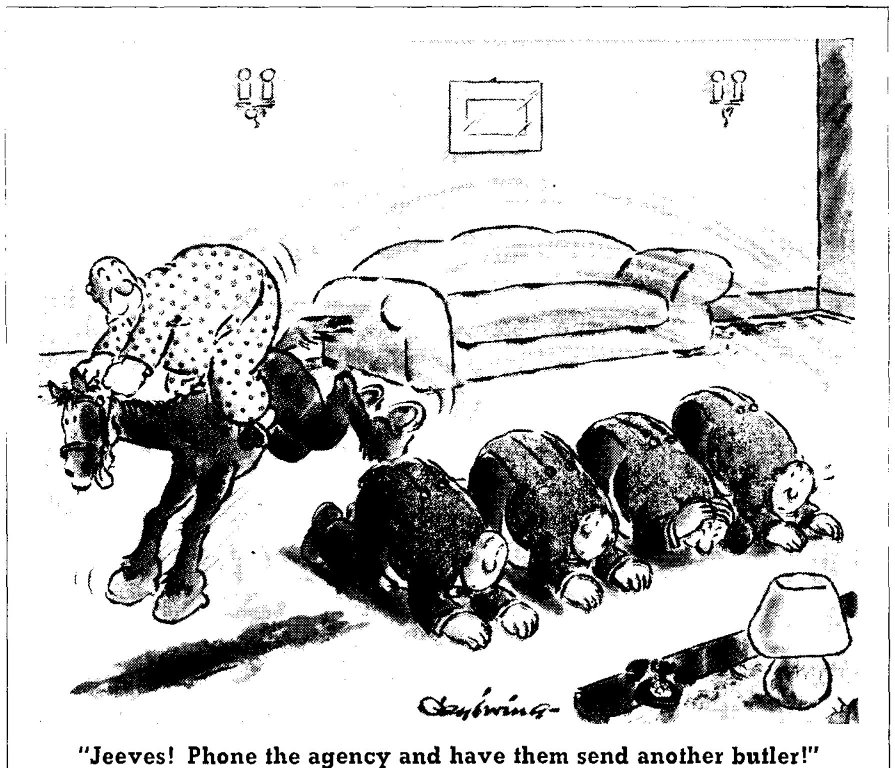
Ethel gently withdrew her hand and went into the house.

WHEN Raymond reached his home his parents were asleep. He tiptoed to his room and closed the door.

Lying in bed, all he could see was Ethel's wet-eyed face. He knew that, like certain other thoughtless actions (mainly toward his mother) recollections of which periodically haunted and tortured him, he would never forget his outburst—nor the look on Ethel's face, after it, when she lifted her head.

For a long time, unable to sleep, he planned penance. There was something important that he had forgotten; something he ought to do first of all as a preliminary to his atonement. Suddenly he remembered what it was. He jumped out of bed, went eagerly to his dresser and took out the little address book. With slow, deliberate motions, as though to prolong a unique pleasure, he tore it to bits.

He fell asleep after that.



"Jeeves! Phone the agency and have them send another butler!"

JAY IRVING

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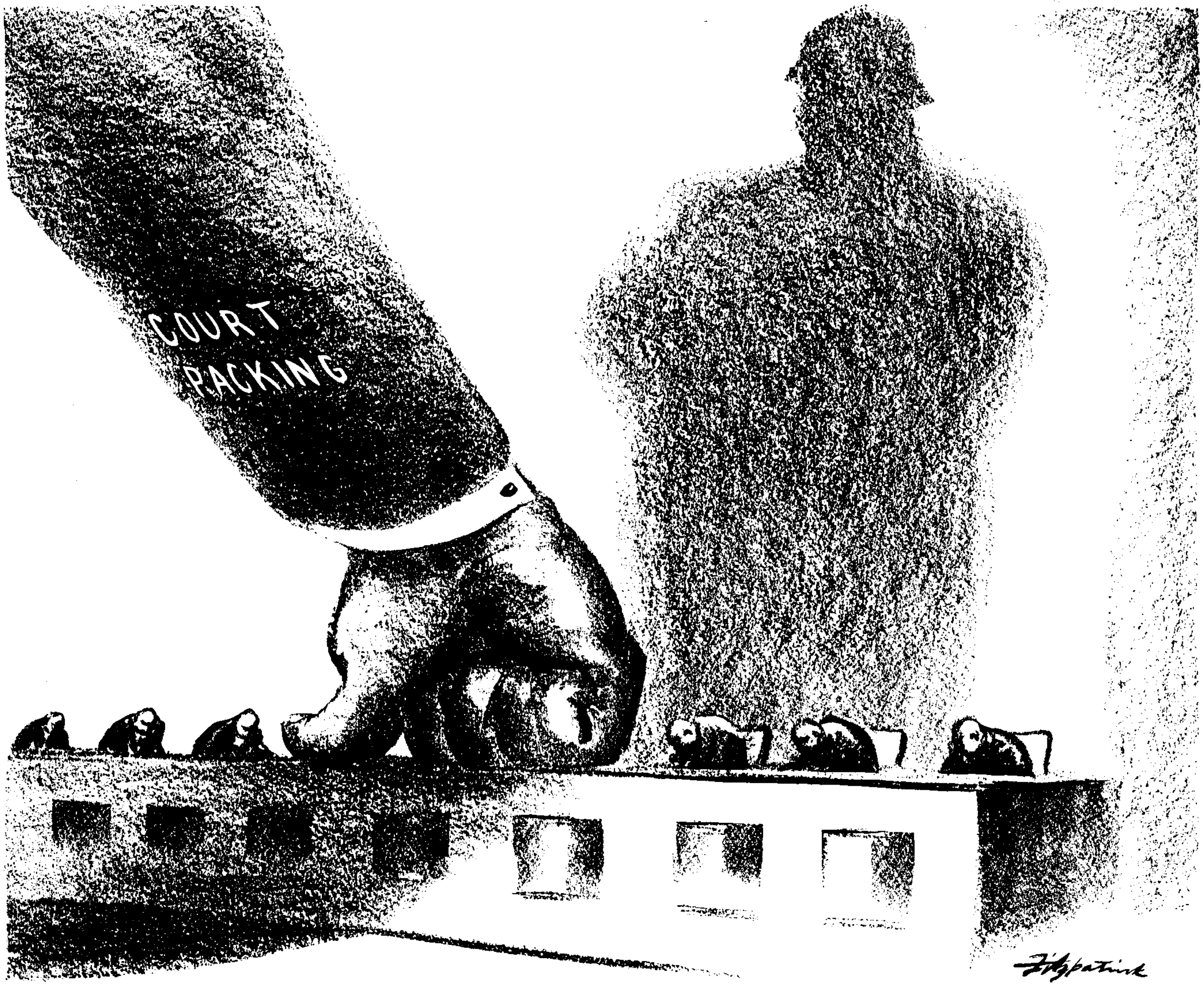

The Rules of Freedom

WE CANNOT have a living Constitution without an independent court. The practical effect of the plan to pack the Court is to suspend the Constitution. If the Constitution means only what a majority of Congress wants at any time to do, the Constitution means nothing. So the actual question is: "Have we outlived the need for a written Constitution?"

The Constitution as written in 1787 can be changed in 1937 or whenever the welfare of the nation requires it. George Washington, who presided over the Constitutional Convention, summed up the case wisely when he said:

"The Constitution that is submitted is not free from imperfections. But there are as few radical defects in it as could be well expected, considering the heterogeneous mass of which the Convention was composed, and the diversity of interests that are to be attended to. As a Constitutional door is opened for future amendments and alterations, I think it would be wise in the people to accept what is offered to them."

Mr. Roosevelt rejected amendment as too slow. He demands six new complacent judges who will say "yes" to whatever he proposes. This is nullification of the Constitution as sweeping as anything suggested even when first the New England states threatened to secede and when later the Southern states actually seceded from the Union and so precipitated the Civil War.

The only important argument offered by the President is that he has the power to accomplish his will. The 27,000,000 votes cast for him last November seem to him to make right whatever he wants. This is not constitutional government. It is not democratic government. The American people had no opportunity to consider the question during the campaign. It was not an issue in the election.

It is being considered now. No domestic issue since slavery has ever stirred this country more deeply. This is fortunate.

The consequences of destroying the independence of the Supreme Court and of nullifying the Constitution would be incalculably great to the future welfare of the American people.

We shall get nowhere by obscuring the question by passion or prejudice. Examine the facts clearly and critically and a right solution will be easier to obtain.

First, we might rid ourselves of misconceptions. One of the most prevalent is that the Supreme Court exercises a veto power over legislation. This is hardly a half-truth.

The Supreme Court does nothing until some person comes in and complains that his rights have been infringed. Then the judges may express an opinion. That is all. The Supreme Court merely says that in the particular circumstances the rights possessed by a particular person under the Constitution have, or have not, been duly regarded by Congress. If the Court thinks that the law in question does exceed the powers delegated by the people through the Constitution to Congress, it so reports. To this extent, and to this extent only, the Supreme Court has a veto power.

We Americans have long had and enjoyed rights which few other peoples have possessed. We have free speech. We have a free and uncensored press. We have freedom of assemblage. We have religious freedom.

Nobody in Germany, or Italy or Russia possesses any such freedom. In much of the world men are allowed to say and to write and to do only what those in control of the central government approve.

We think such dictatorship impossible in the United States. Huey Long proved it to be possible in Louisiana. Huey Long was a dictator. He controlled the legislature, the courts, the police, the electoral machinery, the taxing power and the schools. He was threatening the freedom of the press when he was killed.

We shall need freedom during the long years ahead.

We can amend the Constitution. The Child Labor Amendment is now nearing ratification. The scope of national authority can be extended to provide for all of the needs which Mr. Roosevelt sought to meet through the NRA, the AAA and similar organizations.

Congress has the ability to write whatever amendments are needed. Delay is not necessary. Congress can request the states to call special conventions to ratify whatever amendment is offered. Congress can request the states to call conventions within a specified reasonable time.

Mr. Roosevelt's own popularity is great enough to accomplish the ratification, without any waste of time, of any reasonable amendment needed to extend national authority.

Senator Borah's proposal to rewrite the Fourteenth Amendment opens one way of extending the authority of the states to deal with matters such as minimum-wage acts. Other practical suggestions have been made by liberal members of Congress.

Few question the fact that some of the members of the Supreme Court are very conservative. Most agree that the federal government will continue to exercise increasing authority throughout the nation. We have long been moving in that direction.

Obviously we must adapt the Constitution and the government to present and future requirements. We can do this constructively and calmly without surrendering basic human rights and without impairing the fundamental structure of our government which historically has served so well. Packing the Supreme Court with partisan judges is not the way of progress. America deserves wiser consideration.

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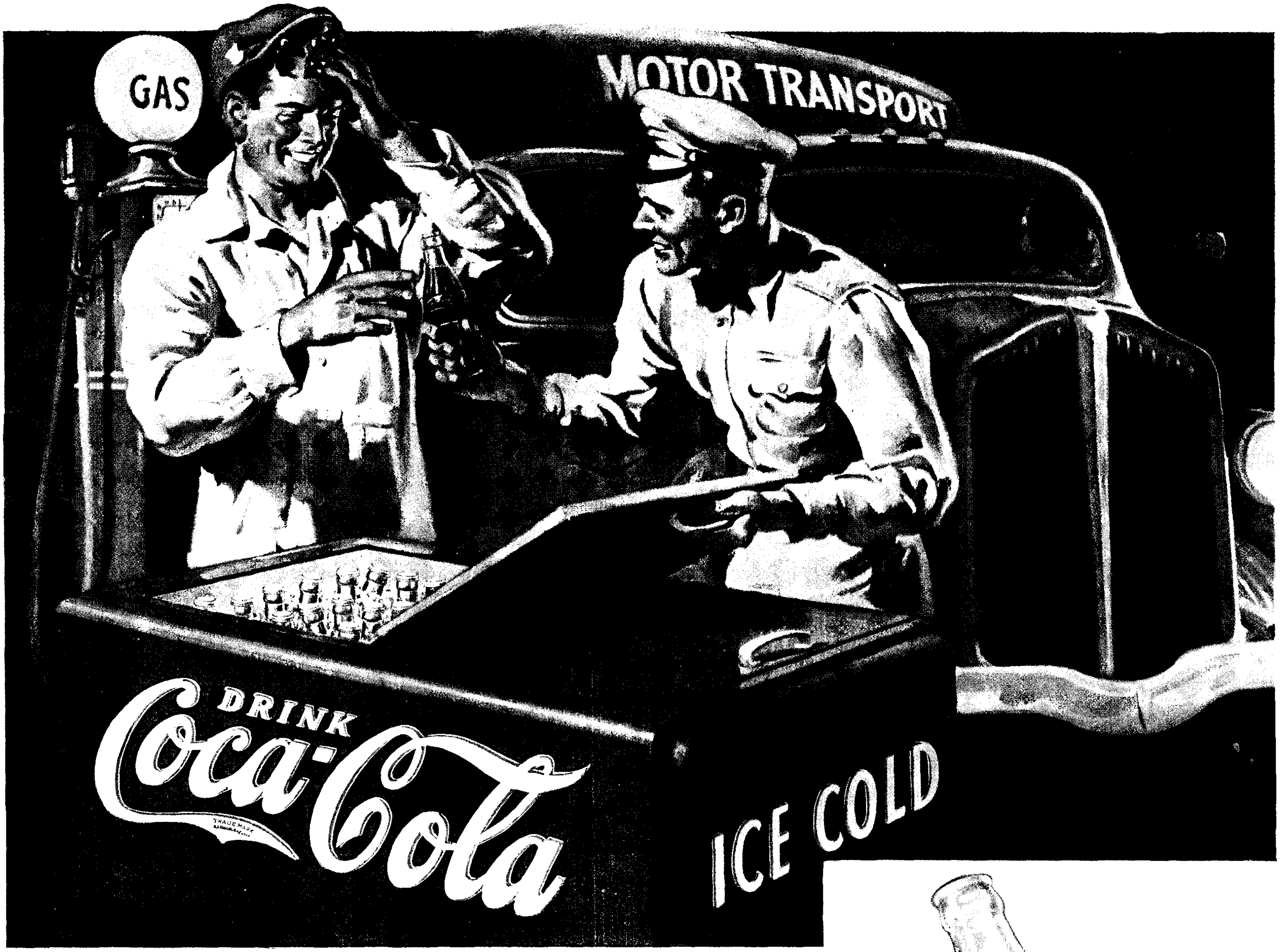
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